PAUL ANTHONY, ~Christian~

Reflection Pg- 243
Substance Pg- 24

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292

Nature - But
with Jesus nature
and human nature

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"What is the truth—about you—about me?" Page 265.
—*Paul Anthony, Christian.*

Paul Anthony, Christian

A TALE OF TRUTH

By HIRAM W. HAYES

WITH FRONTISPIECE

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TO

James A. Logwood, C.S.B.

This volume is dedicated as a token of loving gratitude and esteem for the help he has given me and many other seekers of truth, in our efforts to acquire an understanding of the reality of being and our relation to God.

HIRAM W. HAYES.

Preface

This book is the outgrowth of a desire to express Truth and to bring before the public in a practical way, the folly indulged in by many otherwise fair-minded men and women of discussing, criticizing and condemning persons and things of which, from a personal knowledge, they know absolutely nothing.

Realizing that the world to-day is given to fiction, and that a book of that character is frequently read when a more profound work would be neglected, I have made my story fictitious as to its characters, scenes and episodes; but the most startling and significant events it chronicles, have all been paralleled in experiences which have come under my personal observation.

To all those who have been helpful to me, I desire herewith to express my sincere thanks. I also wish to acknowledge my special indebtedness to Shway Yoe and to V. C. S. O'Connor for descriptions of Burmese boat-racing, fishing and customs.

Hiram W. Hayes.

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And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give.

JESUS.

Paul Anthony, Christian

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST ENEMY — A PROLOGUE

Sparkling in the early morning sunshine which streamed through the green foliage of the stately beeches and maples that lined its banks, the crystal waters of the Genesee flowed placidly onward toward the beautiful Ontario. Robin and bluebird sang in harmony from the branches of the trees, while from the field beyond, the meadow lark whistled its wonderful note of sweetest melody as it rose to greet the rising orb of day. The scent of lilacs and roses filled the air, and everything, that reflects life, seemed to unite in one grand anthem of praise to the giver of all good.

It was a typical Sunday morning in the country.

As the day advanced, there came over the tree tops, from the village across the river, the sound of church bells calling the countryside to worship. Their mellow notes were attune to the spirit of the day, and the whole world seemed beatified in an atmosphere of absolute rest and peace. Nowhere was heard a discordant sound to break the solemn quiet; nor did it seem possible that there could be, anywhere, a discordant thought to disturb the same perfect harmony which prevailed on the morning

that God looked upon His completed handiwork, and "saw that it was very good."

And yet, in this symphony of concord, the hand of death was even now striking a discordant note, — a note that should swell in volume, until it had, seemingly, destroyed every vestige of that harmony which now reigned absolute.

On the bank of the beautiful river, facing the sun as he climbed slowly over the hilltops, and partially hidden in a grove of elm and walnut, stood a large and pretentious farmhouse. Its sides of glistening whiteness reflected the early morning light, while the contrasting green shutters gave it a cool and inviting appearance. Above the porch, which extended clear across the front of the house, a couple of windows were open, and white muslin curtains fluttered gently in the morning breeze. The house and its surroundings indicated plenty and happiness; and truly it may be said, that to within a few hours such indication had not been deceptive; but now, the same ruthless hand that was striking the discordant note, was also destroying this sense of plenty, by causing a dearth of those things which go to make up the full measure of human happiness.

While the white muslin curtains still fluttered in the breeze, the fair face of a girl appeared at the window. A handkerchief held to her eyes gave evidence of weeping. Presently she was joined by another, an older woman, who placed her arm about the girlish form. For a minute they stood motionless, and then the girl turned and buried her face upon the woman's breast. It was a picture of grief

and despair that contrasted sadly with the joy and harmony without.

Suddenly the Sabbath quiet was broken by the sound of rapid hoof-beats. In another moment a galloping horse, with a farmer's boy on his back, came in sight down the road which ran along the water's edge, and turned sharply into the farmyard.

"Am I in time?" called the lad, as the horse dashed past a group of men gathered on the lawn.

"Yes!" was the response shouted back.

In front of the house, the boy pulled up and flung himself from the horse. As he ran up the steps, the door opened and a man in a white apron took the package he handed in. The door closed and the boy turned and slowly descended the steps. Taking the horse by the bit, he led the animal away toward the barn, and once more the Sabbath quiet prevailed.

This beautiful country seat, a sample of hundreds that dot the rich valley of the Genesee, was the home of Deacon Ezra Andrews, a pillar of the church and one of the most exemplary and most highly respected citizens of the country. For more than fifty years he had dwelt in this fertile spot, and each year had added to his store of treasures upon earth, as well as, he earnestly hoped, some treasure "where neither moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal." His wife had been a real helpmeet to him in his struggle for both, and her Christian character was equal to her wifely devotion.

But one child had blessed their union of forty years; a son George, who came to them after more

than ten years of married life. From the day of his birth it had been the hope of his parents that when he arrived at man's estate he would enter the ministry. As a lad his inclination had been in perfect accord with this desire, and before he had finished his course in the village academy, he had become an active worker in the church. It was during his four years in college that he finally decided to become a preacher of the Word, and, upon his graduation, he therefore entered a theological seminary.

During a summer vacation at home, George had become engaged to one of the village girls. It was his desire to be married at the close of his seminary course, as he believed that every minister should have a wife. His talents, while at the seminary, attracted attention, and the winter before he was to graduate, the Board of Foreign Missions gave him a call to go to India. Without stopping to consider his own desires or those of his affianced, but after prayerful communion with God, he accepted the call. While his parents would have preferred that he locate in the home field, they interposed no objection to the foreign mission, believing that the finger of God pointed the way.

It had been arranged that George should not leave for India until the following September, and therefore he decided to pass the interim, between the close of his course and the date set for his departure, on the farm with his parents and in preparing for the wedding, which had already been announced for the early summer.

The girl who was to become George Andrew's wife was Elizabeth Raymond. To describe her so that one who had not seen and conversed with her could gain any adequate idea of her beauty, her charm of manner and the nobility of her pure Christian character, would be a well nigh impossible task. Elizabeth was one of those young women whom to know was to admire, — and not only to admire, but to admire with something above the conventional admiration felt for all beautiful and intellectual American girls. Queenly in face and form and of athletic build, she was without that masculinity of manner that too often seems inseparable from the athletic girl of to-day. The luxuriant brown hair, which framed her pure Grecian features, contrasted strongly with her clear blue eyes, but seemed to match perfectly her fair complexion. She was easily the most popular girl in the village; and village gossip was all agog to know whether the match would not be broken off when it was learned that "George Andrews was going to be a missionary."

Having passed the age when young women are absolutely amenable to their parents' commands, Elizabeth quickly set all gossip at rest by announcing that she was not only just as willing to become a missionary's wife as a minister's, but a little more so. In fact, she announced at a young peoples' meeting, that it had always been her desire to become a missionary, and that she considered it the will of Providence that the opportunity had offered itself without any action on her part.

The early summer was passing and the wedding

day was approaching, when, one hot afternoon, George was seized with a most acute illness. Home remedies were applied and the village doctor summoned. He pronounced the case cholera morbus, and applied all known specifics at his command; but the young man grew steadily worse until his suffering became so great that it was decided to send to the city, twenty miles away, for a specialist. At George's request, Elizabeth was also summoned to his bedside. The specialist arrived at midnight. He pronounced the trouble appendicitis and decided upon an operation at daybreak.

In the early morning several neighbors had come over to express their sympathy, as well as to gratify their curiosity, and that is how it happened, on this quiet Sabbath morning, that a group of men stood conversing in subdued tones on the closely cut lawn, while inside the house the contest was on between death and the skill of the surgeon. A couple of horses, hitched to either side of a freshly painted horse-block, with switching tails and stamping feet fought the flies that began to buzz about them. The farm dog, a big, tawny mastiff, came around the corner of the house and approached the group of men on the lawn; but, receiving no attention at their hands, laid himself down in the sun with one eye open and one ear cocked to catch any unusual sound. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and ran toward the house, as the front door opened, and a man carrying a little black satchel came out. He was too familiar a figure not to be immediately recognized. It was the village doctor.

As he came down the steps, the group on the lawn broke up and filed toward the spot where the doctor was already unhitching his horse.

"How does he seem, Doc?" asked the foremost of the procession.

"No change," was the doctor's reply as he stepped into his buggy and gathered up the reins.

"What does the city doctor say?" inquired another, an older man: and his whole manner showed the most intense interest.

"I hate to tell you, Deacon, but he says there is no hope. The operation was performed too late, and it's only a matter of hours."

The old man bowed his head and drew his shirt sleeve across his eyes.

"It seems pretty hard, Doctor, pretty hard; but God's will be done!"

"Amen!" exclaimed the others solemnly, as they filed back to the lawn and watched the doctor as he drove away.

Deacon Andrews entered the house and ascended the stairs. In the hall above he found his sweet-faced and anxious wife talking with the specialist. Her eyes were wet with tears, but on her face there was that look of calm resignation which has so long stood as the mark of Christian fortitude. In the adjoining room her only son was dying of an illness which she believed was sent by God; and yet, in obedience to what she considered the divine will, she still blessed his holy name, and had faith to believe it was all for the best; that it was the Lord's way of taking her loved one to himself.

"Doctor Hughes tells me there is no hope," said the deacon as he joined them.

"None!" replied the specialist. "If I had been summoned earlier we might have saved him; but blood-poisoning has already set in and it is now only a question of making him as easy as possible until the end comes."

Tears streamed down the old man's cheeks.

"And how long before that will be?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"It may be two hours, it may be six; not longer."

"It's pretty hard, Doctor, pretty hard!" and again he wiped his eyes, while his wife murmured gently:

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Will you stay till — till —" and the old man's voice was lost in sobs.

"I would if I could be of any use," replied the doctor gently; "but there is nothing I can do that has not been done. Doctor Hughes will be back in an hour and I have other patients who need me."

He extended his hand to say good-by.

"You'll send us your bill?" said the deacon, taking his hand.

"There's no hurry about that."

"I wouldn't mind if it was five hundred dollars if it could only have saved the boy's life!" exclaimed the aged father as the doctor passed down the stairs. Turning to his wife, he asked:

"Where's Bess?"

"With George," inclining her head toward the open door.

"How does she take it?" he asked with the utmost solicitude.

"Bravely, although her heart is breaking. Elizabeth is a true Christian and would never question her Heavenly Father's will. Do you want to see George?"

"Yes."

Softly the aged couple entered the sick-room and stood with tearful eyes before the bedside of their dying son.

Pale and silent he lay, with closed eyes and with his hand clasped in that of the beautiful girl who leaned tenderly over him. Presently he opened his eyes. As he recognized his parents a wan smile lighted his countenance.

"Do not cry for me," he said. "It is God's will and it is better so. I was going away among strangers, Mother, but now I am going home."

The mother leaned over and kissed his forehead, but tears choked her voice.

"Yes, George, home!" said the girl. "Home to our Father, where there is no more sorrow or sickness, and where Jesus will wipe away all our tears."

He gave her hand a gentle pressure and the light of a great love shone from his eyes.

"We should have been so happy, you and I," he said, "and it seemed as though we should have done a great work out there in India, spreading the gospel of Christ. But God knows best," and again he closed his eyes.

"Yes, George," said his mother, "God knows best." Then to her husband:

"Come, Father, let us leave them alone. Call us, Elizabeth, if there is any change."

Slowly and with bowed heads the grief-stricken couple withdrew from the room, and for a time there was unbroken silence, save for the somewhat labored breathing of the sick man. Outside, the birds still sang harmoniously, and the leaves, stirred by the gentle breeze, cast flickering shadows across the curtains. Elizabeth arose from the bedside and drew the shade a trifle lower. Then for a moment, overcome by her grief, she stood with bowed head looking out across the river. When she turned, her lover was watching her with wide open eyes.

"You must not grieve for me, dear one," he said as she approached the bed and placed her hand upon his head. "Our lives have been consecrated to God, and if it is his will to take me home now, it is not for us to question."

"Oh, George," as she knelt beside him, "it is so hard to lose you, — to lose your great love and help! I know that his ways are higher than our ways; but it does seem as though you might be spared to spread his word."

"We must not question his wisdom," he said.

"I do not, oh, I do not; but we know when Jesus was on earth he raised the widow's son and restored the brother to those who loved him. Surely if it were right for Jesus to heal the sick and raise the dead then, he would do it now, if he were here. Why

cannot we, his professed followers, do the same? He bade us do it."

"Hush! Elizabeth, hush! Your grief is causing you to forget. The days of miracles are past, and it is now our duty to save the world from the great burden of sin with which it is weighted down. The flesh profiteth nothing. It is our duty to spread the gospel of truth and to point out the way of life eternal beyond the grave. I have made my peace with God. My Master calls me home! I am ready!"

Again he closed his eyes while Elizabeth prayed softly: "Not my will but thine be done."

After a few moments the dying man again opened his eyes.

"You will not forget the promise you made last night?" he asked feebly. "You will go?"

"Yes, George, if the Board will take me I will go. I will carry the message to India, alone, which we had hoped to carry together."

"It makes my — my going so much easier. I feel as though my years of work and study had not been in vain if I am leaving one behind to do the work I had planned. Will it be such a great hardship, dear one?"

"It will be all the pleasure left to me in life."

"I know it will, Elizabeth. Did not the Master say: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature?' What a blessing to take the message of love to a sinning world, and to prepare them to meet their God! I wish I could stay!"

His eyes took on a far-away look and over his face

played a faint smile, as though his wish might be realized.

"Why, oh, why can he not stay?" thought the girl as she looked upon his pallid face. "Why are we not able to obey the rest of Jesus' great command and heal the sick? Why, oh, why is our faith so small?" and the great tears rolled down her cheeks.

Even as she looked a change came over the face before her, the smile faded away and the features became ashy and drawn. She stepped quickly to the door and called softly to the others. The dying man spoke in a whisper as she again leaned over him,

"It is slipping away," he said. "It is slipping away! Hold me, dear one; do not let me go!"

She bent lower to catch the last word.

"Do not — let — me — go!" he gasped.

There was a quiver of the eyelids and George Andrews had passed on.

"It was a beautiful death," whispered a neighbor woman as the members of the family passed out and sympathetic friends took charge of the sick-room.

Elizabeth overheard, and her rebellious heart declared:

"No death is beautiful!"

CHAPTER II

THE HONORABLE HOUSE OF TOUNG-LAY

From Rangoon to Manipur, and in all the provinces of India, no family is better known or held in higher esteem by the British government than the ancient and honorable house of Toung-lay. For more than a century, in fact ever since the British made their first attempt to do business in the land of pagodas, rubies and white elephants, this house has been one of Britain's strongest supporters. In the last great wars, the one with King Pagan-Min and again in that between the British Indian government and King Thebaw, the family suffered greatly, and one of its members was put to death for giving information to the British that Thebaw had ordered the Burmese to rise and drive the English heretics into the sea. When finally the British soldiers marched into Mandalay, they came just in time to save from death other members who had been subjected to all sorts of indignities and torture as part of Thebaw's cruel revenge.

After the British had finally defeated Thebaw and taken possession of Upper Burma, as a first recompense for this friendship, the ancient and honorable house of Toung-lay was given valuable grants in connection with the construction of the Burmese

railroads, and large concessions in the oil fields near Yenangyaung. There was still further recompense later on in the history of the British occupation, but in order to understand how it came about it is necessary to revert to happenings in the very early history of the Toung-lay family, — events which form part of the history of Burma.

Some four hundred years ago, long before England ever dreamed of the conquest of India, the Toung-lay were the ruling house of the kingdom of Pegu. This was before the Chinese and Burmese had become distinct nations and while the Tartar dynasty was in control of the Celestial Kingdom. When the kingdom of Pegu was overthrown a century later, Fo-Sein, the ancient head of the house of Toung-lay, withdrew into the fastnesses of the Himalayas, and, through an understanding with the Chinese emperor, with whom the family was connected by ties of blood, formed the kingdom of Bahipur, or Bajipur as it is now commonly written. This kingdom, embracing a territory of two hundred square miles, and containing a population of something like two million subjects, — made up of Burmese, Hindus, Chinese and a few hill tribes, — adjoined the kingdom of Assam on the east and comprised practically all that territory between the head waters of the Brahmaputra and Irrawaddy Rivers. Its capital and chief city was, and still is, Annakan, a walled city of some fifty thousand inhabitants.

Fo-Sein ruled over Bajipur till his death; and his immediate family for some generations longer. During the early part of the eighteenth century the

kingdom was considerably reduced in size by a war with King Ava, who was in turn overthrown by the Talaings. During the succeeding wars between King Alompra and Siam, and the invasion of Manipur and Assam, its nearest neighbors, the realm of Bajipur met with varying reverses and successes, and it was not until the house of Toung-lay cast its fortunes on the side of Great Britain that the principality definitely secured immunity from absorption by the kingdom of Burma. In 1824 — when the Burmese were driven out of Assam, Kachar and Manipur — Bajipur, reduced in size to about one hundred and fifty square miles, was guaranteed its independence and has since retained it; except as it acknowledges the suzerainty of Great Britain. In 1830 the eldest member of the Toung-lay family was called to the hrone under the title of Prince Nala, — prince being the customary title of the rulers of all the Indian principalities. He was succeeded at his death by Prince Baha Min, who ruled until the war with Thebaw broke out in 1885, when, with little opposition, that monarch captured Annakan and held it till he was in turn completely overthrown by the British.

During the years of the pacification and occupation of Upper Burma, the English took no steps toward restoring the government of the principality to the Toung-lay family; but after several years, — some time before the massacre of the English Resident at Manipur, — the native government of Bajipur was again established and Prince Sindhu was placed on the throne. This was the final act of rec-

ompense by Great Britain in recognition of the services rendered it by the ancient and honorable house of Toung-lay.

Since that time the principality has been well governed and has given the British little trouble. This is remarkable, considering the fact that it is inaccessible, except by a long river voyage and a journey of nearly a hundred miles by horse, elephant, and such other conveyances as are obtainable. During the rainy season it is virtually cut off from the rest of the world for several weeks. During these weeks Prince Sindhu and his sister — the only members of the family who have taken up their residence in Annakan, and both of whom to a large extent have adopted English manners — are wont to spend their time in Rangoon, leaving the government of the principality in the hands of the Prime Minister.

It is recorded that, away back in the seventeenth century, an ancestor of the Toung-lay took to wife a Dutch maiden, a daughter of one of those Hollanders who were the first Europeans to settle in the kingdom of Pegu. During all the years since that time and through all the reverses that have befallen the house, a large Van Dyke portrait of this lady has been preserved and now graces the library of the family residence in Rangoon. It has been the invariable rule for generations, to honor this ancestor by giving the name of his Dutch wife to some female member of the family, and that is how it happens that the only daughter of the present house of Toung-lay is named Sofia.

In one respect, however, neither their Dutch an-

cestry nor their English relations have caused any change in the thought or character of the family, — that is with respect to their religion. Ever since it began its history, all its members have been staunch and fervent believers in Buddha, and many are the pagodas built to Gaudama by the male members of the house. On every mound of each plantation belonging to its now vast estate, and in every mansion of each city in which the house has connections, there are shrines to Buddha, while graven images of Gaudama are as plentiful as the rubies in their extensive mines at Mogok.

The only member of the family of nine sons who ever strayed from the teachings of the great Pohngyee is Prince Sindhu. And, really, he cannot be said to have departed from the faith, for he but added to his Buddhist views a touch of materialism, gathered in his studies of the natural sciences, and from reading the works of such writers as Balfour and Huxley. It always appeared to him that their ideas were quite in line with the teachings of Gaudama regarding birth, decay and death; and, as the idea of a supreme being has no place in the Burmese mind, he had always been quite as willing to accept the materialistic propaganda, that all things have their origin in force, as the more subtle views of the Burmese monks. During his days in the monastery he had studied the religion of the Brahmins, and he was quite certain that he could never accept the teachings of the great Hindoos, because he had a well defined conviction that in Nirvana

there could be no caste, and, therefore, caste in this world was quite as impossible.

In this connection it may be well to understand that the disbelief in caste, as taught by the great Buddha, and the freedom of their women, are the two things that constitute the Burmese the most progressive of all the people that go to make up what is now recognized as British India. As Murray so concisely states it: "Should Burma be visited, after a tour in India, the traveller cannot fail to be struck with the great difference in the people and the scenery. The merry, indolent, brightly clothed Burmese have no counterpart in Hindustan. The life of the natives is free from the deadening effect of caste and seclusion of women. The women are well treated and attractive and take their full share in social and domestic affairs."

In the Lawkawaneedee, — the Burmese book of proverbs relating to life, — it is said that monks and hermits are beautiful when they are lean; four-footed animals when they are fat; men when they are learned and women when they are married. This recommendation to be married is no more needed by Burmese maidens, however, than it is by their sisters in other parts of the world; and they have a further inducement, in that they enjoy a much freer and happier position than in any other Eastern country. In fact, in some respects, they are much better off than the women of America. As yet the Burmese girl has not begun to demand an equal share of education with the boys, although here and there are a few who are deeply learned in Burmese

literature, and have a wide knowledge of the sacred books.

In the family of Toung-lay the women have always taken unto themselves all the privileges and prerogatives allowed them by the laws and customs of the land; and so, barring Sindhu's official position, there is no more important member of the present family than Sofia, who, by courtesy, is always called the princess. Her mother had died when she was quite young and she had been raised with her brother Sindhu, — some six years her senior, — by an old nurse. During the time her brother spent in the monastery — the time which corresponds to the college days of the European youth — Sofia had pined so greatly over his absence that her father had been at a loss what to do with her. At last an aged pohn-gyee, or monk, had suggested that she be given instructions at home, along the same line of studies as that taught her brother in the monastery. The result was that when Sindhu was called from the monastery to accept the throne of Bajipur, he found that his sister was quite as well informed in the sacred books and other literature as he, and had acquired a knowledge of English, both language and manners, even better than his own.

With the natural affection of the brother and sister for each other, it is not strange that Sindhu should have taken Sofia to Annakan with him as the first lady of the royal household. Nor is it strange that he should defer to her judgment in many things, as it is customary, in all the land, for the wife to largely manage the husband's business; and the

sister or mother generally takes this place until the wife comes. While there were plenty of young women, suitable by birth and training, who were willing to become the ruler of the household of Prince Sindhu, up to the time of the beginning of this chronicle he was heart-whole and fancy-free.

During the weeks of the rainy season, which the brother and sister invariably spent in Rangoon, they made their principal residence on a pineapple plantation, a part of the family estate, some miles out on the Victoria Road. As they enjoyed quite an extended acquaintance in official circles, they had many friends among the British army officers and their families. In their rides into town they had to pass the British cantonments, and it frequently happened that they fell in with some of the young officers, who, either by accident or design, timed their visits to town to coincide with those of the prince and his charming sister.

Quite cosmopolitan, indeed, was this bit of Oriental femininity in everything save her religion. She was a Buddhist from the crown of her head to the tip of her dainty slipper. And so very Oriental was she in her own home, and so great was the change when she donned her English clothes and manners, that one meeting her on the street would scarcely recognize her as the demure and picturesque maiden who so daintily entertained at the pineapple garden, or served tea in her boudoir on a rainy afternoon. She was a creature of many moods, and like the chameleon, changed with her environments.

But especially proud was she of her Dutch ances-

try and her foreign name. Often she would call the attention of some guest to the Van Dyke portrait and ask in an innocent and altogether naïve manner:

"Do I not resemble my illustrious foreign great mother?"

And strikingly beautiful as was this foreign "great mother," no one could deny the resemblance. Both had the same high forehead, the same mild eye, the same wavy black hair and the same clear cut features — features greatly in contrast with the flat and somewhat uninteresting faces of the typical Burmese beauty. The portrait indicated also, by as much as had been transferred to the canvas, that the Dutch lady was of the same slender figure as the graceful Sofia, who was fashioned so differently from the stout figures that characterize the Burmese women.

"You could take your place in the court of Queen Wilhelmina almost without attracting attention," remarked Lady Sunleigh, when Sofia called this lady's attention to the striking resemblance.

"She could not take her place in any court without attracting attention," gallantly responded Captain Ormonde as he looked unutterable things at his dainty hostess. But of course this may have been exaggerated, as every one knew that Ormonde, the younger son of a British peer, professed to be madly in love with the Burmese princess.

It was Ormonde, too, who was most frequently coming out of the cantonment as Prince Sindhu and Sofia passed, on their way cityward; and he had been frequently heard to remark, that he could

not for the life of him tell whether he most admired the Oriental Sofia in her Burmese costume or the European Sofia in her smart tailor-made riding-habit. As Ormonde was authority on what constituted correct dress, whether in Pagoda Quadrangle or Regent Street, it will have to be taken as a fact that the Princess Sofia was what would be classed as a "stunning girl" by her British friends anywhere.

If Sofia had any especially different thought of Captain Ormonde from what she had of any of the others who paid her assiduous court whenever occasion permitted, she did not suffer it to become public property. Did she meet him at a reception or chance upon him in her drives, she greeted him as she did others. If she were pleased with his open admiration, she gave no sign whereby the observing English matrons could arrive at anything like a definite conclusion. Only once was she heard to express an opinion concerning him.

It was an early October day, near the close of the rainy season, as she and her brother were riding to town. As they rounded the corner by St. John's College and turned into the old boundary road, they saw Ormonde riding down to head them off. At the left was the Insane Asylum. As Sofia caught sight of him she said:

"See, Sindhu, there is his honorable self, the regimental chamberlain."

"You mean Captain Ormonde?" asked Sindhu.

She nodded her dainty head.

"And why do you give him such a high-sounding title?"

"He gives himself such high-appearing airs," she replied. And then, as he was momentarily hidden from sight by the asylum, she remarked with an innocent laugh as she waved her whip toward the building:

"Even with such a big building as that, it seems we cannot be entirely free from all the insane people. Is it not so, Selim?" and she patted her horse caressingly on the shoulder.

Sindhu smiled. "I fear the honorable captain would not feel very highly flattered at such a suggestion. I thought he was a great favorite with you."

"Appearances are often deceitful," she replied with a quizzical smile, "as you just remarked when we crossed the tramway and looked up to where the rails seemed to meet."

"Especially in the case of women," laughed Sindhu. "As Gaudama said: 'Beware of woman when she displays her dainty form and chatters gaily with foolish men.'"

"And in the same counsel he tells why," she replied.

"I must confess that I cannot see where."

"Why, does he not say, 'when she chatters with foolish men?' It was because he knew how foolish men are, that Buddha advised them to be careful. If men were not so blindfolded with big thoughts of themselves, it would be much easier for them to perceive the thoughts of others, not only about themselves but about their neighbors."

"My little sister is growing wise!"

"Only observing," she replied. "These English do have such funny ways!" And then she burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"Come, Selim!" She gave her horse a flick with the whip that sent him flying past the corner as the captain emerged from behind the asylum and came to a salute at the crossing of the streets.

"Come on, Captain!" shouted Sindhu as he put spurs to his horse. "It is a race to the station. We will give the young lady something to ride for."

Sofia caught the challenge her brother shouted to Ormonde, and pulling in her horse, gave them a chance to come almost abreast. Then touching the lithe-limbed Arabian with the whip, she again darted forward and was quickly in the lead.

Scarcely of more weight than an English jockey, Sofia was like a feather on the back of the flying thoroughbred. Her challengers, though mounted on much more powerful horses, were greatly handicapped by their additional weight, and it was easily seen that they had no chance of catching her in the mile and a half run. In front of the public gardens both of the gentlemen pulled up. Not hearing the sound of the pursuing hoof-beats, Sofia glanced over her shoulder to see what had happened. Perceiving that her challengers had given up the race, she pulled sharply on the reins; but Selim's racing blood was up, and seeing other horses ahead of him on the drive, he took the bit in his teeth and bolted.

Sofia realized the situation and put forth every effort to stop the animal. She pulled with all her

force on the reins, but her strength was not sufficient to stop the horse in its mad flight. She tried to calm him with words, but in vain. Down past the cathedral he ran, and turning sharply toward the station, he took the guard fence at a leap and dashed wildly up the railroad track.

By this time Prince Sindhu and Ormonde had become aware of the situation and were urging their horses to their highest speed. The people at the station, awaiting the incoming train, had also descried the flying horse and its helpless rider and they crowded to the edge of the platform with an evident desire to intercept the animal as it passed, but no one appeared brave enough to step into its path and attempt to stop its headlong flight.

A thrill of horror passed through the crowd as a shunting engine came swiftly down the track. At the rate of speed it was going, certain death seemed to await both horse and rider. Sofia saw the hazard and exerted her utmost strength to wrench the bit from Selim's teeth, but in vain. She was vaguely conscious of her extreme danger, and was tempted to leap from the horse's back into the crowd of people as she passed them; but, before she could put her thought into action, a man sprang from the platform, seized the horse by the bit, and with apparent ease drew the animal firmly but gently to a stop. Before the Princess could express her thanks she was addressed in a low, musical voice, — a voice in which consciousness of power was most discernible.

"You need not alight, miss. Your horse is now quite manageable. See, he is not even nervous."

Without more ado and in the most matter of fact manner, her rescuer guided Selim past the shunting engine, now brought to a standstill, and out into the street, just as Prince Sindhu and Ormonde came galloping up. Springing from his horse Sindhu rushed to his sister's side exclaiming:

"A-mé! It was a miracle! You are not hurt, Mah Mee? Let me help you to alight."

"I think it is perfectly safe for the lady to continue her ride," said the stranger, who was now the center of attraction. "I am sure you need have no further fear."

Sofia alighted, but quickly turned attention from herself by exclaiming:

"I am not hurt in the least, brother, just a bit frightened. But let us thank this brave gentleman for saving my life."

Sindhu turned at the implied rebuke, and extending his hand, said with a voice full of emotion:

"Pardon me, sir, for not thanking you first; but our sister's life is very precious to us. We are very grateful."

"So grateful!" echoed Sofia. "Now that I know I am safe I shudder to think what might have been."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Ormonde, who could no longer contain his English admiration for bravery. "It was the coolest thing I ever saw done; and I fancy I have seen some cool devils in my day."

"I think you estimate the value of my services altogether too highly," replied the stranger. "A little coolness was perhaps necessary, but," he continued with a quizzical smile at Ormonde, "I am

sure the devil had nothing to do with the matter, unless it was to arouse the pride of this beautiful animal."

His appreciation of the perfect piece of horse flesh was apparent by the manner in which he stroked the animal's neck, and the quickness with which the horse had been calmed by his voice and touch.

While the stranger was speaking, Sofia made a hasty feminine estimate of his personality, and noted that he was a foreigner of a different type from any she had yet met. Above the medium height, well and closely built, and a picture of perfect physical manhood, there was that in the smiling, open glance of his steel gray eyes which particularly attracted her. In spite of the somewhat exciting episode through which he had just passed, she could see that he remained perfectly self-possessed. He was as calm as though he had but stepped from his door to meet a friend. Around the corners of his mouth played a disappearing smile, and when he spoke he had a way of compressing his lips that gave just a glimpse of teeth as white as ivory. In short, he was a fine looking, well groomed man of possibly thirty-five. Sofia concluded he might be much younger, or he might be considerably older; but it was his low, deep voice which particularly attracted her.

"See!" he exclaimed as Selim rubbed his nose against Sofia's shoulder. "See how gentle he is. It was not a vicious runaway; just a desire to show his superiority. We all have that desire, you know."

"By Jove," said Ormonde, "you are right. That is what made you stop the brute."

He laughed somewhat boisterously, but with the greatest good humor, at this attempted witticism.

"A good point, that," laughed the stranger. "It makes my act very human and deprives me of most of the glory. Man, you know, was created to have dominion over all the beasts of the field; and it is not difficult to assume that dominion — provided you know how."

"Well, whatever the motive," exclaimed Prince Sindhu, quick to perceive the unimportance that the stranger was willing to attach to the incident, "we certainly owe you a great debt of gratitude. Permit me to introduce myself." He extended his card. Then turning to Sofia, "This is my sister, the Princess Sofia, and this, Captain Ormonde of his Majesty's service.

A momentary look of surprise, followed by a smile of recognition, spread itself over the stranger's face as he replied:

"Surely this is an unusual introduction to one of whom I have heard much and whom I have, indirectly, come far to meet. I have no doubt your father has been wondering for some days what had become of me. My card."

He handed to each of the gentlemen a bit of Bristol board upon which was engraved, "Paul Anthony, Consulting Engineer, Bradford, Pa."

"An American! By Jove, I thought so!" exclaimed the captain.

"Certainly this is an agreeable surprise!" ex-

claimed Prince Sindhu. "Sofia, this is the gentleman our father has been expecting. He will be quite as pleased as I."

"I was but now on my way to his house," said Mr. Anthony. "It just occurred to me that I would make some inquiries about the trains, which is my reason for being here at this time.

"A most opportune time!" exclaimed Sindhu.

Sofia gave a little shudder.

"I know little about America," she said, "and it looks like a great bother to bring some one away out here from that new and far off land to tell us how to do things; but no one is more rejoiced at your honorable arrival than I. It was a brave and wonderful thing to do and even Selim admires you and thanks you. See how kindly he looks."

"Yes," replied Mr. Anthony as he patted the horse on his glossy neck; "He looks as though he were glad that the error was overcome before it had a chance to destroy its victim."

"I do not know what you mean by that," exclaimed Ormonde; "but if he were mine I should put him through a course of training that would take the devil out of him."

"I think it has been taken out in a more effectual way," remarked Mr. Anthony; "but with your permission I will get the information I was after."

"Pardon us for detaining you so long," said the prince. "We shall see you later." Then turning to Sofia he assisted her to mount as the stranger raised his hat and crossed back to the station.

"A devilish cool chap, that, and a gentleman, too!" said Ormonde as the trio rode away.

"Evidently just the kind of a manager my father needs," said Sindhu.

Sofia made no remark, but as she rode along she pondered upon the man, and the strange consciousness of power which was so manifest in his words and actions.

"Tell me all about it, dear."

"Faith, there isn't much to tell. It all happened, as I told you, out on the drive to the lake, or rather, on the drive home. As we came down through a long avenue of palm trees, we heard music, and shouts, and merry laughter, coming from back of an ancient pagoda. Thinking it might be a pwe of some sort, we turned aside to see it. You can imagine our chagrin at discovering that it was not a pwe, but that we had intruded into the private grounds of some Burmese gentleman.

"In the center of a great lawn was a group of children engaged in a mimic struggle with the most perfect specimen of Oriental manhood I ever saw; while a girl, who might have been a wood nymph, so slender and fair of form was she, stood playing on a zithern. Between her peals of laughter she was urging the children on to more vigorous attack.

"At sight of us, the girl ceased playing and the young man, with a child in each arm, rose hastily to his feet, and regarded us with haughty surprise. Faith, it was a picture you see nowhere, except in the art galleries.

"Father hastened to apologize for our intrusion, an apology which was graciously received by both the young people; and, evidently to show their entire good will, the young man bade the children gather us the finest pineapples, from a pile on the lawn, and these he presented to us with the air of a prince bestowing favors upon his loyal subjects. Sure, when he approached me, I was that flustered that I must have blushed and stammered like a silly school

girl, and we had left the scene behind and were well down the road, before I could get my senses together enough to see what a little fool I was. I was that mortified at my stupidity that I could have cried."

Elizabeth breathed a sigh of relief when the girl had finished her story.

"A charming incident, but nothing that can really be called serious," she said.

"Nothing serious, is it?" echoed Nora. "Faith, I haven't done anything but think and dream about him ever since. If that isn't serious I'd like to know what is. If I don't see him again, life from now on won't be worth living."

And the girl buried her head in Elizabeth's lap, and burst into tears.

CHAPTER IV

GETTING ACQUAINTED

The rainy season was well over, and in the cosmopolitan city of Rangoon the advent of settled weather was hailed with delight by the English army and government officers and their wives and families. Society took on new life, and drives, breakfasts, teas and receptions were the order of the day.

Almost immediately after the rain ceased, society at the cantonments was given its first elaborate affair, in the farewell reception of Major O'Keefe and his charming daughter, Nora. The announcement of their departure, for the Mandalay station, was received with the utmost regret, especially by the young officers, who had paid Nora loyal homage ever since her arrival, and numerous were the plans made for long and secluded tête-à-têtes as soon as the weather would permit anything like an extended outing. Many of the older officers and their wives had known her mother, and the occasion of her farewell entertaining brought out every one who could possibly be in attendance.

In sending out her invitations, Nora had insisted that Elizabeth Raymond should receive with her. Elizabeth had at first demurred, declaring that she

was in Burma to teach the heathen, and not to hold receptions for the ungodly; but Nora had insisted, declaring:

"It can be your farewell reception as well as mine, and it's the last chance, I expect, that you will ever get, to meet white people. Faith, I'm sure when you get up there on the borders of Nowhere, the men of the hill tribes will carry you off. It'll be the last anybody will ever hear of you."

"I do not believe that it is as bad as that," laughed Elizabeth; "however, I am not expecting anything but work, and as for the hill tribes, I imagine that they need converting, quite as much as any in Burma."

"Unless it is the heathen over at the cantonments. Faith, there's no lot of men who are more in need of sermons and prayers than some you'll meet at the reception."

And so, somewhat against her will, Elizabeth found herself, for one night, the center of attraction in official Rangoon.

"By Jove, she is a stunner!" was the sentiment expressed by about every officer presented to her, as soon as he was out of ear-shot.

"Who is she, Major?" inquired Captain Ormonde, the first chance he had to get his host into a corner. "I saw her riding with Nora the other day."

"Not in your line, Ormonde; not in your line. She is a teacher over at the mission."

"A missionary! By Jove, you don't mean it!"

said Ormonde, pulling at his moustache. "I think I will go to church."

"What is that I hear about you going to church?" inquired Colonel Ainslee, who had come up just in time to catch the last few words. "I do not know of any one whom it would benefit more."

"I was just after telling Ormonde that Miss Raymond is a missionary," explained Major O'Keefe, "and he immediately wants to become converted."

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" replied Ormonde. "I said nothing about being converted. I said I thought I'd attend church. I cannot see why I should have to take a back seat for any heathen."

"No," laughed the colonel, "as a heathen you are entitled to a place in the front row. But you need not waste any time over at the mission, for Miss Raymond will soon leave for Annakan. They are going there to open a new field. My wife knows her well."

"Annakan? By Jove, was there ever such luck! That is where I am to spend my leave of absence. Prince Sindhu has invited me up there for a month's shooting. Big game, you know."

"Do you refer to the tigers, or to Prince Sindhu's charming sister?" inquired the colonel, who was thoroughly well posted in cantonment gossip.

"Bedad, what's this?" exclaimed the major, who had only been out a few months this time, and had not taken much interest in matters outside the hospital. "A beautiful princess away up in the mountain fastness!"

"The handsomest native girl in all Burma, without

a doubt," replied the colonel. "Ormonde professes to be a devotee at her shrine; but I must confess she is most too much of a barbarian for me, although she does adopt English manners when she is in town. When do they return north, Captain?"

"Next week. And it certainly would be a great thing for Miss Raymond if she could meet them. By Jove, I think I can fix it if she would like to have me."

The colonel laughed.

"These two beauties are likely to get you into hot water, Ormonde. Hill princesses are not easy to throw over, once they are caught."

"No danger," said Ormonde, "and, besides, I have an idea that, just at present, her mind is absorbed with a new idol, — an American who saved her when the horse she was riding made a nasty bolt up the railway track the other day. It was as cool and pretty a piece of real pluck as I have ever seen. He seems just the sort to capture a prize like this, if it were not that her brother might raise a row."

"How about her father?" queried the colonel. "Does he have nothing to say about his daughter's doings?"

"Not much. You see the old gentleman is in for making money, and I rather think that a son-in-law, who could help him to swell his millions, would be quite as acceptable as the poverty stricken son of the bluest blooded family in England. The son carries the honors. The father gathers the rupees."

"But how about the girl?" inquired the major. "She seems to be the one most interested."

"Well," replied Ormonde slowly, as though trying to analyze Sofia's mental make-up, "she is reasonably democratic, although she has the tastes of the Indian potentate. She is a sort of a combination of her Dutch 'great mother,' as she expresses it, and her Chinese ancestors. But she is impulsive, like all the Burmese, and if she were a man would be a second Buddha."

"A good subject for some of our missionaries to work on," laughed the colonel.

"And, by the powers, I don't know of a better one to take the job, than this same Miss Raymond," said the major. "You certainly will be bringing the potter and the clay together, Ormonde, if you start this couple on a trip to Annakan together. Come over and we'll suggest the idea to the young woman herself."

They approached Elizabeth as she stood surrounded by a group of admirers.

"Would you be after giving us a minute of your time, Miss Raymond?" asked the major, as they joined the group. "The captain here has valuable information to present."

"At least he thinks it valuable," explained Ormonde; "which may, or may not, be the same thing."

"I am sure," replied Elizabeth, "I shall be glad to hear anything Captain Ormonde has to communicate."

"This has to do with your trip north," explained the major.

"Then I shall be more than pleased to hear the communication," was the gracious reply.

"I was just saying to the major," explained Ormonde, "that I was on very friendly terms with Prince Sindhu of Bajipur, in whose realm you are about to locate, and I shall be pleased to act as your ambassador to insure you a cordial welcome."

"Surely this is an unexpected piece of good news," exclaimed Elizabeth enthusiastically. "I know Elder Meredith will be overjoyed."

"To be sure, — yes," stammered Ormonde, who had not figured upon a third party in his plan. "And who is Elder Meredith?"

"The superintendent of the mission," replied Elizabeth. "He is going to Annakan with us to start the work, and to serve as a guard on the trip."

Ormonde's face brightened as he replied:

"If I can make such arrangements as I have in mind, you will have plenty of guards on your trip. The prince and his sister are about to return to Annakan. If you can be of their party, most of the obstacles in your journey will be overcome in advance."

Elizabeth's face beamed and Ormonde's spirits rose.

"By Jove," he thought to himself, "I'm getting on famously! I think, after all, I prefer an American queen to an Indian princess."

"I never could have dreamed of such good fortune," exclaimed Elizabeth joyfully. "Captain Ormonde, you have our most sincere thanks. And, Major, how much of this do we owe you?"

"Nary a bit! It's all due to the captain."

"Faith, and I just knew you ought to take part

in my farewell," said Nora some time later, when Elizabeth told her of the plan mapped out by Captain Ormonde. "If I were only going the same way, instead of to that horrid Mandalay, what a perfectly gorgeous time we could have."

"Faith, and I believe we could," replied Elizabeth, mimicking the dainty brogue of her fair friend.

"And now," continued Nora, "if my prince would only come out of his hiding, I could be quite happy, — even though I am to lose you."

"You might get Captain Ormonde to help you," suggested Elizabeth. "He seems to be the Admirable Crichton of cantonments."

"Sure, he is such a conceited man. If it were not for that, he would be quite bearable. When are you to meet this prince of the hills and his barbarian sister?"

"Captain Ormonde said he would arrange a meeting in a day or two."

"Faith, I hope it will all go just as smooth as a greased pig, and that you succeed in converting, not only his subjects, his bohs, and his woons, but even his exalted Highness himself." She made a deep obeisance, indicative of the exalted personage she had in mind.

"It is strange you have never met the prince," said Lady Sunleigh, as she joined her hostesses, some minutes later, and the subject was again referred to. "He and his sister spend much time on their estate out on the Victoria Road, and occasionally call at the cantonments. He is a princely looking chap, I can tell you. The family residence, in Rangoon, is a

quaint old place, but no more quaint than the young lady herself."

At mention of the Victoria Road, Nora's heart almost stopped beating, and the color rushed to her face.

"You see, Lady Sunleigh," Nora explained, "I didn't come till the beginning of the rainy season, and I haven't been able to get out into the country much. But I certainly must get a look at him."

"Oh, Elizabeth, Mavourneen," she exclaimed, when they were alone, "what if it should be the very same one? Faith, I like to have took a spell when her ladyship was discoursing on his merits."

"Well, you will soon see him," said Elizabeth, "for I shall invite you to go with us, whenever we go to pay our respects to his Highness."

But Nora did not have the chance to see him; for when Captain Ormonde called on the prince, the next day, he had gone out of town, and it was nearly a week before an appointment could be made. The arrangement was very satisfactory, but before there was an opportunity for Prince Sindhu and his sister to meet Elizabeth and Mrs. Johnson, — the young matron who was to be Elizabeth's companion, and whose husband was to have charge of the work in the new field, — Nora and her father had gone to Mandalay.

The result of the reception and subsequent events was that when Prince Sindhu and his retinue left for Prome a week later, Elder Meredith and the other missionaries formed a part of the company. There were also in the party, Oo Toung-lay, the father of

the prince; Isador Lombard, the Jew whom Elizabeth and Nora had met on their drive, and who had a large financial interest in the Pegu Oil Company; and Mr. Whiteset, the president of the company.

The city of Prome is at the northern terminus of the western railroad line, and was reached by our travellers about six o'clock — "sky-closing time," — as the Burmese say. At Prome, arrangements have to be made by those going farther north to continue the journey by water. In this case, however, there was no delay, owing to arrangements having been made in advance by the couriers of Prince Sindhu. Early the next morning the company was sailing up the Irrawaddy in a large and comfortable piengaw; while another, similar in size but less elaborate in its furnishings, followed behind with the baggage and camp equipment.

It was a beautiful morning, and cool for Burma; but the sun was hot, and therefore the ladies gathered under the awning, in the stern of the boat, and fell to gossiping about the things which most interest young women. In the bow of the piengaw, the men discussed the business interests, the rice crop, and the probable future of the country under British rule.

With tastes and ideas so at variance as those of Elizabeth and Sofia, it is not strange that for some time they should have found little in common upon which to converse. Although, during the first few days of their acquaintance, they talked little, except the conventional gossip, yet each had for the other the greatest attraction. Having been brought up under vastly different conditions, and with such

widely diverging views of life and its realities, still there was a similarity in the natural dispositions of the two young women. While Elizabeth was quite two years the senior and of a much more robust physique, Sofia was older in her manner, and her lithe and supple body was quite as able to withstand fatigue, or even hardship, as that of her more athletic companion.

Each was of the highest type of the civilization she represented, and each had conceived for the other the greatest admiration before they had been in each other's society twenty-four hours. The innate purity of their characters, and the inborn desire of each to live the life of the highest good, made them so largely a reflection of the one Mind, that, in spite of their dissimilar training, they could not help being attracted toward each other.

And so on this beautiful morning, while they sailed slowly up the historical river, past pineapple plantations and through the verdant landscape, whose every hill was tipped with a pagoda, and while little Mrs. Johnson, filled more with matronly thoughts of her new home than with the sentiment of the occasion, dozed off to sleep, their thoughts and conversation turned into a common channel — home.

"I hope you will like my home," said Sofia. "It is too bad that we shall reach there just too late to take part in the Tamane Hoththee, or harvest festival. I am sure you would enjoy the novel celebration."

"I am sure I would, Princess. The name suggests Thanksgiving day, our American harvest festival."

"Tell me something about the American holidays, Miss Raymond."

Elizabeth did so, dwelling especially upon Christmas and New Year.

"Your description of Christmas," said Sofia, "reminds me that you are the first missionary that I have ever met, although I know many English ladies who believe in your God. I never thought I should care to know a missionary, but you seem different. What does your sister call you?"

"I have no sister, but at home they call me Bess."

"May I call you Bess?" asked Sofia, pronouncing the name with that softness peculiar to the Burmese tongue. "Mee Bess; the other name is so hard."

Elizabeth's eyes filled with tears. "You surely may. It will remind me of home — my home by the river so far away;" and the tears coursed down the girl's cheeks.

Sofia's warm heart was touched. The loneliness, the longing for home which the words and voice conveyed, moved her to sudden tenderness and she drew closer to Elizabeth, saying:

"Do not cry, dear; but why did you come away out here?"

"It seemed my duty to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ."

"We seemed such heathen to you, away over there, did we not?" said Sofia caressingly; "but we are not."

"If you are," said Elizabeth, smiling through her tears, "I am sure it is only because of your teaching, not because your heart is not right."

"Our teaching is not so different from yours. We are taught not to kill, lie, or steal, the same as you. Listen to our five universal commandments: 'Thou shalt not take any life at all. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not lie. Thou shalt not drink intoxicating liquor.' They are not very different from yours."

"But the great commandment; or, we might say, the two great commandments! You have nothing like them," declared Elizabeth.

"And what are they?"

"'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.' And the second, which Jesus taught, is like unto it: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' These —"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Sofia, "we are taught to do good to all and to exercise all virtues. To have benevolent dispositions toward every one, indiscriminately."

"But you have no God. No God at all."

"What do you mean by God? I have asked many of the English ladies and not always have I been given the same answer."

"God is the Supreme Being," explained Elizabeth, glad to give the information and feeling that the way was opening for her to do a great good. "He is ever present. He controls the universe because He is all-powerful. He fills all space. Then, too, He is our Father in Heaven, 'a kind, loving Father, than earth friends more true,' as one poet has written. The New Testament tells us that God is love. It is thus I like best to think of Him."

"The English ladies have told me much the same,"

replied Sofia; "but they tell me, also, that God sends sickness and suffering. How can a heavenly father do things an earthly father would not do?"

"Does not an earthly father punish his children when they disobey him?"

"Yes, but he could not inflict endless punishment, as some of the ladies tell me that your God does. And he would not if he could."

"If we are good God will not punish us, and when we die He will take us to live with Him forever. His son, Jesus, taught us all about that when he was on earth, healing the sick, and raising the dead."

"If God sent sickness and death to man, why should His son, as you call him, have healed them?"

"It was the way of salvation!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "The sinning and sick were healed because they turned to Christ. It was their faith that healed them. In many cases Jesus said: 'Thy faith hath made thee whole.'"

"Then why do Christians not turn to their Christ when they are sick, and not have so many doctors?"

Elizabeth searched her thoughts for a reply. Finally she said:

"I feel that we should; but we do not seem to have the faith."

"And still," said Sofia, slowly shaking her head, "you come here, thousands of miles, to ask us to accept this Christ in whom you have so little faith. You ask us to trust our chance of happiness in Nirvana — in the next life — with a God who sends sickness and death upon His children; to trust our hope of salvation to His son, who can save you from

all punishment hereafter, but in whom you have so little faith that you cannot even trust him to cure a bad headache.

"I am afraid I am very dull, Mee Bess, for I cannot see how you could be so foolish as to leave all your friends, and come way out here for the sake of such a religion. To me the teaching of the lord Buddha seems so much better."

"But surely you cannot believe in the worship of idols — of the images of Gaudama which fill all your pagodas?"

"We do not worship the images."

"You may not; but the masses of the people see nothing beyond the image. The worship of these images and of nats — the spirits of nature — is all the worship they have."

"So it appears to you. In the same manner it appears to me that in the Christian churches of Rangoon — and it must be so all over your land — I find Christians worshipping images of Jesus. In the cathedral in Rangoon is a large image of your great teacher nailed on a cross, and I see people kneeling and praying to it. They do not pray to your God. I hear them praying, 'Lord Jesus!' What is the difference whether we adore the images of Gaudama in a pagoda, or the images of Jesus in a cathedral?"

Elizabeth started to reply, but was interrupted by a call from Rev. Johnson to come forward and see a harpooning exhibition by one of the natives.

The girls made their way to the bow of the boat where the harpooner stood peering into the water. After a few minutes there was a slight ripple ahead,

and a fin and a white side appeared. The harpooner strained forward, every muscle taut, the whole weight of his body resting on the ball of his foot. Suddenly he flung his harpoon and leaped into the water after it. For several seconds spear and man were lost to sight. Then he came up with dripping hair and scrambled into the boat with the harpoon, minus the head, in his hand. He had driven the spear clear through the great fish, and left the head, attached to a long rope, on the other side. For a time the fish struggled fiercely and even turned the light-draft piengaw out of its course; but it soon became tired and was drawn on deck, where it was left to die.

The exhibition, fraught with much excitement, put an end to the religious discussion; nor was it resumed during the trip, although Elizabeth, feeling secure in her position, determined to revert to the matter at a more opportune time. She told Mrs. Johnson, who had awakened just in time to hear the last of the conversation, that she felt that Elder Meredith was right when he said that India was a land of religious argument, and that Buddhism was certainly anti-Christ.

If Sofia had any desire to know further of Christianity, she had not yet come to realize it. She made no effort to renew the conversation, but the next time she and Elizabeth were alone began asking further questions about America, its manners, its customs, its women and its men.

"Tell me, Bess," she exclaimed, "what do you think of the men in Burma? Are they as handsome as the men in your country?"

"They are different; you could hardly compare

them," was the laughing rejoinder. "Some, I should say, are handsome, and some are not."

"You have a particular one in mind?"

An expression of sadness passed over Elizabeth's face. "No, Princess, all men are alike to me."

Sofia, quick of perception, realized that she had touched upon a delicate subject and quickly changed it, exclaiming with a laugh, "I never met but one American, and, as you say, he is different."

Then Sofia lapsed into a reverie of how different that American really seemed to her from all other men she had ever met. Now again, as many times before during the past few weeks, her thoughts reverted to Paul Anthony.

Like every Burmese woman, Sofia particularly loved admiration. She was proud of her position and of the homage paid her by her brother's subjects. She was pleased with the thought of returning home and showing the foreign ladies how exalted was this position, as well as showing them the beauties of her mountain kingdom. She was glad that she was going back to a city where she was recognized as the first lady of the land; but the trip had for her an especial interest, because of her expected meeting with this same American, who had dwelt so much in her thoughts.

CHAPTER V

DHULEEP MINGH'S BAD DREAM

ORIENTAL scenery with Occidental settings is the incongruous stage picture suggested by the oil fields of Yenangyaung. American ideas are beginning to make themselves felt, but it has been slow work, for the indolent and happy-go-lucky Burmese did not at first take kindly to the energetic and hustling ways of the Yankee well-drillers. But activity and growth are taking the place of stagnation and decay. The hammers of the riveters now beat a merry tattoo on the sides of the great tanks, in progress of construction, while the sharp buzz of the sawmill drowns the drowsy hum of the insect world, which is such a potent factor of life in the valley of the Irrawaddy.

On this particular morning, early in December, in spite of the prevailing atmosphere of activity, a feeling of unrest is abroad. It is to be seen in the group of native laborers, who are gathered closely together about the engine house and machine shops. It is felt in the indolent manner in which the men obey the orders given them by the bosses. It even seems reflected in the wilderness of derricks, which stretches away back from the river. There has been no outbreak, and no absolute refusal on the part

of the men to do the work, for which they are employed, but there is evidently within them a smouldering fire of discontent, which needs but the breath of some overt act to fan it into flame.

The only place, on all the Toung-lay holdings, into which this atmosphere of inharmony does not seem to penetrate, is the office of Paul Anthony, manager of the Pegu Oil Company. Unmindful, for the time being, of either the activity or the unrest about him, he is sitting at his desk studying earnestly the pages of a small book. Slowly he turns the leaves, entirely absorbed in its contents. The view from his open window is inviting; the noise of the hammers and sawmill is penetrating; the odors from the freshly cut teak and the petroleum are pungent; and the nip of an occasional gnat is none too soft; but he is insensible to all of them. None of his physical senses has the slightest power to distract his mind from the thoughts the printed words convey, and from which he is drawing inspiration for the day. He is, for the time, unconscious of his physical self.

After some minutes of study he shuts the book, and sits with closed eyes, as though to impress upon his mind the thoughts he has been gleaning. Then, putting the little volume in his coat pocket, he rises quickly from his chair, takes a bundle of plans from his desk, and starts to leave the office, just as the superintendent and a couple of English foremen appear at the door. He greets them cheerily:

"Good morning, Biggs! Good morning, boys! I was just coming out. The plans of the new re-

finery are finished, and I want to get to work at it right away. Come in. We might as well look them over right here."

"No trouble about looking over the plans," said Biggs as they entered; "but I'm thinking it'll be some time before we'll be able to begin the work."

"That's right," said one of his companions, a man named Terhune. "The beggars are getting deuced restless, don't you know."

Paul looked at them with a quizzical smile, remarking:

"We will just know that there will not be any trouble, and go right ahead."

"That's easy enough to say," replied Biggs; "but I reckon we'll have to know there is trouble, when we see these superstitious ignoramuses leaving us, because they can't understand what makes that electric tram car go."

"Perhaps we can show them," said Paul as he spread out the plans.

Biggs shook his head.

"My opinion is that they're lazy and don't want to work," said the third man, a strapping young fellow named Murphy. "But, whatever the real cause, it's largely the fault of that old pohn-na, Dhuleep Mingh."

"How is that?" asked Paul. "I have talked with him, and he appears to have more intelligence than most of the men on the works."

"That's the trouble. He knows too much; or rather he thinks he does."

Paul recalled some of the conversations he had had with the man, and could not help but admit that Murphy's estimate of him was, to a large extent, correct. Having been raised in a monastery, he had become well versed in the teachings of the pohn-gyees; then he had made a journey to Calcutta, and, while in Hindustan, had studied the religion of Brahma; later, as a household servant, he had mingled much with the English, and had listened to the words of the Christian missionaries. He had thus acquired just a sufficient smattering of the various teachings to fill him with a sense of his own importance, and to make him a dangerous leader of ignorant and superstitious workmen, whose religion is largely a worship of nats, or spirits of various kinds and descriptions, and who look upon foreigners, kahla, as worse than cattle.

"Then it is really Dhuleep Mingh you fear?" said Paul, smiling.

"His influence," answered Murphy. "I tell you, Mr. Anthony, it's no laughing matter. With all due respect to your judgment, I believe we are going to have trouble."

"I think Murphy's right," said Terhune. Biggs nodded his head emphatically.

Paul straightened up and surveyed the group.

"Well, really, this does begin to look serious," he said, with a peculiar inflection of his voice, which his associates had not yet been able to explain.

"I'm glad that you have begun to take a sensible view of the situation at last," said Briggs. "I tell you it is serious. The natives mean mischief."

"It is not the natives I am thinking about," said Paul. "The real seriousness of the situation lies in the fact that three strong men should be expecting and fearing trouble of any kind."

"Oh, we ain't afraid of the trouble," said Murphy.

"Then there will not be any," replied Paul quickly.

The men looked at each other in a puzzled manner.

"I'm afraid you don't exactly understand what Murphy means," explained Biggs. "He means if there is trouble we won't be afraid to handle it."

"I understand exactly what he means," answered Paul; "but this has been my observation: when men go out looking for trouble, they are pretty sure to find it. Therefore, instead of waiting for trouble to arise and then handle it, as Biggs says, the way to do is to handle it before it comes."

Biggs took off his hat and scratched his head.

"I think I understand," said Terhune, in a hesitating manner. "Instead of acting as though we were afraid of trouble, you mean to go ahead just as though we didn't expect any; and the beggars, seeing we are not worrying, won't dare quit."

"Well, something like that," said Paul; "only we do not want to govern the natives with fear or anything akin to it. As I said, just let us know there cannot be any trouble. We are doing what is right, and they must recognize it. Where right is concerned, all men are really of one mind — if they only know it.

"Now we four come from Christian countries,

where we are taught the Golden Rule of, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' If we do this, it will invariably cause others to do the same, because to love is to reflect God, who is Love."

The men looked at each other in an embarrassed manner.

"It's a funny way you have of mixing up your religion with your business, Mr. Anthony," said Murphy; "but I've noticed in the few weeks you've been here, that somehow or other you seem to make 'em fit, so it may be you're right."

"What I am telling you," said Paul, "is a scientific fact. It can be proven."

"Well, I'm willing to let it go that way for the present," said Biggs. "Suppose we take a look at the plans."

A half hour was consumed in looking over the drawings and in determining the details.

"The reason I am so anxious to get this work under way at once," explained Paul as the men were leaving the office, "is that I am expecting a visit from the owners."

"We ought to be able to lay out the foundation lines to-day," said Biggs.

"I am sure we ought," answered Paul. "All we need to do is to know there cannot be any trouble, and the reason."

As he followed the men out, Paul stopped for a minute to survey the scene. In front was the oil field with its miles of derricks and tanks. In the rear, some three miles away, the Irrawaddy wound its way through the level plain. Back of the little

hillock upon which the office was located were the quarters of the men. Down through a small cut, an electric tramway had been built, extending to the river. Just across the highway, that ran down through the oil field, was another hillock upon which a pagoda had been built, and in which was one of the most famous images of Gaudama. In other directions, on other little hills, were similar pagodas. The scene was such a combination of religious superstition and advanced civilization, as could not fail to impress one who was at all interested in metaphysical conditions.

For just a moment Paul allowed this thought to linger in his mind, while he took a hasty review of the changes he had made during the six or eight weeks in which he had been in charge of the work. Then he descended the hill and crossed over to a group of kulis gathered about the trolley car, — all deeply interested in solving the mystery of its motive power. Among them was the old man, Dhuleep Mingh, of whom Murphy had spoken. As Paul approached, the men drew back a few steps and allowed him to come near the car.

"Get aboard and we will take a ride down to the river," he exclaimed as the men acknowledged, in a somewhat surly manner, his morning greeting.

The natives looked at each other and shook their heads.

"The pohn-na says it is the work of evil nats," said one of the men, more bold than the rest.

"How can that be?" asked Paul. "Is not the car doing good? Does it not help us to carry the

wood and iron, from the river, faster than we could do it with the elephants? And is not that good? Evil nats do only evil deeds. This must be a good spirit if it helps us do our work."

The men looked at each other, but said nothing.

"You'll never convince them that the pohn-gyees are wrong," said Biggs, who had come up just in time to hear the conversation.

"Such a doubting Thomas!" laughed Paul. "Let us know that these men, ignorant as they appear, can be taught the truth, just as well as you and I. Now men, get aboard, and we will run down to the river and bring back a load of fish."

"What makes it go?" asked the same young fellow who had spoken before. "We can see nothing. It must be an evil spirit!".

Paul thought for a moment, then took from his pocket a parlor match. Holding it up, he asked:

"Is there any fire in this?"

The men smiled and nodded their heads.

"But you cannot see it!"

Again they smiled and looked at each other. Paul struck the match on the side of the car, and as it blazed up, said:

"There is the fire which you all knew was there. You could all have made it burn just as I did, because you knew how."

The men laughed, and Dhuleep Mingh, who had up to this time said nothing, exclaimed:

"The English Sahib is a wise man, but the fire stick does not make the devil machine go."

"You are also a wise man, Dhuleep Mingh," re-

plied Paul. "Although we see it not, there is fire in the wire up there. That fire, coming down the pole into these wheels, makes the machine go, — not the evil machine, but the good machine. Look!"

Taking a long-handled coal rake, which chanced to be leaning against the engine house, Paul stepped upon the platform of the car, and touched the trolley wire above, generating a shower of electric sparks. The men looked in amazement.

"I bring the fire from the wire," Paul exclaimed, "because I know how. Because I, and the other foreigners, know how, we bring the fire into the machine, and it makes the car go. Some day you, also, will learn to do this, just as you have learned how to light the fire stick."

Paul's words and manner had their effect. The men fell to chattering, and several climbed on to the car and touched the wire with the rake. Upon further invitation the entire number clambered up around Paul, and were soon spinning along towards the river, while Biggs and the English motorman on the front platform congratulated themselves upon the probable avoidance of trouble by this very simple lesson of instruction.

"Sure the chief is a wonder," said Murphy when Biggs told the story at the dinner table.

"And still it was a simple thing to do," said Biggs. "The idea of using a match to — Look!" he suddenly exclaimed, pointing out of the open door.

Across the track a large group of kulis were gathered, and the scene of the morning was being reenacted, with old Dhuleep Mingh as the demonstra-

tor. Taking a match from the fold of his tunic, he held it up to the crowd. Then he lighted it and could be seen gesticulating and explaining. Next he picked up the rake, but the car having been run down the track, and there being nothing upon which he could stand, the wooden handle was not long enough to reach the wire. He looked about for something longer and espied a piece of iron rod. Before those in the house across the way could interfere or warn him of his danger, he had raised the rod aloft and touched the wire.

As before, there was a shower of sparks, but Dhuleep Mingh, stricken by the current of fifteen hundred volts, fell senseless to the ground.

A cry of horror burst from many throats. The natives drew back in awe, while the old man lay as one dead, a little wreath of smoke, pungent of burning flesh, floating from his outstretched hands. The men at dinner rushed from the table to his assistance. Biggs and Murphy reached his side as Paul came hastening down the hill.

"Bring him right into my office," he said.

"Yes, and hurry for the doctor," exclaimed Biggs, bending over the prostrate form. "That's a pretty strong current and I'm afraid he's done for. He has almost no pulse."

"We will know that Man's life isn't governed by pulse beats," replied Paul as he turned his face from the scene and mentally declared the freedom and sovereignty of the spiritual man, — that he is not subject to injury or death. "Pick him up gently and let us know that God protects His children."

"I wish I had your faith," Murphy said, looking quickly at the speaker.

"Something besides faith is needed now," said Biggs. "Hurry for the doctor! I saw him going toward the other end of the field with his medicine bag half an hour ago." Then to Paul: "That object lesson of yours, Mr. Anthony, has turned out the worst thing that could possibly have happened."

Paul made no reply to the implied censure, but directed the removal of the stricken man to his office.

"Your work," he said to Biggs in a tone of authority, "is to stay here and quiet the natives as best you can. I will look after the rest."

As soon as the unconscious form of the aged kuli was laid on the leather couch, with which the office was supplied, Paul cleared the room of the men who had borne it thither, and stationed one on the outside to notify him as soon as Murphy returned with the doctor. Then, closing the door, he seated himself at his desk and bowed his head in prayer. For a long time he thus sat alone with God. Then, suddenly rising, he stepped to the side of the still unconscious man, and taking his limp hand, he said:

"Come, Dhuleep Mingh, you have slept long enough. It is time to awake!"

For a minute, perhaps, he stood looking at the pallid face. Gradually a flush of color came to the lips and the eyelids quivered.

Paul again raised his eyes in prayer.

"Father in heaven," he murmured, "I thank Thee that Thou hearest Thy children always."

Again he spoke to the now slowly reviving man.

"Come, Dhuleep Mingh, you have had a long nap. It is time to go to work."

The old kuli opened his eyes, looked a moment into the face above him, and sat up.

"Ram has given me a bad dream, Sahib."

"Yes, it was a bad dream," said Paul; "but God, the only God, of whom we have learned through His son, Christ Jesus, has awakened you. You can go back to your fellow workmen. They will be looking for you."

The old man looked at him fixedly for a moment, as though trying to grasp the meaning of his words, then slowly laid hold of the desk to assist himself to rise. A twinge of pain caused him to look at his hand.

"You picked up a piece of hot iron," explained Paul. "It will soon be well. Come up and see me to-night."

"Yes, Sahib."

Paul opened the office door, and the old man passed out, just as the company doctor, accompanied by Murphy, ascended the hill. An exclamation of great surprise escaped the latter.

"I see the old chap has come to," said the doctor. "I guess he didn't get as heavy a shock as you thought."

"Not as some thought," replied Paul.

"How are your hands, old man?" asked the doctor.

Dhuleep Mingh held them out for the doctor to examine. "There is no pain," he said.

"Just a little burn," remarked the doctor, look-

ing at them; "not even enough to blister them. I am surprised the shock was heavy enough to render him unconscious. It must have been his age."

"Or a mortal law," ejaculated Paul, as he returned to his office.

"Doc," said Murphy as Paul passed from sight, "you may think he wasn't hurt much, but I'll leave it to Biggs if the old heathen wasn't as good as dead, and his hands smoked like an oil tank on fire."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the doctor. "I've seen men get 3000 volts and they're alive to-day."

Excitement among the natives had run high during Dhuleep Mingh's bad half hour, but when the old man appeared among them with no result of his shock apparent, other than a slight burn on his hands, the excitement subsided, and the men crowded around him to get his explanation of the affair.

"The kahla are wise," he said, "though they be but animals. In their own country they learn many things, and they know how to handle the fire wire. Dhuleep Mingh has yet much to learn."

Questioned further, he reiterated his statement to Paul, that Ram had given him a bad dream.

"But the God of the kahla awakened me out of it," he declared.

When he returned to the office that night, in accordance with Paul's instruction, he was full of curiosity.

"Is the Sahib's God," he asked, "the same as the God of the English missionaries in Calcutta?"

"There is but one God," replied Paul.

"So say the Mohammedans. So say many others,

but all have different prophets, and all worship God in a different way. How shall we know which is right?"

"'The hour cometh and now is,'" quoth Paul from the Gospel of St. John, "'when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.' This was the teaching of Jesus Christ."

The face of the old man indicated that he did not understand.

"But may not your great prophet, Jesus, have been wrong? He taught many things that the missionaries do not do. He healed the sick and raised the dead, and he taught that his followers should do the same. But, Sahib, I have watched them. They do not do it. Why is that?"

"Jesus said if they believed in him they should do the works he did," replied Paul.

"But, Sahib, they must believe in him, or how could they come away out to this land to teach about him?"

"It is not for you or me to say what, or how much they believe. They must be judged by Jesus' own words: 'He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also;' and, 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' If they do not do the works, we can only have our opinion of their belief."

"How much does the Sahib believe?" and Dhuleep Mingh fixed his eyes earnestly upon Paul.

Paul returned his gaze with the same earnestness as he said:

"Is not Dhuleep Mingh awake, after touching the fire wire and being put to sleep by Ram?"

The old man started as a sudden light burst upon him; then he bowed his head and seemed lost in thought. After some minutes he looked up.

"Dhuleep Mingh does not understand," he said. "He would have the Sahib teach him more. Can an old man learn these things?"

Paul took his Bible from his desk, and turning to the book of Jeremiah, read:

"After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord!"

"Dhuleep Mingh is one of the least of them," said the old man as Paul closed his Bible, "but he would learn."

The heartfelt desire, so simply made known, met with an immediate response, and for more than an hour Paul sat teaching the hungry seeker the plain truths of Christianity. Although Paul was a busy man and much work needed his attention that night, he laid it temporarily aside while he poured into that thirsty heart the water of life; while he told Dhuleep Mingh of that God who is all Life, Truth and Love; while he explained to him that divine Principle, who is not the God of the dead but of the living; while he still further demonstrated that one Mind which is over all, in all, is all — even that "mind which was also in Christ Jesus." Paul counted not the cost of his time or labor, and, al-

though he had not reflected upon it, the result was far reaching.

When Dhuleep Mingh left Paul's office that night, it was with a complete confidence in Paul, if not in Paul's God. As his understanding increased, his faith increased, and during the succeeding days, he used all his influence to avert the threatened trouble, and to create confidence in the new methods. Every night found him in Paul's office, and every day found him putting into practical use the truths he had learned. Each day the seeming differences between the men and their employers became less of a reality, until, by the time the inspecting party came, the very best of feeling prevailed.

Paul had been expecting the visitors for several days before they finally made their appearance. He had instructed the watchman at the landing to telephone him as soon as they came in sight. Upon receipt of the message he hastened to the landing in the electric tram car, and was on the dock to greet them as they stepped ashore.

"He is even handsomer than I thought," was Sofia's mental comment as he handed her out, and was introduced to those members of the party whom he had not yet met. Of Elizabeth, who sat beside her as they were being whirled along up to camp, she asked: "Mr. Anthony is a countryman of yours, is he not?"

"Yes, and a typical American, he seems to me."

"His self-reliant smile and quiet energy are simply infectious," continued Sofia. "Even my father,

who rarely shows interest in anything, seems about to wake up."

"He is certainly a most courteous gentleman," was Elizabeth's response.

Later, seated next to Paul at the table, Sofia could not help remarking, although she felt it rather presuming on short acquaintance:

"You seem greatly pleased about something, Mr. Anthony."

"I am," was his smiling rejoinder. "I am pleased at receiving this visit; I am pleased at meeting my countrymen and women. I am pleased at again seeing you and your charming brother."

"It is not that," she said, with a shake of her head. "If I may be allowed to put my thoughts into words, I should say you have the air of a person with a great secret, — of one who has found something or has made a discovery which gives him great satisfaction."

"I have," he replied, and his smile was even more mystifying. "I have found a pearl of great price."

CHAPTER VI

AMONG THE DERRICKS

The morning after the arrival at Yenangyaung, Elizabeth was up at daylight. Three days' confinement on the little river craft had made her hungry for exercise, and with the American girl's spirit of independence she left her tent before the other ladies in the party were astir, and started out for a brisk walk across the fields. A wide détour brought her back to the works by way of the hill upon which the office was located. As she approached the open door she discovered Paul seated at his desk reading. He raised his eyes as she passed, and catching sight of her, came to the door, hat in hand.

"Good morning, Miss Raymond," he called, "you are out early."

She gave him a bright smile.

"It does seem rather early, doesn't it? But early rising is a failing of mine."

"I should rather call it a virtue. You appear to have stolen a march on the rest of the party, and made your tour of inspection alone."

"I have certainly made a tour, but I am afraid I have not inspected very carefully, Mr. Anthony. I have been enjoying the natural, rather than the artificial. Surely it is a beautiful country."

"Indeed it is," said Paul; "but will you not come in and rest for a few minutes? I think the others are hardly astir yet."

"If it will not interfere with your work." She stepped inside the office door. "You also are up early."

"And so have just completed the work I had in hand," said Paul. "I rise early for an especial purpose." He looked at her closely. "Pardon me; but it certainly does one good to see an American face in this far-away land. Here, let me place a chair in the door, where you can see the field awaken to life."

As he crossed the room to get the chair, Elizabeth gave way to her curiosity sufficiently to glance over to his desk to see what he had been reading. She was pleased, as well as considerably surprised, to notice that of the two well-worn little books lying side by side, one was a Bible. From where she stood she did not recognize the other, but its appearance indicated that it was being used in connection with the Bible. As he turned, he caught her glance, and, with a smile which recalled to her mind the words of Sofia the night before, remarked:

"I trust you approve my selection of reading matter; but of course you do."

"Indeed I do," said Elizabeth with fervor, "but the sight of the Bible came as a sort of rebuke to me that I had not indulged in the same occupation before I started on my walk. Still," she continued after a pause, "I feel that in my walk I have been honoring God by enjoying the wonderful work of His hands."

"I think you are quite right," replied Paul.

"Whatever we do, we can do to the glory of God. But out here, where there is never a thought of God among the entire people, I find I have the greatest difficulty in keeping my thought clear. I have come, therefore, to make the study of the Bible even a more important feature of my day's work than ever before."

"It certainly is a benighted land," was Elizabeth's reply, "and there is a great work to be done. Each day I recognize it more and more, and have been praying for laborers to gather the harvest, now so plenteous. The finding of even one earnest Christian man in a place like this — such a Christian I feel certain you must be, Mr. Anthony — seems like an answer to my prayer, though perhaps small."

"No answer to prayer is small," declared Paul; "for all of God's works are great."

Elizabeth's face flushed as she said meekly: "I was wrong, but I had been thinking of so much larger work."

Paul smiled, and again Elizabeth felt that she had been guilty of a very human criticism.

"I suppose you would consider one work of God quite as great as another. I wish I could see things as you seem to."

"It is an understanding that every one may acquire, Miss Raymond. It comes through prayer, and every answer to prayer strengthens our faith."

"That, I suppose, is why no answer to prayer should be considered small?"

"Exactly," replied Paul. "If we pray without

ceasing, we shall come at last to know and understand God."

"But, Mr. Anthony, that seems like such an impossible task — to pray without ceasing. Why, we should have no time to teach or preach."

Paul hesitated a moment before he replied: "I have been taught that 'prayer is the heart's sincere desire.' Now with you I am sure the desire to know and to do good is ever present, no matter whether you teach or preach, as you put it. This constant desire, and the effort it calls forth, seems to me to be unceasing prayer."

"I had never thought of it in that light before," said Elizabeth slowly, and she became absorbed with her thoughts.

"It is not original with me; I shall be glad to tell you where you can learn more — "

Paul's explanation was interrupted by the arrival of Dhuleep Mingh, who approached hat in hand. Evidently he had something important on his mind, and Paul stopped abruptly to hear what he had to say. Elizabeth's presence seemed to embarrass him, and he hesitated, until Paul said:

"What is it, Dhuleep Mingh? Do not be afraid to speak. The foreign lady is a friend of ours."

"Sahib," said the old man slowly and with great emphasis, "Dhuleep Mingh must be sick!"

"Sick!" exclaimed Paul in surprise. "You look all right to me. What do you think is the matter?"

"Sahib, for two days Dhuleep Mingh has forgotten to smoke his cheroot or chew his betel!"

Paul smiled broadly as he asked:

"Well, do you not think you feel better?"

"But, Sahib, I have smoked and chewed betel for fifty years, and now not to want it! There must be something wrong."

"Does Dhuleep Mingh remember the dream Ram sent him?"

"No, Sahib, it is forgotten."

"Now listen, Dhuleep Mingh," said Paul impressively. "The desire to smoke and chew the betel is just as much a dream as the other."

Dhuleep Mingh looked incredulous.

"Do you believe that man is made in the image and likeness of God?" asked Paul.

"Yes, Sahib."

"Do you think God has a desire to smoke or chew betel?"

"No, Sahib."

"Then how can man have the desire?"

The old man scratched his head.

"Have no fear, Dhuleep Mingh. Rather be thankful that the true man is beginning to appear in you."

As the man made a deep obeisance and withdrew, Elizabeth turned to Paul for an explanation. During the conversation she had listened intently, and as Paul caught her wondering look he understood exactly what was passing through her mind.

"I have been doing a little missionary work, too," he explained. "Dhuleep Mingh is just beginning to know the Christ — Truth, which taketh away the sin of the world."

"And do you really think that this knowledge has caused him to forget his habits of fifty years?"

Paul replied with a question: "Have you not known many cases where men have been redeemed from drunkenness by the power of the Word?"

"Indeed, I have," was the reply; "but it was only after sincere repentance, in which they came to the foot of the cross and confessed their sins."

"Repentance is but the first step," declared Paul. "Reformation is the important step — the re-forming of the old man by the 'renewal in the spirit of your mind,' as Paul wrote to the Ephesians."

"But has he been converted?" asked Elizabeth.

"Can you doubt it, Miss Raymond? Was there ever a more complete conversion of a man's thought than this, that he should absolutely lose consciousness of a habit which has been a part of him for half a century?"

"Ah, but that is not the answer," said Elizabeth, and her manner indicated the importance she placed upon this particular point. "Has he been converted and confessed Christ Jesus as his saviour, — has he acknowledged the vicarious atonement by which he has been redeemed?"

Paul looked at her earnestly for several minutes and again replied with a question:

"Is there a royal road to salvation? Of what does conversion consist, Miss Raymond? Is it not simply a turning away from evil to good — God? Certainly Dhuleep Mingh is turning — is being born again. His entire thought, his every sense, is becoming more spiritual, and who shall say how that change shall come? Jesus said: 'the kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo here!

or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you.' Dhuleep Mingh is beginning to find this kingdom."

"But how?" she asked.

Again Paul quoted from the apostle: "'For it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure.' When we begin to know the truth, we begin to lose our belief in the untruth. And the truth is, that man is made in the image and likeness of God."

Elizabeth shook her head as she replied:

"I must be very dull, but I do not seem to understand. You would have me believe that this man has been freed from a life-long habit, through a simple knowledge that man is made in the image and likeness of God. Why, everybody who believes the Bible at all, believes this, but this knowledge has not proved a saving power."

Paul smiled in that quizzical manner which Elizabeth had already come to recognize as the precursor of a question.

"May that not be because we have had a wrong impression of God, Miss Raymond? May that not be because we have not understood the nature of that God, in whose image we are made?"

"Possibly," she replied, her mind so absorbed with her own line of argument that she did not grasp the fuller import of his question. "But this man has not chosen the one only road to salvation. He has not confessed Christ and him crucified."

Recognizing the course of her thought, Paul replied: "Not, perhaps, as you understand it, but

nevertheless he is confessing Christ, in his constant desire to know the truth, — to realize what is really meant by being made in the image and likeness of God, Spirit. In proportion as he has realized this, his thoughts have changed, and he has acquired more of 'that mind which was also in Christ Jesus.' Instead of finding his enjoyment in tobacco and betel nuts, he is finding his chief pleasure in striving to know what that God — that Infinite Being — is, in whose image and likeness man is made. 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' is the burden of his desire. Nearer to God means simply a clearer apprehension of divine Truth which destroys all error. In short, nearer to God is nearer to good."

Elizabeth's attitude was becoming more eager. A great truth was making itself felt.

"I think I begin to understand," she said slowly. "You mean that in proportion as we think good thoughts, we forget evil thoughts. You call the good thoughts truth, and the bad thoughts you call error."

"Exactly!" exclaimed Paul. "And now let me illustrate how it works. Up to the time you met me, you had believed that there was not a Christian in Yenangyaung. You also believed that there was not a Bible within many miles of here. Unknowingly, therefore, you were believing an untruth, — an error."

"Yes," she laughed, "because I believed it was a fact."

"Now then," continued Paul, "let us see what has happened. Your coming here did not in the least change the facts about me or my Bible. Nevertheless

your thought — your belief — is changed. You now know that there is a Christian, and a Bible, in Yenangyaung. You have learned the truth, and your false belief, the untruth, has disappeared. But did you, after learning the truth, have to do some act to destroy the untruth? Not at all. The truth worked automatically, as it were. You learned the truth, and with the acquiring of this knowledge, the untruth, the error, — which in reality never had any existence, because I and the Bible were here, — vanished, that is, passed out of your consciousness.

"It is the same with Dhuleep Mingh. He had a false belief that there was happiness in smoking and in chewing betel. When he came to realize the truth about man and his relation to God, — to realize that he is the image and likeness of God, Spirit, who has no pleasure in anything unlike Himself, — he lost the false belief. Do you understand?"

"I think I do, but I shall have to ponder over it," replied Elizabeth.

She arose from her chair. "I must be going. I have been here an unconscionable time. They will wonder what has become of me. I trust I shall get an opportunity to talk with you further before I leave."

She extended her hand as she passed out.

"I have enjoyed your little sermon so much, Mr. Anthony, and I feel that you are doing a great work in your own way."

Paul gave her hand a hearty grasp.

"I believe, Miss Raymond, that every Christian should follow the Master's command to preach the

gospel and heal the sick. We can all find some time. In that way we shall all be missionaries, and," he added with a laugh, "the cost of maintaining the mission will be small."

"I wonder what he means by healing the sick?" was her mental comment. "Is he thinking of spiritual or physical ailments?"

When Elizabeth returned to the tent she found Sofia and Mrs. Johnson just finishing their toilets. The former had apparently not enjoyed a very good rest, and her appearance was strictly in accord with the facts, for Sofia had passed a restless night. Accustomed as she was to the extravagant and flowery language of the Orient, she would ordinarily have taken the statement of any of her male acquaintances that he had found "a pearl of great price," to mean nothing more than a phrase; but the manner in which Paul answered her question the previous night, and the very obvious fact that he did seem to have found the mystic talisman of happiness, sent the girl to her couch with a sense of wonderment as to his real meaning. How was she to know that the realization of "the kingdom of heaven" as "within you" was "the pearl of great price" to which he had alluded?

To Sofia, therefore, the wish was father to the thought, that Paul might have intended to refer to herself, as a treasure found and to be won. After hours of restlessness on her pillow she finally drifted off to sleep, to dream that she was an alchemist engaged in the very Burmese occupation of searching for the philosopher's stone, — a search which a few

years previous had resulted in a fire which nearly destroyed the city of Rangoon, instead of turning everything into gold, as the chemist, who caused the trouble, had expected. Try as she would, the secret always evaded her, and she awoke in the morning with a feeling of disappointment and unrest.

Outside of the pleasure she had anticipated in seeing Paul, the visit to the oil fields had suggested nothing of interest to Sofia. She had looked forward to the days they were to spend here as uninteresting and uneventful. It had been the same with the missionaries, and their anxiety to reach Annakan caused every day's delay to seem so much time wasted; but Paul had arranged several features out of the ordinary, at least to those who do not spend their days where oil and natural gas abound. After a busy day in driving and walking about the field, and inspecting the progress of the various works, the party was seated that night in chairs grouped about the dining tent, when suddenly a rocket pierced the darkness.

"A-mé! Look!" exclaimed Oo Toung-lay.

All eyes were turned towards the field, where, a moment later, two score more rockets clove the sky, and, as if by magic, two score giant torches illumined the heavens. The gas had been turned on in the great stand pipes, which in themselves carried the flow from thirty-five to forty feet into the air, and the gas, shooting up to almost an equal height above the pipes, had been ignited by the rockets. It was a weirdly beautiful sight, and the spectators burst into exclamations of wonderment and admiration. The night was intensely dark, and the great shafts of

flame streaming aloft over the forest of derricks filled the plain with an uncertain light, and cast great sprawling shadows, which gave the field the appearance of a bivouac of giants. It was a sight never to be forgotten; and when the gas was turned off, an hour later, every member of the party felt that this scene alone was well worth the visit.

After witnessing this display the party was prepared for any kind of a surprise. When Paul announced the following morning, therefore, that he was going to shoot a well, and promised them another novel sight, provided the well proved a producer, all were anxious to see it, although it necessitated several miles ride in very primitive conveyances, as there were not horses enough for all.

As chief demonstrator of the improvements, Paul rode ahead with Oo Toung-lay and Mr. Whiteset. Prince Sindhu, Mr. Lombard and Elder Meredith followed on the other horses. The ladies, in charge of the Reverend Johnson, rode in a wagon composed of a couple of carts, which Biggs had joined together to haul gas pipe.

"Our new manager is a veritable wizard," said Mr. Lombard as they rode along. "He has done more to develop the oil fields in two months, than has been accomplished previously in any two years. Are you Americans all like him, Elder Meredith?"

"We have some hustling young business men in America," replied Elder Meredith; "but I should say that Mr. Anthony is of quite the best type. He seems the right man for the place."

"The improvement in the field proves it," said Mr.

Lombard. "He comes high, but we will get our money out of him."

"I think every American expects to give value received for the wages paid him."

"Even the missionaries," laughed Mr. Lombard.

"Americans all seem to be missionaries more or less," said Prince Sindhu. "I hear that Mr. Anthony has made quite an impression with our English employés, while the natives declare he must be a great pohn-gyee in his own country. The Burmese, you see, are quick to note the difference between the rough laborers and the man of culture."

"Such a report about a fellow countryman is most pleasing," said Elder Meredith. "I know too well the rough character of the majority of the men brought up in this pioneer work. I must become better acquainted with him."

"You will find him a man of great force of character," replied Sindhu. "He seems, likewise, to have wonderful mental training. I heard one of the workmen telling how he raised, almost from the dead, an old man who had received an electric shock, — I suppose by the same mental process, although the old man says he simply prayed to his God. Of course, reverend sir, even you do not believe that!"

"Such a thing is possible," said the clergyman; "but I think the days of miracles are past."

"God always answered the prayers of the children of Israel, when they kept his commandments!" exclaimed Mr. Lombard. "Why shouldn't he answer prayers now?"

"I think that you and I had better not get into

a theological discussion to-day, Mr. Lombard," said Elder Meredith. "You know where we usually land."

"Because you do not believe the Scriptures," said Mr. Lombard.

"You mean because you do not believe the Bible," replied Elder Meredith.

"No, just because I will not believe your great prophet was the son of God," declared Mr. Lombard.

Prince Sindhu laughed aloud. "Pardon me," he said, "but now, gentlemen, you can see why I prefer a religion with no God. It certainly is better than a religion concerning whose God no two of you agree. Let us talk about oil. It is more profitable."

He put spurs to his horse and galloped on to overtake the others, and his companions followed.

Paul and his doings were also the subject of conversation in the wagon; to such an extent did his personality impress itself upon those with whom he came in contact.

"Are all Americans like Mr. Anthony?" asked Sofia.

Recalling her experience of the previous morning, Elizabeth replied:

"Hardly, I think. As I told you on the car the other evening, he seems to me to be the highest type of American manhood."

"The great majority are active and energetic, if that is what you mean," ventured Mrs. Johnson in her quiet and semi-apologetic manner. "They are the grandest men in the world."

She glanced up at her stalwart young husband, and her eyes shone with pride. Elizabeth caught the

glance and a thought of what might have been passed through her mind. But her sad romance now seemed almost a dream.

"Most women," said Sofia, "seem to think the men of their own country the grandest they know. The English ladies think that there are no men like their husbands, and I am sure that there could be no better or handsomer man than my brother, Sindhu."

"I think the princess has scored a point," said Mr. Johnson, who was beginning to feel a little embarrassed, under the close scrutiny to which he was being subjected; "and I quite agree with her about her brother. We are most fortunate in his acquaintance."

"Every one likes my brother," said Sofia. "His subjects fairly worship him. I could only wish that he were a better Buddhist. He is the only one of our family who has not built a pagoda to Gaudama, but he has promised that he will."

The others exchanged quick glances which indicated disapproval. Quick as it was, it did not escape Sofia and she broke into a merry little laugh.

"Oh, I know you think us heathen," she said, "but that does not disturb me. I may have an idea of doing a little missionary work among you, after I get you located. You will find that my brother is quite as progressive as any of the English governors. Even now he has in mind a wonderful plan for supplying Annakan with water from the mountains, but he is waiting until he can secure an engineer in whom he has perfect confidence to perfect the plan."

A sudden thought came to her, and she exclaimed:

"I believe Mr. Anthony is just the man!"

"That strikes me as a real inspiration," declared Elizabeth.

Then, as it occurred to her what an assistance such a man might be in missionary work, she continued: "I hope your brother will act upon your inspiration."

Sofia shot a glance at the speaker as if to read her thoughts, and replied: "I shall suggest it to him."

A passing funeral, with all its elaborate features, changed the subject of conversation, which thereafter became general in character; but from the moment of the "inspiration," Sofia became her own cheerful self and the life of the party.

When the ladies arrived at the oil well, Paul was busy making arrangements for firing the shot and was explaining to Oo Toung-lay the process and the danger that had to be guarded against. In a general way, to be sure, these facts were known to the members of the company, but they had never appreciated quite as fully as now the work required in governing the output. They had been accustomed for years to the primitive methods of the natives, and these new ideas were a decided novelty.

"We are down about sixteen hundred feet," explained Paul, "and we shall use in the neighborhood of a hundred quarts of nitro-glycerine. We are expecting great things, as these near-by wells have all been good producers. The charge is ready to be shot."

He then explained to the ladies something of the process, and showed them the steel weight called the

" go-devil," which is dropped down the well and explodes the nitro-glycerine.

" It comes about the nearest to being what its name implies, of anything imaginable," he continued.

" The natives still believe that it is the devil himself who starts the oil to flowing," explained Biggs, who was inspecting the work to see that everything was in readiness.

" It is a strange thing," said Elder Meredith, " how prone ignorant people are to attribute everything, which they do not understand, to the devil, whether the result is good or evil."

" No more strange," said Paul, with a smile, " than for intelligent persons to attribute to God the many disasters and evils which they do not understand."

Elizabeth was an interested listener. " Then you do not believe that God sends evil and disaster upon mankind? " she asked.

" ' And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good,' " quoted Paul. " In the face of such testimony I could not very well believe it; unless I believed that God had failed to complete creation, and was now doing his work over, — and that in a less satisfactory manner. But perhaps you and I will get a chance to talk this over more fully, ere you leave."

" God forbid! " exclaimed Elder Meredith under his breath. " This is blasphemous! "

Paul did not catch his muttered words, as he turned away to the well, but Sindhu and Sofia both overheard, and the former remarked aside:

"These Christians seem more decidedly at variance over what they believe, than you and I."

Sofia smiled: "We know why we disagree; they do not seem to. If I were interested in their discussions, I should hope for his own sake that Mr. Anthony could give a better reason for his belief than the others. I questioned Miss Raymond about hers coming up on the boat, and she did not seem to have a very clear idea of just what her religion does teach."

"All stand back!" shouted Biggs. "Way back by the horses! We're going to let her go!"

Every one obeyed.

"It certainly is a rather mysterious process," said Prince Sindhu to Paul, as they stopped at the spot designated.

"Yes, to those who do not understand," replied Paul. "I have found such to be the case in every phase of life; while really there is no mystery, even in life itself, if we thoroughly understand."

Sindhu looked at him with considerable astonishment. Such sentiments, from such a source, surprised him.

"How about death?" he asked quizzically.

Paul was intently watching Biggs, as he prepared to drop the "go-devil," and answered with scarcely a thought of what he was saying:

"There is no death."

Sindhu turned in his tracks and looked at Paul with amazement. There was nothing in that gentleman's expression to indicate that he had made any unusual statement, and Sindhu, thinking he must

have misunderstood, was about to repeat his question, when he was interrupted by the scene at the well. Biggs had dropped the weight which was to set things in motion sixteen hundred feet below the surface, and was hastening away from possible danger.

Almost before he reached the spot where the others had gathered, there began to be a commotion at the mouth of the well. A hissing sound was heard, and a current of air, which sucked into it the loose grass and litter lying about, issued from the tubing. Then was heard a louder sound, as of the rushing of many winds, and out of the well came a stream of dirt, rocks, water and other substances. These were shot up above the top of the derrick, and the next minute a stream of oil spurted out, carrying away the derrick cap and shooting more than a hundred feet up into the air.

"A-mé! A-mé!" ejaculated the Burmese spectators.

"You certainly are a wizard," said Prince Sindhu to Paul, while Sofia looked at him as though he were some remarkable being.

"It's a gusher!" shouted Biggs. "It's good for five hundred barrels a day!"

He seized Paul's hand and shook it excitedly. Mr. Whiteset and Oo Toung-lay followed his example, and for several minutes there was general rejoicing. Then came the serious work of controlling the gusher, and Paul and Biggs hastened away, to be followed at a distance by the others, who stood about in groups as their inclinations dictated.

Elder Meredith, in spite of the excitement, was still

turning over in his mind the seemingly incomprehensible statement of Paul regarding the creation; while Sindhu, remembering what he had heard about the raising of Dhuleep Mingh, was wondering deeply what this new philosophy might be, that caused Paul to deny the reality of death. Their thoughts found expression in their words. To Elizabeth and Mrs. Johnson, who stood near him, Elder Meredith said:

"I had understood that this Mr. Anthony was a Christian. If his words about God and creation may be taken as an index of his character and belief, I should say he was an infidel, or at least a heretic."

"I am sure he is neither," said Elizabeth, — "at least not as those terms are commonly applied. I had quite a talk with him yesterday morning, and he impressed me as being an earnest Christian, although with some advanced ideas."

Elizabeth here related briefly her conversation with Paul, and continued: "His words about evil seemed to answer a question which has long been troubling me, — a question which I was unable to answer satisfactorily to my own mind when it was asked me the other day, namely: 'If God sends evil, why should we be punished for indulging in it; or why should it have been necessary for Jesus to have come to save us from it?'"

"I am surprised at your implied ignorance of the Bible," said Elder Meredith sternly. "It is the plan of salvation you question."

"Why should we need to be saved from something which God sends?" asked Mrs. Johnson meekly.

The clergyman looked from one woman to the other in blank amazement.

"I see I shall have to take time to instruct you in these things. It is not a subject that can be easily explained, and this is not the time or place."

He walked away to join Mr. Johnson, leaving the ladies with a sense of having committed an unpardonable sin.

"Well, I do not care," said Mrs. Johnson. "I have been thinking about these things a lot lately, and I hope he will straighten me out. I am terribly mixed up."

To his sister Prince Sindhu was saying: "This new manager of our father seems quite a remarkable man. It is not customary to find one in his position who is so much of a philosopher."

"To me, also, he seems a man of much honorable distinction," replied Sofia. "Perhaps in his country they teach religion along with mathematics."

"No, they do not," said Sindhu, "and that is why I am surprised. They do not even teach their religion, or anything about their God in their schools. As a result, although they claim to believe in a God, I understand very few young Americans know anything about Him, — except those who are sent to the religious schools, of which each caste has its own. One of our monks told me that, within a few years, the Americans will have obliterated God from their daily life as much as do the followers of the lord Buddha."

"Then who are these missionaries?"

"They are teachers sent out by the religious

schools and sects, who, finding it hard to enlarge their following at home, send the missionaries to recruit them in foreign lands, — out among the heathen, as they say."

"Yes, I have often heard that remark," replied Sofia; "but about this Mr. Anthony: he seems quite different from any of the foreigners whom I have met. He also seems to be very learned and practical. I have been thinking that perhaps he is the very man you have been looking for, to help you to perfect your plans for supplying Annakan with water."

She waited with eagerness her brother's answer to the suggestion. Evidently the idea impressed him favorably, for he nodded his head slowly as she spoke, and after a moment exclaimed:

"I believe you are right." Then to himself: "If I can once get him in Annakan, I shall be able, perhaps, to learn what he means by saying that, to one who understands, even life itself is not a mystery, and that there is no death." Aloud he said: "I must have a talk with him."

Sofia's heart gave an exultant throb.

"Kis-met!" she exclaimed under her breath as she turned away to join the other ladies.

The work of controlling the gusher promised to be such a long and uninteresting proceeding to the visitors, that Paul suggested that they have their luncheon, and return by a circuitous route to camp, where he would join them later on. The suggestion was promptly carried into effect. During the drive back, Prince Sindhu discussed with his father and Mr. Whiteset the possibility of borrowing Paul for

a month or six weeks. It was decided that the work was so well in hand that he could easily be spared if he could be persuaded to make the trip.

"I have found him so obliging that I believe that he will be quite willing to do anything to accommodate," said Oo Toung-lay. "Why," he continued enthusiastically, "he is even considerate enough of the feelings of others to be a Burman!"

This outburst on the part of his father — the highest praise that can be bestowed by a Burman — caused a broad smile to spread itself over the face of Prince Sindhu, and he said to Elder Meredith, who was riding beside him:

"Your countryman seems to have made himself very popular with my father. If you knew how unusual this was, you would all feel complimented."

"Yes," replied Elder Meredith, "he seems to be a very well posted man, but as a religious teacher, I consider him a dangerous person. He teaches a most seductive and dangerous sophistry."

Sindhu smiled as he replied: "I do not apprehend that either my father, or I, have anything to fear from his sophistry, as you are pleased to call it."

"One can never tell," was the clergyman's reply. "I simply warn you against him."

Sindhu regarded Elder Meredith with evident surprise for a moment, and then replied: "I feel, sir, that I am quite able to do my own thinking," and he reined up his horse to allow the wagon containing the ladies to overtake him.

Every one had retired for the night except Dhuleep Mingh when Paul returned to the camp. The

old man was the bearer of a message from Prince Sindhu, to the effect that he would call upon Paul at his office early the next morning.

"Is the Sahib too tired to talk?" inquired Dhuleep Mingh, after delivering the message.

"Not if I can do any one any good."

"Moung Utt Nee is sick with the swamp sickness," explained Dhuleep Mingh. "He would know about the Sahib's God, who awoke old Dhuleep Mingh from his bad dream, and has made him a new man."

"All right," said Paul, "lead the way."

"Can the Sahib's God drive away the swamp sickness?" asked Dhuleep Mingh, as they approached the tent where the sick man lay.

Paul threw back the fly of the tent, and, as he paused before entering, replied: "Doubt it not, for 'the Lord our God is one Lord; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases.'"

Two hours later, when Paul left the tent to retire to his couch, after his strenuous day, Moung Utt Nee was in a gentle perspiration, and was sleeping peacefully.

"The Sahib must be tired!" exclaimed Dhuleep Mingh, who had been napping on the bench in front.

"One never tires of doing good," was Paul's reply.

CHAPTER VII

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

The inspection of the oil field occupied the greater part of a week, during which time Paul rose even higher in the estimation of those with whom he was connected. At the interview appointed by Prince Sindhu, Paul not only expressed a perfect willingness to visit Annakan, but declared that it would be an unexpected pleasure.

"If there is any one thing that I do enjoy," he said to Prince Sindhu, after the business part of the interview was over, "it is picnicking, and I am sure that the trip to Annakan will be one long picnic."

"You will hardly find it that," was Sindhu's laughing rejoinder; "but I promise you that it will be such an outing as you have never before enjoyed."

As the result of this interview, Sindhu's party was enlarged by two, when it embarked on the government steamer *Petrel* for its trip up the Chidwin. The extra member was Dhuleep Mingh, whom Paul had engaged as a servant.

At this particular season of the year, the trip up the Chidwin, as far as Kindat, is an ever changing panorama of life and commercial activity. Above

Kindat, white men rarely go, except as tourists, to inspect some military post, or to control the work of some native magistrate. The river runs through a wilderness, and the vaguely defined Burman frontier is still several hundred miles north. All the country, which lies between these two points, is ruled either by native officers or feudatory princes, or is ruled not at all. In spite of all its drawbacks, however, the trip to the headwaters of steamboat navigation was greatly enjoyed by all on board.

As they neared the place where they must leave the river and complete the journey by elephant, the country became even more rough, and the character of the people, whom they saw along the banks, much changed. Here and there parties of men with blankets slung over their naked shoulders, and women with scarlet wrappings draped over their breasts, marched along the bank and stopped to gaze at the little vessel. Beyond Wan-Ywa, the river passed through a narrow channel, formed by a cliff which rises sheer on the east bank, and by the low hills on the west. As the boat entered the natural gateway, the stream, whose bed lies ten thousand feet above the sea, could be seen stretching away north, to where in the distance were discernible the first faint blue outlines of the Himalayas. It was a wonderful picture, and Prince Sindhu, standing on the bow of the boat with Paul, Elizabeth and Sofia, waved his hand toward the beautiful landscape, exclaiming:

"Behold the frontier of Bajipur!"

"It is the first glimpse of home!" exclaimed Sofia;

and, for the first time, Elizabeth noted in her bearing that hauteur of manner which indicated her royal breeding.

During the fortnight that they had been together, the members of the party had become thoroughly well acquainted; for there is nothing like travel to bring out the strong, as well as the weak points, in an individual's character. This is particularly the case in journeyings among a primitive people, where the conveniences of modern travel, to say nothing of the luxuries, are sadly lacking. It is trying enough on one's temper to put up with the delays of railroads, and the too frequent poor accommodations, but it is infinitely worse where there are no railroads or accommodations to put up with, and where each individual is obliged to depend upon his own resources for his own particular comfort. To be sure, the party was well supplied with servants, as Prince Sindhu travelled with an extensive retinue, but the Americans were thrown upon their own efforts, with the possible exception of Paul, who came as an invited guest, or perhaps more correctly speaking, as a special commissioner for the state. It is, therefore, greatly to the credit of all, that it can be truthfully said, that there was absolutely no friction, and that each member of the party grew daily in the good opinion of the others.

When you see a man displaying, day by day, an unruffled temper, although his meals are frequently delayed away beyond the regular hour, and when, morning after morning, a man greets you with a smiling face, although you know that he has spent

the greater part of the night jammed in the corner of an open boat, with a pile of fish for a pillow and a swarm of mosquitoes as companions, you cannot fail to have faith in his amiability. And when you see a woman, young or old, maintaining her dignity, although drenched with rain and splashed with mud, you feel that she will always be able to attract.

It is possible that there may have been some feeling of restraint, on the part of Elder Meredith, in his conversations both with Paul and Prince Sindhu; but he strove his best not to harbor any uncharitable thoughts, and, as long as his ideas were not disputed by either of the younger men, he made no effort to open a discussion. Being past middle age, and having been more than a score of years in missionary work, — first in Turkey, where he lost his estimable wife, and then in India, — it is not to be wondered at, that he should have had a strong feeling against the introduction, into India, of any unorthodox beliefs. He could well appreciate that any division of opinion among Christians in a foreign field would not only weaken, but would soon destroy, all the influence it was hoped to acquire and the results it was desired to attain.

Therefore, when Elizabeth had related to him her conversation with Paul, he had advised her not to discuss religious matters with him any further; and she, feeling that Elder Meredith knew best, had refrained from asking Paul many questions she had in mind. In fact, for very fear that she might venture on forbidden ground, she held herself almost entirely aloof from him.

But she had not been hampered by any such injunction regarding Prince Sindhu; and, as he had from the first frequently sought her society, they had been thrown much together. She found him a most agreeable companion as well as a considerate host.

The trip up the Chidwin, from its confluence with the Irrawaddy, was the most comfortable part of the journey. The government boat, placed at the disposal of Prince Sindhu, was of modern construction and supplied with many conveniences. It was very pleasant to sit under an awning and read or converse as the spirit moved; and it was quite remarkable how similarly the groups arranged themselves from day to day. Little Mrs. Johnson was always the magnet toward which her husband gravitated, and Elder Meredith was oftenest with them. Sofia found her place most frequently in a group composed of her father, Paul and Mr. Lombard, — Mr. Whiteset having returned to Rangoon. This left Elizabeth much alone, and Prince Sindhu seemed to consider it his duty to see that she was not neglected.

"Poor little me!" said Sofia to her father as she found him smoking his cheroot alone on the stern of the boat one afternoon. "If it were not for you, I should be quite neglected."

"A-mé!" exclaimed Oo Toung-lay. "This is the first time I ever heard that the Princess Sofia lacked for attention. Who has been guilty of this neglect?"

"Sindhu," she replied with a moue that was in-

tended to indicate disappointment. "He has always heretofore been most attentive on our journeys."

"Well! Well!" said her father. "I had not noticed that he was inattentive. What is the trouble?" and he looked at her in deep concern.

She broke into a merry laugh as she saw the troubled look on his face.

"Cannot you see? Look over there!"

He looked in the direction indicated, where Sindhu was reading to Elizabeth selections from Sakoontala. Then he turned to Sofia with a twinkle in his eye.

"You should be pleased, not aggrieved."

"Perhaps I am," she replied.

"She is a beautiful young woman," he added after a pause.

"Very. I could love her dearly if she were my sister."

"It would not be the first of our family to wed a foreigner."

"I have thought it all out," said Sofia, "and I think it would be the best thing Sindhu could do. It is time he married."

"I think I will suggest it to him."

Again Sofia laughed merrily.

"It does not look as though it would be necessary. It is more important to know what she thinks."

"A-mé!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "How can you suggest such a thing? Do you think she could fail to appreciate the honor?"

"These Americans seem to have strange ideas. There may be some one else."

She heaved a deep sigh.

"I will make it my business to find out," said Oo Toung-lay.

As he walked away, puffing his cheroot, Sofia leaned over the rail and looked down into the water, slipping swiftly away from under the boat, as it struggled against the stream. It was here that Paul found her, as he came on deck after an hour with Dhuleep Mingh, to whom he had been giving his daily lessons. He leaned over the rail beside her, and also looked down at the water.

"From this view-point we seem to be making good headway," he said.

Sofia started at the sound of his voice, and the blood rushed to her cheeks. So absorbed had she been in thinking of him, that it seemed as though he must have read her thoughts. She replied without raising her head:

"So I was thinking. But it is a delusion, is it not?"

"Decidedly; looking at the stationary bank, I should say we are not making more than four or five miles an hour."

"I find most things in life a delusion," continued Sofia, following out her thought; "do you?"

"Decidedly not!" he declared with emphasis. "Life to me is real. I suppose, however, that you refer to such life as we recognize through the physical senses?"

She partially raised her head and looked at him inquiringly. "Why, yes, of course. I know no other. Do you?"

"I am trying to," he replied. "I mean the life referred to by the poet, when he wrote:

"'I know no life divided, O Lord of life, from Thee;
In Thee is life provided for all mankind and me.'"

"I do not seem to understand that life," she answered, and there was a tinge of sadness in her voice. "The only life I know is the life I see and feel all around me; the one I recognize, as you say, through the physical senses. Perhaps that is why you and I are so far apart?"

It was Paul's turn to be mystified, and his looks were indicative of it as he turned his face toward her.

"I did not know we were so far apart. I have felt that we were getting quite well acquainted."

She shook her head, although her heart gave a great throb.

"You may be with me, Mr. Anthony, because there is not so much of me to know, and you are so wise —"

"You misunderstand me," he broke in. "I am not so wise, and I had hoped that you were coming to know me quite as well as I felt I knew you. Now I see that I am not acquainted with you at all, and that you are far wiser than I. Suppose we begin all over again on a different basis."

He smiled invitingly and extended his hand. She placed hers in it.

"Willingly. And now, if you are to become so well acquainted, you must explain the poetry to me;

and you must tell me if you think Miss Raymond, being a Christian, would marry my brother, who is a Buddhist."

Paul's eyes took on an amused expression:

"You have certainly set before me two very difficult tasks. Do you put all your friends to so difficult a test?"

She laughed merrily, every trace of sadness having disappeared. "If I think they are equal to it," she declared.

"Well then, Princess, I will answer the most difficult one first. Being an American girl, I imagine that Miss Raymond would be absolutely governed by her own feelings. In America religious belief, except in a very few cases, is not considered in the matter of marriage."

"But this is not America, you know, and Miss Raymond is a missionary."

"Yes, I know, but she might even consider matrimony, not only proper, but an instrument to be used in bringing about a conversion."

"A-mé! What an idea! You do not think it possible that she should expect to convert Sindhu from the religion of his fathers?"

"She is a young woman of great expectations, and few, if any, of us, believe as did our fathers. None of us think as they did."

Sofia appeared shocked. "I am sure I do," she exclaimed.

"Well, now let us see," said Paul. "You are riding on a steamboat. Do you think that your foreign 'great mother,' after whom you are named, ever

thought steamboats, or believed that people would be riding on them?"

"Of course not; but that is not what I mean."

"Or the telegraph?" continued Paul.

"There was no telegraph. How could she be thinking such things?"

"The principle of the telegraph was in existence, when your 'great mother' was alive, and she might just as well have used it as you, if she, or some one else, had only thought it; and if, later on, there had not been a thought in advance of those times, — a thought which revealed hidden principles, — we would not have had the telegraph or steamboat even now."

"But our religious thoughts — our religious beliefs — they are the same."

"Are they?" asked Paul. "I must admit that there has been less advancement along this line than any other, but do your munis teach you the same as they did your ancestors? You have read the sacred books, your brother tells me. When were the last five of your ten commandments written? They were written long after the first five, were they not? How long has it been that English missionaries have even been tolerated in your land? No, no, Princess, we do not think or believe as did our ancestors."

Sofia, convinced against her will, was largely of the same opinion still, so she changed the subject saying:

"Suppose we drop my brother's affairs. Now tell me what the poem means."

"It simply means," replied Paul gravely, "that I try to know no life apart from God, infinite good."

"Is your God infinite good?" she asked in surprise.

"Absolutely. The word God means good, in the original Anglo-Saxon."

Sofia caught her breath. The queries she had put to Elizabeth, but a few days before, came to her mind. She would now find out if this Christian had any satisfactory answer to her most important question. Speaking very slowly, she asked:

"If your God is good, — infinite good, — why does He send sickness and evil upon those who believe in Him?"

A gleam of satisfaction beamed in her eyes, as she awaited his reply. The question had always proved such a poser for others, of whom she had asked it, that she had come to think it unanswerable. An amused look again came into Paul's eyes, and the corners of his mouth twitched. Sofia took his hesitation to mean difficulty or inability to answer, and she asked again:

"If he is infinite good, why does God send sickness?"

"He does not. Sickness and evil are not of God."

His answer was so unexpected that Sofia could only look at him and wonder.

"It is impossible," continued Paul, "that God should make anything so unlike Himself."

"Do you, and Miss Raymond, and the English ladies, all have the same God?" inquired Sofia, thinking there must be some mistake.

"'The Lord our God is one Lord,' and the Bible tells us that 'God saw every thing that He had made, and behold it was very good.'"

"Do you and Miss Raymond have the same Bible, too?"

"Just the same."

"I have asked these questions of many Christians, Mr. Anthony, and you are the first to answer them in this manner. I have been a student of sacred books since I was a child. I do not wish to engage in a religious discussion —"

"You could not with me, if you wished," interrupted Paul. "I am quite willing to give you my reasons, and proofs for the faith that is in me, but not to enter into a discussion."

"Neither do I wish it," she replied; "but I would like to ask, if you believe that this Christ, after whom you Christians take your name, was the son of God?"

"I do," replied Paul.

"And that when he was on earth he was able to heal the sick and raise the dead?"

"Yes, for sickness and death are not of God."

"Then," asked Sofia, — and her whole manner indicated that she expected an equivocal answer, — "if you believe this, why do you hire a doctor when you are sick?"

"I do not," and Paul laughed outright at the look of surprise on the girl's face.

"Do you think you could stand as strong a catechising on your religion?" he asked after a moment.

"I am not certain," she replied.

"Well, I am not going to try it, although if we are to be better acquainted perhaps I ought."

"I do not think my questioning has made me one bit better acquainted with you. You are even a greater mystery to me than ever."

"Believe me, Princess," said Paul, with the greatest deference, "I am no mystery at all. I am a very simple man, who is trying to live the nearest possible to what he believes to be the spirit of the ten commandments, given us through Moses, and to the teachings and example of Jesus. There are many who profess to be Christians, who do not agree with me. That is their right; but Jesus said of all: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Of you, Princess, I only ask to be judged by this simple rule."

"That you certainly shall; and while I am positive I could never believe as you do, I should like to hear more of your idea of God, which is so different from what I have been told before."

"Some day I may tell you how I came to believe as I do."

Again they leaned over the rail and watched the receding water.

"Perhaps," said Paul, "you might tell me something about the delusions of life, as you see them."

"I fear I am not wise enough to tell of them so that you would understand; but the fast flowing current suggested this thought to me: There seems to be no absolute view-point from which we can see the realities. The pleasures of to-day are the pains of to-morrow. The friends of yesterday are the enemies of to-day. The loves of our youth do not last. Even

our own selves, of a few short years past, are not ourselves of a few years hence. All are delusions. Nothing is real. Nothing is lasting."

"Except truth," suggested Paul.

She was about to reply, but the deep note of the steamer's whistle put an end to their conversation, and everybody hastened forward to get a view of the village they were approaching. Some sort of a holiday fête seemed in progress, and as the boat reached the shore it could be seen that a great crowd of people, young and old, men and women, with their trousers and skirts rolled up as far as possible, were tramping about in the soft mud, which lay in what had been a long pool a few rods back from the river. From this they were carrying something to the firmer land and depositing it in huge earthenware jars. As the boat came still nearer, it could be seen that the slough was full of fish, and it was to capture these that the people had turned out.

Inquiry as to the excitement revealed the fact that these simple people were engaged in what was considered a work of great merit. They were saving the lives of the fish, which had been stranded when the water receded after the overflow of the rainy season. They were working with all the ardor of religious fervor, believing that it would help them on their way to Nirvana. It was saving life, which, to the Buddhist, is one of the three great works of perfection.

While the boat was taking on fuel, the members of the party landed and watched the proceedings, which were very much of a frolic, even if it were a religious

work. Great laughter there was over the wild plunges and flounderings of the boys. There were many little screams and shrieks of, "A-mé! lel-leh!" from the girls as the fish whizzed away, or as they slipped with one leg into a hole, from which they were only extricated after much teasing and tickling by the boys.

The fish were finally all caught and put into the great jars of water. Then a procession was formed, and, finally, after a winding journey all over town, the fish were dumped into the river. Many were already dead, and many were so weak that they would die; but this did not disturb any one. A great koung-hmoo had been done, a great merit had been accomplished, and there had been great fun over it.

As the last piece of fuel was heaved on the deck of the *Petrel*, the party boarded the boat for the final stage of their journey, leaving the simple villagers richer by some scores of rupees, and perfectly at peace with the world and their own consciences.

CHAPTER VIII

AN EVENTFUL DAY

A GLORIOUS Oriental sunset was gilding the peaks of the distant Himalayas and filling the plain with purple mists, as the *Petrel* came in sight of the ancient city of Myang-Nee on the frontier of Bajipur. Built on half a dozen hills, each tipped with a pagoda whose snow-white spire, set in a base of glittering gold, reflected back the last rays of the setting sun, the first view gave to the visitors an impression of wealth and grandeur which was not borne out by a closer inspection in the broad light of day. But this detracted not at all from the impression created by the first distant view.

Elizabeth, who had been reading of the wonders of the Thibetan city of Lhassa, felt as though she were entering a mysterious land. She looked at Sindhu, dressed in princely apparel ready to receive the dignitaries of the city, expecting to see him transformed into a different being. Unmindful of her thoughts, but realizing the over-abundance of pagodas displayed on the landscape, he remarked:

"It has been said that the principal productions of Burma are pagodas and pohn-gyees. It is a phrase that fits the tongue, but, fortunately, it is inaccurate.

"However, to the foreigner it is marvellous how many pagodas there are in this country. No village so poor, no hill so steep, or so covered with jungle, that it does not have its shrine to guard the place from ghouls and sprites, and to remind the people of Buddha. The reason is plain — no work of merit is so richly paid as the erection of a pagoda."

Elizabeth made no reply to Sindhu's remarks. After a few moments pause, during which they were rapidly drawing near the landing, he continued:

"I hope you will find my country and people to your liking. If you are to make your home among us, I shall want to feel that you are quite satisfied and happy."

"It is not a question of my happiness," replied Elizabeth; "it is a question of duty."

"I understand," he said. "A work of merit, as we say, that will help you on your way to Nirvana."

It was the first time he had ever alluded to her religion or indicated that he had any particular knowledge of his own. It seemed a fitting time to sow a seed, and she replied:

"Heaven is not to be attained simply through works of merit, Prince Sindhu, but through the blood of Christ. Our great Master said: 'Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of heaven.' Also: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' These are the things I am sent out here to teach. I wish that I might cause you to believe."

He looked at her in astonishment to think that any one should have the temerity to suggest such a thing, and threw back his head with a sharp "A-mé!"

Then, suddenly changing his manner to one of grave courtesy and gentleness, he said:

"I fear that would be a most difficult task; but if any one could bring about such a seemingly impossible condition it would be yourself, Mah Mee!"

The term of familiarity and endearment, rather than the manner of his speech, caused her to regard him intently, but there was in his bearing nothing that suggested aught but the utmost respect. Coming, however, at a time when her mind was filled with different thoughts, it struck a discordant note. A rebuke came to her tongue, but she changed her mind and answered simply:

"I am afraid that you do not understand me very well, Prince Sindhu, or you would not address me like that."

Even greater astonishment was depicted upon his countenance than before.

"And why not?" he asked.

"When you stop to think why I am here, your own good judgment will answer you," she said gravely.

"Forgive me if I have offended you," he said contritely. "I certainly did not so intend."

She smiled at the evident embarrassment in his manner. "It is forgotten," she said.

"And I will hear more of your great teacher later," he exclaimed joyfully, "after we reach Annakan. But here we stop, and I see that I shall presently be in great demand. I shall see you tomorrow, and in the meantime have given instructions for making you and your companions comfortable."

Then to his father, who came up at that moment with Sofia and Paul:

"Father, I shall place Mr. Anthony in your care. Sofia will have to do the honors for me."

The boat was made fast, the plank run out, and immediately a delegation, consisting of the chief magistrate and the commanding officer of the garrison, with a number of their official suite, came aboard. Such a display of Oriental court manners, and tinsel grandeur, was never before witnessed by plain American travellers. After several minutes of salaaming and servile prostrations, the dignitaries came once more to an upright position, and, forming a line on each side the gangplank, allowed eight white-shirted and beribboned palanquin bearers to enter with the royal sedan. Gravely and with the utmost dignity, Prince Sindhu took his seat and was borne ashore, where he was met by another group of beribboned and gaudily apparelled officials with the royal elephant.

After the Prince had been helped on board the animal, a similar ceremony was indulged in over the Princess Sofia, who had also laid aside her European garments for the showy and elaborate dress of an Oriental princess.

If Elizabeth had thought Sofia a simple but beautiful girl during their companionship on the journey north, she now discovered her to be possessed of a barbaric, Oriental beauty such as she had never before contemplated. Little Mrs. Johnson went into raptures over her, and even Paul, who had heretofore paid little attention to the personal appearance of

any of the ladies, regarded her with such open-eyed admiration that she regretted she had not donned the costume sooner; for wise as was Sofia, she was possessed of her full share of Oriental vanity. And who is there that does not know that the majority of Burmese maidens spend the greater part of their time in beautifying their person?

"After seeing you thus gorgeously transformed," exclaimed Paul as he walked forward with her, "I fear it will be a long time before we shall become as well acquainted as I had hoped."

Her eyes sparkled with pleasure at his words, and with the exuberance of her youthful vivacity.

"You will see quite as much of me as you can endure, and we shall have plenty of opportunity to become as well acquainted as is good for me. I begin to think that the less you know of me, the greater respect you will have for my wisdom."

She gave him her hand, as it came time for her to leave.

"We shall see all of you in the morning. Remember that we still have quite a journey before us."

The arrival of Prince Sindhu and his retinue at Myang-Nee offered the occasion for a great holiday, and when the party arose, the following morning, they found that during the night the town had put on its gala attire, and the entire population had prepared itself for a grand jollification. The features of the day's program were the inspection of the native troops in the morning, and a boat race in the afternoon. While the Americans immediately perceived that they were of little consequence in the

eyes of the populace, they were nevertheless greatly interested spectators. The review of the troops did not promise to be a very inspiring sight, but at least it was something to see, and it was a great day for the natives.

At daybreak there was a royal salute from the fort, and immediately after, the entire populace wended its way to one or another of the pagodas. Prince Sindhu and Sofia, escorted by all the dignitaries of the town, repaired to the great pagoda near the mayor's residence, and spent a quarter of an hour in worship. As an official guest, Paul was invited to accompany them, but declined and spent the time in reading from his books, and communing with God. While all around him was such a display of pagan idolatry, he found it no easy task to realize the unreality of the error. As he prayed, however, there came to him the realization that this idolatry — conspicuous as it was — was not indeed more oppressive than the various forms of Christian idolatry which flourished throughout the civilized world. Knowing the unreality of the one, he was able to realize the error of all, and to put away every sense of oppression.

Upon the return from the pagoda, a royal breakfast was served, after which, in accord with English ideas, Sindhu received a deputation of tradesmen and others. Following this came the review of the troops. Paul witnessed the event from the balcony of the mayor's house, in company with Oo Toung-lay and Sofia, and the others had a similar balcony, in a

hotel conducted by an Englishman, some distance up the street.

The arrival of Prince Sindhu, on the back of an elephant, was the signal for the soldiers to be set in motion, and picking up their guns, much as though they had been hods of mortar, they slouched off to the beat of a drum, to form in something like orderly array.

Taking his position in the center of the square, Prince Sindhu declared his readiness for the review to begin. As he gave the signal with a wave of his sword, he glanced across the square to where Elizabeth and Mrs. Johnson were seated and raised his hat. Instantly every soldier turned in the same direction, and, in much the best order they had yet displayed, came to a present, while the officers saluted.

"We are evidently of some importance in the eyes of the natives after all," said Mrs. Johnson.

"They remind me of a lot of monkeys imitating what they see some one else do," was Elizabeth's comment.

Mrs. Johnson laughed: "A very well trained lot of monkeys!"

To Paul, who was seated by her side on the opposite balcony, Sofia said:

"I am beginning, already, to share my honors with another. When she shall become the princess, I shall have to be satisfied with very little."

"Do you think it has gone as far as that?" asked Paul in surprise.

"Our people evidently think so. An act, which is

with you a simple courtesy, means recognition of a much different character here."

"A sort of acknowledgment of sovereignty?" suggested Paul.

"Well, something quite like it," Sofia replied with a smile. "Do American gentlemen consider their wives their sovereigns?"

"Without a doubt," he replied gallantly, "every American woman is a queen to her husband."

"What a happy land it must be. Of course there is never any cause for a divorce. Many women in Burma have to put away their husbands because they will not do as they are bid."

"I am afraid that husbands are much alike the world over," laughed Paul. "We do hear of divorces occasionally."

"But see!" he exclaimed as the troops came down the street. "You are not to be entirely forgotten."

A troop of hill tribesmen came swiftly down on their fleet Tartary horses, and they pulled up so suddenly in front of Sofia that the horses stood on their hind feet like trick animals in a circus.

Sofia arose, and, taking a long silken scarf of peculiar design from about her shoulders, let it fall from the balcony. Before it had fluttered half way to the ground, the captain of the troop had put spurs to his horse, and, dashing forward, had caught it on the point of his lance. Reining his steed under the balcony, he offered the scarf to its owner.

"It shall be your new standard, Boh Shway," said Sofia.

Returning swiftly to his troop, the captain gave a

brief command. Instantly the horsemen, whirling in a half circle, came up squarely abreast and faced the balcony, where they again forced their horses back on their haunches.

Paul, who had been an intensely interested spectator, applauded loudly, exclaiming: "Such horsemanship certainly deserves recognition!"

Sofia turned as he spoke. For a moment she hesitated and the blood rushed to her face. Then she said:

"Come. We will express our appreciation of the courtesy together."

Rising, he took her extended hand, and stepping to the front of the balcony, beside her, uncovered.

Immediately the entire populace raised a great shout of: "Sofia! Sofia! Mah Mee!" The drums beat and the horns blew.

"They are certainly fond of you," said Paul. "I think you need have no fear that any one will ever supplant you in their affections. It is a fine body of horsemen."

Sofia's cheeks still glowed, and she seemingly could hardly reply for the excitement of the occasion.

"They are my own troop."

Oo Toung-lay had also risen, and, as they turned, grasped Paul by the hand.

"This is a notable day. It gives me great pleasure!"

"It is, indeed!" said Paul with emphasis. "I am not surprised that the affection of the people for your daughter should give you much pleasure."

Oo Toung-lay looked at Paul in an uncertain way,

and then shot an inquiring glance at his daughter. She still seemed greatly agitated by the applause, and said something hurriedly in Burmese, which Paul did not catch. Whatever it was, it satisfied Oo Toung-lay, and he resumed his inspection of the scenes on the street, while Sofia leaned back in her chair and seemed lost in thought.

It was high noon before the last feature of the review was over and Prince Sindhu was able to retire to his own apartments. He was no sooner alone than he summoned his father and sister. He was pacing up and down the floor when they entered, and, without more than a hasty glance of recognition, burst out angrily:

"What is the meaning of this most remarkable action? Has my sister lost her mind to take such a step without consulting me?"

He stopped in front of her, awaiting her reply. Sofia looked helplessly at her father as though expecting him to speak; but finding no encouragement in his looks, she burst into tears, exclaiming:

"Oh, brother, forgive me! It is all a terrible mistake!"

"A mistake!" he almost shouted. "Of course it is a mistake, and one that I can see no way of correcting without disgrace to you."

Sofia could not reply for her tears. At length her father spoke for her:

"My son, it is even worse than you think. Our guest has been insulted by a mad girl's prank!"

"Insulted?" shouted Sindhu. "Is it an insult to be publicly acknowledged as the affianced husband

of the Princess Sofia? It is we who have been insulted, — that he should have dared to aspire to such a position!"

Sofia hid her face in her hands and moaned:

"Oh, brother, forgive me! He has not aspired! He does not even know what all of the excitement of the people is about!"

Sindhu stopped in his tracks and looked first at Sofia and then at her father in blank amazement.

"I do not understand!" he exclaimed. "If you have not promised to become his wife, why have you thus honored him before all my people?"

"I do not know! Oh, I am sure I do not know! It was as my father says, a mad prank! When I saw you call the attention of the people to the American girl, I was impelled to call their attention to the man. I acted on the impulse of the moment."

"And he knows nothing of what it all means?" asked Sindhu.

"No more than Miss Raymond knows what the other means, — unless you have told her."

"I have not told her; but I intend to marry her!"

Sofia sprang to her feet. "And I intend to marry him!" she exclaimed.

She stood before her brother with heaving breast and flashing eye. "Is there any reason why I should not, if you can marry the American girl? He is a good man, I know he is; and he is a wise man. Why should I not marry him?"

Sindhu stood for several minutes without replying. He finally broke the silence and his voice assumed its usual calmness:

"You know nothing about the man."

"Neither do you know anything about the girl."

"That makes no difference; but she is single and the company she is in vouches for her purity. This man may have a wife and children."

"I do not believe it!" and she thought of her conversation with him.

"There are many other reasons," Sindhu continued, "but the chief one at present is, that he has not asked you to marry him, and you do not know that he ever will."

The light died out of the girl's eyes, and she sank into her seat sobbing:

"True! True, he may not! Oh, why did I ever do such a foolish thing!"

Sindhu's heart was touched. His love for his sister had been one of the ruling motives of his life. Her distress grieved him, and now that his anger had passed, and he had come to know his sister's feelings, he recognized that the easiest thing to do was to make the best of a bad situation, and to get out of it as quickly as possible. But how?

"Do not cry, little sister," he said, as he laid his hand caressingly on her head. "It will all come out right; but we shall have to make an explanation to our guest."

"No! no, brother!" she exclaimed. "Not that! He will not know! He need never know! Please do not humiliate me in his eyes. What would he think of me! he, in whose country every man considers his wife a queen!"

"The girl is right," said Oo Toung-lay. "I see no

reason for explaining to him what the people think. We leave here to-morrow. Every one is so intent on the boat race that they will think of nothing else. I will see that no one has a chance to tell him, and the thing will be as though it had not happened."

Sindhu remained absorbed in his thoughts for several minutes. At length Sofia laid her hand on his shoulder. Her action was one of pleading, and he turned and kissed her.

"It shall be as you desire. But later, — how is my little sister going to conduct herself?"

"Have no further fear for me, brother. He shall never know that I love him."

"Not even if he asks you?" inquired her father slyly.

"It will be soon enough to answer that question when the time comes," declared Sindhu, brusquely.

"If it ever does," said Sofia.

Oo Toung-lay took his daughter in his arms and kissed her tenderly. It was an unusual action on his part. Then as he held her off at arm's length, and surveyed her critically, he remarked:

"I can see no reason why the time should not come."

He looked at his watch.

"I declare, it is two hours after midday. Come, let us have our luncheon and get ready for the boat race."

CHAPTER IX

THE LAME WALK

Four o'clock in the afternoon and the sun is still beating down on the mile and half stretch of water that extends northward from the city. The soldiers have been released from duty and all thoughts of a warlike character have been laid aside; unless, perchance, the contest which is to be waged by the rival boat crews, in their long and delicately fashioned craft, may be called warlike. Even Sofia has stilled the tumult of her heart sufficiently to don a more suitable costume and make herself as attractive as possible. With her father and the rest of the party she has sought the scene of the great aquatic struggle, while Paul, unmindful of the thoughts that are being held about him by the native populace, is one of the most active of those who have not a personal interest in the race. Always an enthusiastic oarsman, — while at Cornell, stroke in the university eight, — he now notes every point in the event and comments thereon.

All over Burma, which is threaded with rivers, boat racing is a favorite pastime, and the announcement that the Zama-lay had challenged the Toungkaya, hitherto the unconquered champions of Myang-

Nee, had set the natives wild. Coming out after luncheon, the party found all astir. Girls, with flowers in their hair, and the brightest of dainty silk handkerchiefs floating over their dazzling white jackets, and with their long skirts trailing in the dust, were hurrying about regardless of the damage to their apparel. Young men, ordinarily scrupulous of their attire, rushed frantically back and forth in an apparently aimless manner. As a matter of fact all had a common object. It was to wager the last rupee they could raise on the result of the race; and the excitement at times reached a point that would make the betting ring at the Derby seem like a tea party. Suddenly there was a lull and every eye was turned towards the river. The boats had started for the preliminary row over the course. It is always necessary to propitiate the river spirits, and the boats were loaded with offerings of rice, plantains, flowers and betel to appease the kelpies.

Oo Toung-lay, as an hereditary ruler, had been selected as the judge. The old gentleman himself pulled a good oar twenty-five years ago, and is now all excitement over the event. He takes his seat in the judge's stand, while the dignitaries of the city, and Prince Sindhu's party, gather about him. The challenging crew, twenty-four in number, are a fine looking lot, as they pull by in their fifty-foot boat. A few lengths behind them paddle the champions, their oars keeping time to a rowing song. They are older men, every one of whom is trained to a finish. No wonder they have an unbeaten record!

Both crews salute the grand stand as they pass,

and the adherents of the Zama-lay greet them with a shout of: "Youk-kya! Youk-kya!" as their oars flash in the sunlight.

The winning-post is not such as is used in English or American boat racing. Instead, a boat is moored out in the current with its head to the stream. At right angles to its length a long hollow bamboo stretches across the bows, and through this is passed a rattan, the end projecting an inch or two beyond the mouth at both sides. The contesting boats have each their own side, and keep their own water, and the bow paddler rises and snatches at this rattan as the boat flies past. It thus becomes a proof of victory.

"Do you feel like placing a little wager?" asked Prince Sindhu of Paul, as the contesting crews passed by on their way to their station.

"If the wager is of the right sort, I would not mind."

"What do you say if we make it the little book you guard so zealously, against my copy of Sakoontala?" suggested Sindhu shyly.

"The odds in your favor are altogether too great."

"Suppose I say two of my favorite books?"

"Not for a whole library," laughed Paul; "unless I were where I could get another."

Sofia, listening to every word uttered, wondered if this little book could be the "pearl of great price."

"I have written for several more copies of the book," explained Paul, "and I hope soon to be able to present you with one. If we must make a wager,

suppose it be the first chance at doing a service to some one who shall ask it of us?"

"Done!" said Sindhu, "if you think you will know how to make me pay in case I lose. I pick the challengers, giving you that advantage."

"Thanks," said Paul, "and it will be very simple to pay when the time comes."

"Well, of all the odd wagers this is the oddest!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson. "I do not see how it will work."

"It appears easy to me," explained Elizabeth. "If some one should come and ask you or me to give him a rupee, and I were the winner, I should be allowed the privilege of giving."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Johnson. "You lose when you win?"

"Not at all," said Paul with a boyish laugh, "'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

The votive offerings have now been made, and the boats are turned towards the starting-point. The din and bustle on the bank become greater. The betting continues, and the clink of rupees is heard. Oo Toung-lay tries to talk to the Americans, but it is no use; he cannot keep either his mind or his eye off the boats. The only one of the natives, in the group, who does not seem to have lost his self-control, is Sindhu, and as Elizabeth notes the difference in his manner and that of the other Burmese, the superiority of the man over his environment impresses itself upon her.

At last there is a hush and every eye is turned up the river. The boats are at the starting-point.

There is a minute or two of straightening into line, and then, with a loud shout, they are off to a start by mutual consent. Served by their magnificent boat and their younger strength, the challengers take the lead and continue to draw ahead until half way down the course, when daylight can be seen between the two boats. Their backers shout with joy and already seem to see victory before them; but the champions appear perfectly composed and their backers seem without fear.

Each boat holds its position and the banks flash past.

But now they are approaching the winning-post, when suddenly the steersman for the champions lets out a yell. Although there is no apparent quickening of the stroke, the gap, which for the last few hundred yards has remained unaltered, suddenly disappears. Steadily the champions creep forward, until for the first time the challengers' bow sees the enemy's boat, and in another second they are nose and nose.

Now the noise on the bank becomes simply deafening. Shouts of encouragement and despair alternately fill the air, and the spectators swing their turbans and dance about like wild men. Girls crowd to the water's edge, heedless of the mud and splashing which will ruin their silken skirts. Young men and boys rush up to their necks in the water and yell encouragingly. Even the Americans are carried away by the excitement of the occasion.

Now it is only a boat's length to the winning-post and the champions lead. Oo Toung-lay suddenly

utters a shrill cry that cuts through the din like a steam whistle, "Youk-kya! Youk-kya!" It is a shout of encouragement to the challengers, and their adherents take up the cry.

"Youk-kya! Youk-kya! Row for your lives! Every mother's son of you! Sway lay lay. Row for your unvanished name! Youk-kya! Youk-kya!"

The two bow oarsmen fling their paddles from them and rise for the finish. The boats are nose and nose. It is now a test of dexterity as well as strength. Which shall grasp the rattan that is to be the trophy of victory. The wink of an eye too soon, the flick of a finger too late, and there will be nothing to seize. A great hush falls upon the crowd, as both men suddenly disappear in the water, apparently clutching simultaneously at the rattan. Five seconds of breathless suspense, and the oarsman of the challengers rises to the surface waving on high the trophy. The champion's bow had only felt the scratch of it on his hand, as it disappeared through the tube.

The scene that followed was beyond description. Oo Toung-lay tucked up his skirts and danced like a Highlander. Then he turned and embraced, first Sofia and then Elizabeth. So excited was he that he failed to notice the difference until Sindhu brought him to his senses by remarking with a laugh:

"Father, I am surprised at your frivolity!"

"A-mé! A-mé! But the young lady will excuse me. It was wonderful! Wonderful! It reminds me of the great race at Akouk-toung twenty-five years

ago. I feel like a young man! Come, let us go and congratulate the winners."

The spirit of the occasion was infectious. Athletics had always been Elizabeth's strong point, and she appreciated the old gentleman's enthusiasm.

"No apology is necessary," she laughingly exclaimed, "I feel honored in being made a party to the rejoicing; and besides," she continued, "old men, you know, are privileged."

"Is that a challenge or warning?" laughed Paul.

"Whichever it is," exclaimed Sindhu, "would that I were old!"

"I am glad that you are becoming so gallant," said Sofia. "I shall begin to have hopes of you."

"All that I have needed," replied Sindhu, "was the inspiration."

He gave Elizabeth a glance which sent the blood to her cheeks.

"I fear that I shall find it less easy to forgive Prince Sindhu than his father," she exclaimed. "He was carried away by his feelings."

The crowd had begun to leave the stand, and Sindhu and Elizabeth were the last to descend the steps.

"Believe me," he said in a voice which could not be heard by the others, "I, too, have been carried away by my feelings, and they will not change."

There was no opportunity for a reply, for which Elizabeth was truly thankful, although she felt certain it would not be long till she would have to make one. Already she was wondering how she was going to answer, and what she was going to say.

When the party reached the landing-place the winning crew was already ashore, and Oo Toung-lay, in his enthusiasm, was distributing handfuls of rupees right and left. Boys and girls, indiscriminately, were scrambling on the ground together, in their endeavor to get one or more of the coins, and the crowd was cheering and shouting with laughter. There was additional cheering when Sindhu and Sofia approached, and the latter felt her heart grow faint with apprehension lest something should be said or done that would give Paul a knowledge of how their names were linked together in the minds of the people. Outside of the enthusiasm manifested, and the curiosity which was naturally excited by foreigners, nothing occurred that would indicate to any of the Americans that they were regarded in any different light now than they were upon their arrival the previous night.

As the last rupee was gathered in and the crowd somewhat quieted down, a number of monks, bearing their little bowls, appeared, seeking alms. Nearly every one contributed, and the members of Prince Sindhu's suite were among the largest contributors.

"Does the giving of alms to the pohn-gyees come within the terms of our bet?" laughingly asked Sindhu of Paul.

"It might under certain conditions; but to me they have not the appearance of being in great need of assistance. If they are not, the givings of alms is a wrong rather than a good deed, for it encourages a life of idleness. However, it is the custom of

the country to thus support them, and I am not prepared to discuss its wisdom."

"All right," laughed Sindhu, "but remember I am to have the first chance to do a deed which we shall really consider good."

He had hardly uttered the words, when there appeared on crutches a lad of possibly thirteen years. His left leg was drawn and twisted, and his tattered clothing and emaciated face made him a pitiable object.

"Remember the afflicted, kind Prince! Remember the afflicted, kind gentlemen!" he cried as he approached.

"Surely this is a worthy object and a chance to do a good deed!" exclaimed the prince, as all reached for their purses. "I claim as my wager the sole right to assist this helpless youth. I know well the story of his accident."

He took from his purse a gold piece and tossed it into the lad's cap with the expression of keenest enjoyment. Thankful as the lad was, his pleasure at receiving the gift was clearly not as satisfying as Sindhu's, who exclaimed joyfully:

"I never won a wager that gave me such enjoyment."

"You are experiencing the great truth of the blessing that comes from giving," said Elizabeth, expressing her satisfaction at Prince Sindhu's words.

Instead of hastening away with his gift, as might have been expected, the lad lingered, his eyes fixed steadily upon Paul. Sofia noticed the action and her heart almost stopped beating. She felt sure that she

knew of what he was thinking, and expected every moment that his action would attract such attention as would betray her secret. Her father likewise noted it, and, as he had undertaken to keep the knowledge from Paul, he ordered the lad to take himself off.

As the boy turned painfully, something in his manner — something in his look — caused Elizabeth to ask:

"Is it not money you want?"

He turned appealingly to Oo Toung-lay, and then his glance reverted to Paul, but fear of official displeasure prevented a reply.

"Certainly money was what he wanted," exclaimed Sofia. "We are wasting time. Let us be going."

Paul had also caught the lad's glance, and recalled how a dog with a thorn in his foot had once come to him for assistance with that same look of mute appeal in its eyes. Stepping forward, he asked:

"What is it, little brother?"

Sofia in a very agony of apprehension tried to step between them, but with a sudden effort the boy threw himself at Paul's feet, exclaiming:

"Great pohn-gyee, I would walk!"

At this most unexpected reply every eye was fixed alternately upon Paul and upon the lad at his feet. At first Paul was quite unable to understand whence came the request, and for a moment stood nonplussed, while Sofia heaved a sigh of great relief. Raising his eyes from the boy, however, Paul caught sight of Dhuleep Mingh crowding forward in the press and the mystery was solved.

"You have been talking with the pohn-na, with my servant?" he said.

"Yes, Sahib. He told me how the Sahib's God had awakened him from the dream that Ram had sent and that he would make me to walk."

"And do you believe him?" asked Paul.

"Yes, Sahib."

For some moments, while the people stood expectant, Paul lifted his thought in silent prayer. Then he raised the boy tenderly to his feet and placed his crutches in his hand. Motioning Dhuleep Mingh to his side, he bade him take the lad to his apartments. The crowd opened to let them pass and they were quickly lost to sight.

"A most remarkable scene!" said Elder Meredith to Prince Sindhu. "Did I not tell you our friend was teaching the natives a most delusive and alluring sophistry?"

Sindhu, remembering the report of the resuscitation of Dhuleep Mingh, replied:

"Let us wait and see."

As Paul turned from the boy, he confronted Elizabeth.

"What does it all mean?" she asked.

"The lad has heard of God and His Christ, and he would learn the truth."

"How?"

The one word and the manner of her asking revealed her thought, and Paul replied as plainly and tersely:

"By proof! By demonstration!"

"I do not think that I quite understand."

"Do you remember the last words of Jesus before His ascension?" asked Paul. "You certainly should. It is a favorite quotation with all missionaries."

Elizabeth's face flushed.

"Let me repeat it for you," he continued. "The injunction recorded in Mark xvi beginning, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,' concludes as follows: 'And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.'"

"It was not necessary to quote it," said Elizabeth. "I am very familiar with it."

"Dhuleep Mingh has told this lad these things and that I believe. Dhuleep Mingh has had proof that satisfied him. The lad wants the same. I am going to see him now."

Paul turned abruptly away. Crossing to where Prince Sindhu was waiting for him, he took him by the arm.

"We were just discussing you," said the prince.

Paul smiled, but in his eyes there was a far-away look.

"So I suspected," he said mechanically; then as he brought his thoughts back to his immediate surroundings he said: "Will you grant me a few words in private?"

Sindhu's face lighted with anticipation. At last it seemed that he was to learn something of this man's thoughts, — to be taken into his confidence.

"Come to my apartments. We shall not be interrupted. Father, I leave our guests in your charge for the present."

As they returned to the mayor's house they were the center of attraction, but so engrossed was Paul with his own thoughts that he paid little attention to what was passing about him, and answered all questions put to him in monosyllables.

Seated at last in Prince Sindhu's chamber, Paul came at once to the matter in hand.

"What you have just witnessed, Prince Sindhu, has been rather a remarkable scene. Being your guest, and you occupying so exalted a position, I feel that a few words of explanation are due you before I take the next step.

"As you know, I am a Christian. Our great Master has told us to preach the gospel and heal the sick. Believing, as I do, that the command is imperative, I always obey it in so far as I am able. This poor lad has asked for help. You gave him such as you could. He has now asked for more help, — help which shall free him from the claim of bodily suffering as well as the claim of poverty. Under our wager you claim the sole right to assist him. Can you give him the help he now asks?"

"There is no physician this side of Rangoon who could possibly perform the required operation," replied Prince Sindhu.

"There is one," said Paul, "the great Physician who heals all our infirmities, — even the one God."

Sindhu looked at him as though he doubted his sanity.

"Surely you cannot expect to cure this boy without a surgical operation?" he said. "Not since the days of the lord Gaudama has such a thing happened."

"I simply ask your permission to try," replied Paul. "I should not ask the permission except for the unusual condition."

Sindhu was so much surprised that he could no more than exclaim:

"You have my permission to do whatever you desire, so that the boy is not killed!"

"Death," replied Paul, "has no place in God's kingdom! I shall see you in the morning."

Withdrawing to his own room, Paul found Dhuleep Mingh and the lad already there. The pleading look on the boy's face had given way to one of joyful expectancy. He seized Paul's hand as he entered and would have kissed it. Paul smiled at his enthusiasm and said gently:

"It is God to whom you should feel grateful for the truth which makes men free."

He placed the lad in a great easy chair and motioned Dhuleep Mingh to withdraw. Then he seated himself at a table at the boy's side.

"What is your name?"

"Moung Gouk."

"And what has Dhuleep Mingh told you, Moung Gouk?"

"That the Sahib's God woke him from the dream Ram sent him and that he also woke Moung Utt Nee from a fever dream. He says it is only a dream that

I cannot walk, but the dream seems so very real to me, Sahib!"

Paul smiled.

"Mortal mind is the same in Burma as it is in America," he thought to himself. Aloud he said: "Does Moung Gouk believe that God is able to do all that Dhuleep Mingh has said?"

"Is not Moung Gouk here?" said the lad.

"Thy faith hath made thee whole," and, "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," thought Paul. And certainly it was a receptive thought with which he had to deal. As he closed his eyes in prayer the lad fixed upon him a look of gentle and loving confidence.

For many minutes there was absolute silence in the room while Paul sat with his head bowed upon his hand. Moung Gouk watched him closely, wondering at his attitude; but as he looked and wondered a feeling of happiness that he had never before felt came over him, — a sense of relief from pain and of perfect comfort. His thoughts began to take tangible form, and he found himself wondering what this God was of whom Dhuleep Mingh had talked to him so much. Dhuleep Mingh had told him God was Truth, Life, and Love, and, in his feeble way, had tried to explain what it meant, but Moung Gouk had not understood. As he sat there watching Paul, however, he began to think, and slowly through his consciousness came the first faint glimpse of truth — the truth that makes men free.

"Truth," he thought to himself, "is something that is really so, always was so, and always will be

so. The Sahib says that my lameness is a dream. A dream is not true. And once a long time ago when I was a little boy I was not lame."

Then as Paul continued in silent prayer, the lad tried to think how he came to be lame. He remembered that he was playing, then something happened and he felt a pain in his leg, and when he again tried to run he could not. The pain in his leg was always there and kept him from running. Now the pain was gone and he felt that he could run as well as ever.

He was startled from his reverie by a light knock at the door. He looked at Paul, who made no move to answer it. The knock was repeated. Paul slowly removed his hand from his eyes and raised his head. He caught the boy's look, and, recognizing the change that had come over him, in a voice of gentle command said:

"Go open the door, Moung Gouk!"

The lad slid from his chair, ran across the room and placed his hand upon the latch. Then the change in his condition suddenly burst upon him, and, flinging the door wide open, he fairly shouted:

"See! See! Moung Gouk can walk!"

"It is a miracle!" exclaimed Sofia's voice in the doorway.

For the visitor whom Moung Gouk had risen to admit was Sofia. Unable to bear longer the suspense of what might be taking place in Paul's room, and feeling certain the lad would let drop some word that would lead Paul to inquire more about the scene of the morning, she had determined to interrupt their

conference and upon some pretext or another get the boy away. Judge then her surprise to have the door opened by the boy himself, and to hear his joyful exclamation telling of his changed condition.

"It is a miracle!" she exclaimed, stopping dumbfounded in the door, all other thoughts driven from her mind.

"Not at all," said Paul arising and coming toward her.

She turned as though she would flee, but he detained her.

"There is nothing supernatural about the boy's healing," he continued. "It is the natural working of truth."

Moung Gouk would have thrown himself at Paul's feet, but Paul prevented him.

"Give unto God," he said impressively, "the honor and glory due His holy name."

He placed his hand on the lad's shoulder, and spoke again to Sofia, with that tone of voice which had always so attracted her:

"If you would only understand the truths taught by our great Master, you would realize that the lad's healing from lameness has been accomplished in an absolutely Christian and scientific manner. It is Christian because it is done in the name of Christ; and it is scientific because it is based upon a Principle and rule from which there is absolutely no deviation. It is also divine, because all truth is from God, Mind, and, therefore, there is no real knowledge that is not divine."

Sofia looked at him as one might gaze on a being

from some other sphere. At last she spoke and her voice trembled with suppressed emotion:

"In spite of my much reading your words are most strange. I understand but vaguely what you mean. I only know that by some mysterious power, of which I know not, you have caused this crippled boy to walk."

"It is not I who have caused him to walk, but God, working through me. He has answered my prayer offered in the name of Christ."

"I cannot understand," she still replied. "I will go to my brother."

She turned and hastily departed.

Summoning Dhuleep Mingh, Paul bade him hastily carry a message to Prince Sindhu, asking that he be not disturbed until morning, as he would be alone. The request was granted, but the information carried by Sofia was the subject of long discussion between the brother and sister that night. In his inability to reach Paul, Sindhu sent for Elder Meredith and Elizabeth, and discussed it with them. During the evening Mr. Lombard came in. They were able to offer no explanation other than that in all ages God had answered the prayer of faith.

"But," declared Elder Meredith, "Mr. Anthony has not impressed me as having that faith, that submission to the will of God that would bring this speedy answer to his prayer. He has seemed rather to deny the teaching of the Bible; to deny the reality of sin and the power of God to send punishment upon mankind for transgressing His law."

"'Judge not that ye be not judged,'" quoted Elizabeth. "'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

It was the first opinion she had ventured during the conversation; but her heart was in a tumult. The power of a great demonstrable truth was making itself felt.

"I do not wish to judge any one," said Elder Meredith, "but you know we are told to beware of 'false prophets,' who come in Christ's name — 'wolves in sheep's clothing.' Jesus declared that many such should come and 'do many mighty works which should deceive, if possible, the very elect.' The world to-day is full of so-called hypnotists and magnetic healers and we cannot be too careful. I do not doubt God's ability to heal the cripple, — I simply question the means."

"In other words," said Prince Sindhu, "you want Mr. Anthony to conform to your ideas of how God should heal the sick, although, as I understand, you have never been able to make any practical use of these ideas yourself."

"That is exactly it!" exclaimed Mr. Lombard, who up to this time had been merely an interested listener. "Why, God, through His prophets, healed the sick and raised the dead long before the Teacher of Galilee was born."

"I did not come here to discuss theology," declared Elder Meredith, "or to preach Christianity to one who has the testimony of two thousand years to convince him of the divinity of Jesus Christ. I came at Prince Sindhu's request to give him what

light I could on this healing of the cripple. Come, Miss Raymond, we must be going."

Elizabeth arose, but as she bade Sofia and Prince Sindhu good night said:

"I cannot help but feel that Mr. Anthony has found something, be it Christian or otherwise, that the rest of us have not found. He believes it to be the truth. It makes him happy and enables him to do much good. If it is the truth it certainly must be of God."

"At least that is a charitable view to take of it," declared Prince Sindhu; "but I should know that your kind heart would always see good in everything."

"The more I see of Miss Raymond," said Sindhu to his sister after their callers had departed, "the more I am satisfied that she is a remarkable girl."

"And the more I see of Mr. Anthony," said Sofia, "the more I am convinced that he is a remarkable man."

The only person in the entire party who did not seem surprised at Moung Gouk's healing was Dhuleep Mingh.

"Did I not tell you that the Sahib's God would waken you from your dream?" he said. "He can awaken us from all our dreams."

"But how are we to know they are dreams?" asked the lad.

"Everything is a dream that is not good," was the reply.

CHAPTER X

PAUL GIVES HIS TESTIMONY

Paul did not permit Moung Gouk to leave his room that night, and devoted the time, till past midnight, in teaching and explaining to the lad the simple truths of the Bible, — in telling him of the Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, which Jesus declared, "shall teach you all things," even as he taught in his Sermon on the Mount and demonstrated by his many deeds. Paul told the boy of the Christ which taketh away the sins of the world; he told him of that Jesus who was crucified, and who arose from the grave that he might prove by his resurrection the nothingness of death; told him of that Saviour, who, by his demonstration over death and the grave, by his practical atonement as the Son of God, made us to realize our at-one-ment, our unity, with God — Mind, Life, Truth, Love.

When he bade Moung Gouk good-by the next morning, Paul told him to go directly home and talk little. "Ponder over what you have learned and think of God as a loving Father."

"Yes, Sahib," replied the boy obediently, "but shall I tell no one that you made me to walk?"

"Tell them that it was God."

The lad walked slowly across the room, seemingly loth to go.

"Was there something else you wished to ask?" inquired Paul, noting the boy's hesitancy.

"May I have my crutches, Sahib?"

"What will you do with them?"

"Give them to some other boy who cannot walk."

Paul smiled at the very human answer, although he could appreciate that the thought came from a desire to do a good deed.

"Would it not be better to help him to walk as you do?" he asked.

"But, Sahib, I don't know how."

"You believe that God, through His son Christ Jesus, has made you to walk, do you not?"

"How could I doubt it, Sahib?"

"This same Jesus, when he was on earth, bade us to follow his example in all things. If you believe in him you can help others, just as I have helped you."

The boy looked at the crutches a minute.

"Then, Sahib, I will keep the crutches to remind me of him, and of you, who are to be the husband of our princess."

Paul looked at the boy in surprise.

"You must not have such thoughts about your princess," he said.

"Is it not so, Sahib?"

"Why should you think so?"

"All the people think so, Sahib. Did she not take you by the hand before the prince and all the people?"

Paul smiled to himself, and several things, for which he had before been unable to account, became suddenly clear. To the lad he said:

"When I am gone, tell the people they are mistaken. She took me by the hand because she has confidence in me, the same as you."

"Our princess is very beautiful," said the boy.

"Yes," replied Paul, "but, what is better, I think she is very good."

When Paul encountered the members of the party that morning, no mention whatever was made of the healing of Moung Gouk; nor did any one inquire as to his whereabouts. There was an atmosphere of restraint, and a tension, that could not long continue. But it was temporarily lost sight of in the preparation and ceremonies incident to the departure of the prince and his retinue for Annakan.

Eight elephants and a troop of horses made up the caravan, which was to be escorted, during the first day's journey, by the company of hill tribesmen which had made such a creditable showing at the review. The following morning, it was expected to meet a troop of the prince's own body guard, which was to come down from the capital city. The entire population turned out to see them off, and there was another season of she-kohing and prostrations. The official Prince Sindhu was quite another man from the Sindhu who had so far adopted English manners that he could attend boat races and private receptions like any ordinary gentleman. At last it was over and the caravan was on its way.

A journey of ninety miles by elephant is a nov-

elty that might well interest any young man or woman brought up less than a daylight ride by rail from New York. Especially may it be considered a novelty when fifty miles of the journey is through an Indian jungle. Here a troop of hillmen are not more needed for protection from bands of marauding Tartars, from the borders of Thibet, than from the wild beasts which infest the country. Riding on the back of an elephant is a curious sensation at best, and this, added to a feeling that if the beast should suddenly bolt, there would be little chance of stopping him till he had torn up a few trees and created other damage in his flight, makes elephant riding quite as thrilling as a spin in a forty-horse power automobile, although the rate of speed is considerably less.

Indian royal etiquette demanded that the elephants ridden by Prince Sindhu and Sofia should carry no one else; hence, during the journey, they were condemned to solitary grandeur and silence, unless they should feel inclined to speak to the mahout perched upon the animal's head. The third elephant carried Paul and Oo Toung-lay; Mr. Lombard and an officer of the royal household rode a fourth; the fifth carried Elizabeth and Mrs. Johnson, and the sixth Mr. Johnson and Elder Meredith. The other two carried each an attendant and baggage, while the rest of the retinue came along on horses. It was a very pretentious cavalcade and required a broad thoroughfare to make much headway.

After the city had been left behind, and the caravan had settled down to its steady pace, Prince

Sindhu began to go over in his mind the events of the past two weeks, especially his connection, and that of his family, with Paul Anthony. As he rode along the road, he meditated upon the things he had seen and heard, and tried to determine in his own mind what there was about Paul that so attracted people towards him. He was forced to admit to himself that Paul was a most satisfactory fellow traveller and jovial companion. And while he was evidently a man possessed of a vast fund of information, he was as retiring as a school girl, except when asked for assistance or advice. He would then put himself forward to do everything possible, but with the utmost consideration for the feelings and opinions of others. Despite the fact that Sindhu had frequently heard his opinions criticized, he had never heard Paul answer in a hasty manner; and in his dealings with the men at the oil field he had found him invariably pleasant and kind. He had none of the disagreeable habits so common to English and foreign travellers, and Sindhu had noticed that he neither used tobacco nor intoxicants, — the latter fact having made a particularly good impression, because the Burman is absolutely abstemious, and has a great disgust for the quantities of stimulants consumed by his British masters. In short, though Prince Sindhu did not so express it, he found that Paul was doing absolutely unto others as he would have them do unto him.

But this raising of a man who had been stricken by electricity, and this making of a cripple to walk, — these were the things Sindhu could not understand. Was it the result of some occult mental

power, or was it the result of prayer to his God? One seemed quite as likely as the other to Sindhu, who had been familiar from his youth with the remarkable feats performed by the Indian fakirs and jugglers.

During his morning's ride, the prince's mind was also more or less occupied with Elizabeth. He recalled the scene on the day of the parade, his salute, her seeming pleasure; likewise Sofia's mad act and her declaration concerning Paul. Then suddenly, like a flash of lightning from a clear sky, came this thought:

"Is this man really a hypnotist, and has he by some strange mental process gained control over all of us, — particularly over Sofia?"

It startled him; and Sindhu, being a man of action once his mind was made up, determined that Paul should answer to him — and that in the presence of his own countrymen — how and by what power he was able to do the things he did. He should answer this very night. If he were good and honest he would be able to prove it. If he were not, he should be exposed and punished. Without any reason whatever, the more Sindhu pondered over the matter, the more he became convinced that the last possibility must be the correct one. To such an extent did he bring himself to believe this that, when they halted for the night, and he was brought face to face with Paul, he greeted him with so great coldness that Paul was a bit disconcerted; but as soon as he recognized that the change must be the result of some error, and realized that it certainly must be destroyed

when the truth were known, he resumed his wonted manner.

Paul was not surprised, however, when half an hour later he was summoned to Prince Sindhu's tent. He intuitively felt that an ordeal was before him, and that the time had come when he would have to defend himself as did the great apostle before Agrippa. It was not to him a time of trial, but one of triumph that he was to be able to bear testimony for the Christ, Truth. He felt that he was but going to a testimony meeting, where he was to have the privilege of telling what the understanding of Truth had done for him. Realizing, therefore, the spiritual import of the words of the Psalmist, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty," he entered the royal tent with no trepidation.

In view of his private interview of the preceding day, Paul had expected to find Prince Sindhu alone, or possibly in company with his father and sister. He was, therefore, somewhat surprised to find the entire party assembled, and a sense of having been judged in advance by at least part of those present, created for a moment a feeling of resentment at the seeming injustice. Then came the realization that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose," and he could see that it was better that he should bear witness to the truth in such a manner that all interested might hear.

He greeted the company with a smile as he entered, remarking that it was indeed an unexpected pleasure.

Of all those present, he was plainly the least embarrassed. To ease the situation he said: "On the last night we shall all be together, it is certainly fitting that we should enjoy a brief season of friendly intercourse to discuss the events of the past few days."

His taking of the initiative easily made him master of the situation. His open smile, his evident freedom from embarrassment, and his kindly manner, were at once reflected in the bearing of Prince Sindhu, who replied graciously:

"It is, as you say, a fitting time to review the events of the past few days. And it is for that purpose that I have assembled the party this evening. You are a wise man, Mr. Anthony, and it must be evident to you that we are all deeply interested in the very unusual statements we have heard you make from time to time, and in the still more unusual things we have seen you do. It is unnecessary to recount them. You must be perfectly well aware of what I mean. Being a man of discernment, you must also have known that these acts would of a necessity create in our minds a variety of opinions — doubts, if you prefer — as to the power you possess, whence it comes, and how derived. As you say, this will be our last night together. It seemed to me proper, therefore, that you should be asked to tell us something of your unusual belief, and how it has been developed."

Paul heard the words of Prince Sindhu with unfeigned pleasure.

"I certainly do appreciate the position of every member of this assemblage, Prince Sindhu, and I

am not only willing but glad to bear witness to the truth, even as did our great Master so many years ago."

"I felt sure such would be the case," said Prince Sindhu, his mental attitude toward Paul again becoming one of friendliness, although he outwardly retained his semi-official dignity.

As Paul took the seat which had been left vacant for him, there was a general hitching of chairs, and an intuitive drawing nearer, so that not a single word of what he had to say should be lost.

"In order that you may the better understand the things I have said and done, and the things I may say and do hereafter," began Paul, with the easy and simple manner of one who is narrating facts, "it will be necessary for me to relate to you a brief chapter out of my life. I trust you will pardon my frequent use of the personal pronoun; for, as it is of my own consciousness you would know, and of my reasons for the faith that is within me, I do not see how it can be avoided.

"As a boy I was brought up in a Christian household. My grandmother, a descendant of old Pilgrim stock, a Winslow by name, was a profound scholar. As a child I was taught the truths of the Scriptures to the extent of her highest understanding. She was pronounced in her views, but not narrow. Night after night, when every other member of the household was in bed, she would get out her Bible, her Calumet and her Henry's Commentaries, and study for hours. Yet upon her death-bed, at the age of ninety-three, when she said to my mother: 'Nellie,

I am going,' and my mother asked: 'Where?' she replied: 'To heaven, I hope.' She had lived all her life preparing for this very hour, and yet when it arrived, she was unable to know to a certainty her future condition. The best she could do was still to hope, as she had been doing all her life.

"The scene made a great impression upon me, and I thought, 'What sort of a guide to eternal life is this Bible when we cannot determine, to a scientific certainty, our future?' Even then I believed the Bible must tell, if we could only read it aright; just as I believed that we should be able to pray so that our prayers would be answered, and not have them continually unanswered because 'we asked amiss.'

"My sole object in referring to this incident is to show why I came to gradually lose faith in the Bible and in the God concerning whom it seemed to teach."

Elder Meredith and Reverend Johnson exchanged glances which seemed to say: "Just as we expected!"

"For a number of years I studied the commentaries of celebrated doctors of divinity and Bible students, and at length came to be a confirmed agnostic. I still had a lingering belief that there must be a Supreme Being, but as to what sort of a God He was, I became simply a questioner, — a doubter. I ceased altogether to attend church, and spent my leisure hours in idle pleasure and dissipation.

"As in the case of many another young man, this life soon began to have an evil effect upon my mental and physical condition. I became a nervous wreck and a keen sufferer from a complication of diseases.

Instead of weighing one hundred and seventy pounds, as I now do, I weighed less than one hundred and twenty. I was irritable and morose. My friends began to avoid me. My health finally became so bad that I saw that if I did not get some relief, my span of life was short. For three years I haunted the physicians. They did their best for me, and finally one kind old doctor said: 'Young man, the only thing that can prolong your life past the autumn will be to get entirely away from your work. Go out in the country and rest up. If you can live for three months on milk and eggs, you may get better. You are past the point where drugs can help you, because your stomach refuses to assimilate them.'

"I left the doctor's office feeling there was nothing more in life for me, and that I might as well end it all. I had just been given my first big engineering job, and I thought that if I could not put it through, my career as an engineer would stop right there. Still I felt that I did not have the strength to accomplish the task.

"In this condition I walked aimlessly down the street towards my office, when, through the goodness of God as I now know, I encountered a friend whom I had not seen for several years. When I had last met him he was walking with a cane, wore glasses, and was, in fact, a pitiable object as the result of St. Vitus' dance, with which he had been afflicted for years. Now he was walking erect without a cane, he wore no glasses and all evidences of the malady had disappeared.

"I greeted him with such a look of surprise that

he laughed outright; and when I exclaimed upon his changed and healthy condition, I expected of course that he would comment upon my unhealthy appearance. He did nothing of the sort, and, because it was uppermost in my mind, I finally exclaimed: 'I wish that I felt as well as you do. The doctor has given me just two months to live.'

"'The doctors do not know it all,' he replied. 'There is no reason why you should not be just as well as I.'

"I looked at him incredulously as I replied: 'I might be if I had a doctor who understood my case as well as some one seems to have understood yours.'

"'There is one,' he declared; 'the great Physician who healeth all our diseases.'

"I could scarcely believe the evidence of my ears. At first I was inclined to laugh, but my sense of common courtesy forbade. Being familiar with the Bible, I knew exactly what he meant, and so, after a moment's hesitation, replied:

"'Of course I was brought up to believe that God could make me well if He wanted to; but I am mighty sure that He will not.'

"'That is what I used to think,' he replied, 'until I found out the truth — the truth which makes men free.'

"Something in my friend's voice — something in his manner — impressed me quite as much as his physical appearance. He seemed to have found something which was causing him to fairly bubble over with health and good feeling. His face fairly shone with happiness."

Paul paused for a moment. He had caught Sofia's glance and it recalled the remark she had addressed to him that first night at the oil fields.

"I see you understand," he said, addressing his remark to her. She nodded her head.

"'Tell me where I can find this remarkable truth,' I said to my friend.

"'It is all in the Bible,' he replied, 'if you read it with the proper understanding.'

"'And where,' I asked with an incredulous smile, 'am I to get this wonderful understanding?'

"He reached into his inside pocket and took therefrom a little book just like this," and Paul drew from his own pocket a little black volume.

"'From this book,' he declared with a smile, 'you will be able to gain the understanding you desire; and you will be made well.'

"I took the book from his hand, and, opening to the title-page read: 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, by Mary Baker G. Eddy.'"

As Paul mentioned the author's name, the Americans, with the exception of Elder Meredith, gave a perceptible start, and Elizabeth exclaimed under her breath:

"Christian Science!"

"I ought to have recognized it before," exclaimed Elder Meredith; "but I have been away from the United States so long that I have not kept in touch with the fads of the day, and supposed that this one had long since died a natural death."

Paul smiled broadly at Elder Meredith's remark as he replied: "No, Elder, it has not died either a

natural or a violent death, although often attacked. Instead, it has lived a natural life. There are, today, probably a million people who are studying its precepts, which are taught in more than a thousand places of worship; while unnumbered thousands have been rescued from sickness, sin and death by its ministrations."

"The book seems to be one with which all your countrymen are familiar," said Prince Sindhu.

"With which they think they are familiar," corrected Paul. "I, too, thought I knew all about its teachings, and I said to my friend with a sneer: 'So you want me to try Christian Science? Do I look as crazy as all that?'

"I had expected that he might be offended, or that he would try to argue me into reading the book; but he only smiled and replaced the volume in his pocket, remarking:

"'Do I look healthy?'

"'You surely do!' I exclaimed.

"'Do I look crazy?'

"I scrutinized him closely before replying, and at last said: 'I cannot say that you do; however, if you believe the teachings of that book, you must be crazy; and there are a great many lunatics who are not in the asylum.'

"'Did you ever read it?' he asked.

"'I have got too much sense,' I replied; 'but I have read plenty about it in the newspapers, and any one who can believe some of the things it teaches must be insane.'

"'How do you know what it teaches if you never

studied it — or even read it?' he asked with an aggravating smile."

"'People have told me, and the newspapers are full of it,' I replied half in anger.

"Again he smiled good-naturedly and said: 'I will tell you what, Paul; if we Christian Scientists really believed most of the things which people say we believe, — but which are as far from the real teachings of this book as night is from day, — we should be just as crazy as people think we are. The great majority of things which ignorant people charge us with believing seem just as foolish to me as they do to you. What would you think of me if I should stand here and declare certain feats of engineering to be foolish and impossible, when I have not the slightest knowledge of the methods by which they are to be accomplished or the principles involved?'

"Of course I saw the point of his argument, but I was not ready to give in, so I simply said: 'Well, I think we are all entitled to our own opinions. I am much obliged for your advice, even though I do not take it.'

"We shook hands and parted; but from that time I could not forget my friend's words nor his healthy appearance. If he could think himself well, why could not I? This, I supposed, was the teaching of the book, and I decided that I would adopt the plan. I would use what I supposed was Christian Science, and employ all the will power I had, in refusing to be sick. I would say I was well, no matter how sick

I really was. I had lost faith in medicine anyway, and this looked as good as anything else.

"I began work on the big engineering job, and also on the job of thinking myself well, — in the latter case without the slightest guide. The result was that I steadily grew worse, and finally had to quit my office. 'There,' I thought to myself, 'I knew there was nothing in Christian Science.'

"Nor was there anything in that which I at the time ignorantly thought was Christian Science, and what a whole lot of people are thinking it is to-day. But one night I chanced, in a short walk, — I could not walk far, — to pass a Christian Science church. Curiosity attracted me within. It was Wednesday evening. As a boy, I usually attended Wednesday evening prayer meetings, and ordinarily there would be present out of a church membership of several hundred possibly forty or fifty. Judge of my surprise, therefore, upon entering the church, to find it crowded with at least twelve hundred people. The congregation was singing the last verse of a hymn as I entered, and as I was shown to a seat I caught these words:

> "'Take then the charmed rod,
> Thou art not error's thrall.
> Thou hast the gift from God —
> Dominion over all.'

"The Bible reading was along the same line, and then the reader announced correlative passages from the very book I had refused to read. The selections

fitted the hymn, and told why man had dominion over all; namely, because he was made in the image and likeness of God, Spirit, and was therefore a spiritual and not a material being. The teaching was so different from anything I had ever imagined that I immediately became greatly interested.

"The reading was followed by silent prayer and the audible repetition of the Lord's Prayer by the vast congregation. It was the only prayer of the evening; but the half-hour which followed was a season of testimonies in which many told of their healing from sickness and sin in answer to prayer. Then I saw the reason for the great attendance and interest. This was an answer-to-prayer meeting, not a meeting where long prayers were made with never an expectation of an answer.

"One testimony particularly impressed me because I had thought that possibly I was coming to the same condition. A woman testified that she had been given up to die with a cancer of the stomach. Two physicians — one of whom had been doctoring her for four years, the last four months of which time she had been in bed — had given her three days to live, not longer. For a week she had been unable to keep as much as a teaspoonful of water on her stomach. Her family asked her physician if there would be any objection to her trying Christian Science. Both physicians said no. One said that it was a good religion, and, as she was bound to die anyway, it might help her to die happy. A Christian Science practitioner was summoned, and immediately she began to recover. In a week she was up and

eating everything. In exactly four weeks to the day from the time the practitioner was called, she was in this church, sixty miles from her home, giving her testimony.

"Before the meeting was over I discovered what a fool I had been. When I began the great engineering work I had on hand, I knew thoroughly the principle involved. At hand I had text-books and books of reference which I consulted continually. But when I undertook the job of healing myself through what I supposed was Christian Science, I had not even the slightest idea of the Principle it involved. I had never studied the text-book, and had not even turned to my book of reference — the Bible — because I felt that it was a closed book to me.

"When the meeting was over I followed the crowd out into the lobby. They were the happiest, healthiest looking lot of people I had ever met. The strangers were easily recognizable because of the contrast in their appearance. A member of the church approached me and extended a greeting. I told him as little about my condition as I could, but he knew without my telling. He had been through the same experience and he told me that very many of the members of the church were persons who had been given up to die by the physicians. I would not have believed it half an hour before. Now I could see it was the truth. They all had the same look that was on my friend's face. They had found something, and were full of gratitude to God, who had healed them, to Jesus Christ, who had demonstrated the way, and to Mrs. Eddy, who had discovered the scientific

rule of healing and written it down in words that all could understand. They wanted to help me, and it was suggested that I have a practitioner; but I decided to first read the book.

"Am I tiring you?" asked Paul, noting the somewhat tense expression on the faces of his listeners.

"Not at all," answered Prince Sindhu, "only we are anxious to know just what this understanding is that healed all these people."

"Simply the truth which Jesus taught and which this book makes plain. And that is, that man, the spiritual man, made in the image and likeness of God, can neither sin, suffer nor die. It is not an easy thing to realize. It might be if we had not already come to believe something else, namely, that God is in the image of mortal man — the fleshly man. In other words, mortal man looks at his material body and thinks that God must look like it, when the Bible plainly states that God is Spirit; that God is Love. We now find it harder to unlearn material untruth than we do to perceive, through Divine Science, the spiritual facts of being, — that all reality, everything in God's creation, must of necessity be spiritual, because of the very nature of its source.

"But to continue. I bought the book at the church that night and hastened to my room. It was a cool autumn night, and I turned on the light and sat down, thinking that I could read the book through in three or four hours. At midnight I had read but one chapter, that on Prayer. But I had reread it half a dozen times. That very night I

found that 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures' was a text-book — not a book simply to be read in a casual manner; a book to be studied just as I had studied my books on engineering. I found that it was a book that taught of the Science of being. I found that it was a book, which taught that of a truth, 'we live and move and have our being' in God. I discovered that it was, indeed, a Key to the Scriptures, and I hunted up my Bible, which I had almost forgotten.

"In the light of this wonderful book, I read passages in the Bible which had before seemed full of vain promises. In the realization of this new and inspiring truth, I found that the promises were real. I learned in a few weeks' reading that God is divine Principle, which can be used with just as scientific a certainty as can my rules on engineering. With the understanding of what I had now learned, I was able to know why I need not be sick, and in less than a week of reading I was a well man. The reading of the book had healed me. Are you surprised," he asked pointedly, "that from that time on I made the book my daily companion, and endeavored to learn all contained therein?"

"Not at all," replied Prince Sindhu; "nor am I surprised that you were healed from sickness by this means. We all know what an effect the mind has on the body; and if the book convinced you that you were not sick, then of course you were well."

"True," laughed Paul, "but what kind of arguments, think you, a book would have to use to con-

vince a man who was really sick that such was not the fact?"

"I cannot see," spoke up little Mrs. Johnson, "how any book could convince you that you were not sick when you were."

The others all indicated by their attitude that Mrs. Johnson had voiced their sentiments. Paul smiled as he replied:

"It could not."

"Then how could the book heal you?" continued Mrs. Johnson.

"By showing me that the sense of sickness and sin, from which I was suffering, was unreal, as neither sickness nor sin are of God."

Elder Meredith, who had been exhibiting signs of uneasiness all through the recital, could remain quiet no longer, and, rising to his feet, exclaimed vehemently:

"This is blasphemous! If sickness and sin are unreal, as you would have us believe, why did God send His son Jesus Christ to suffer for our sins?"

"That by proving their unreality in his daily life and actions, he might free us from their seeming power. That by destroying sickness and sin, he might show the world that they were not of God, — for if God had made them He would not have sent His son to destroy them; neither could any one else destroy the things which God had made. Jesus fully understood this when he said: 'Think not I am come to destroy the law . . . I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.' God's laws are not laws of sin, sickness and death, but those of Life, Truth and Love;

and these were the laws Jesus came to fulfil, and did fulfil."

"Now that you have denied the reality of sickness and sin," continued Elder Meredith, "I suppose the next thing you will attempt to deny is the reality of death?"

"I do," said Paul. "From a divinely scientific standpoint there is no death; because man, made in the image and likeness of God, can no more know death than can God, in whose image and likeness he is made, and who is Life itself. Jesus demonstrated this by raising Lazarus and the widow's son, and at last by his own resurrection. Jesus said: 'He that believeth on the son' — the Christ, Truth — 'hath everlasting life.' Not shall have, but hath."

"And do you expect to overcome death?" asked Prince Sindhu.

"We have not, as yet, grasped the full import of the truth; but when we do, Prince Sindhu, I fully believe we shall be able to prove the words of Jesus, when he said: 'And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.' Just in proportion as I have come to know God, that is, to apprehend Him as infinite Spirit, Mind, Principle, Life, Truth, Love, in that degree I have been able to demonstrate His presence and power.

"If you wish, I will tell you of the incident which most strengthened my faith and enlarged my understanding. The faith which enables any one to heal the sick or to raise the dead must be the faith which comes with and from the understanding of God."

CHAPTER XI

PAUL'S TESTIMONY CONTINUED

"THE incident that I am about to relate," said Paul, when the entire company had expressed a desire to hear it, "occurred after I had been studying this wonderful book some five or six years. Through its assistance I had come to a clearer understanding of the Bible, — the message from God. The two books had become my constant companions. Since then I have never experienced a lonely or unhappy moment, as I find in their study new fields of thought continually unfolding. I have gradually come to realize that creation is the present and continuous going forth of the divine nature; that the universe is the expression of infinite Spirit. This is the only real universe and it is perfect because it is the image or reflection of its perfect Cause. Of this spiritual universe the highest manifestation is man.

"Through the study of the Bible and 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures,' I have also come to realize God as Infinite good — the one Mind in which is no thought of evil; as the eternal, divine Principle, Life, Truth and Love; in short to recognize God as All-in-all, — omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence. With the assurance of the Bible

that man is made in the image and likeness of such a God as this, and that man can by no means be separated from God, his Father and protector, how can I need or have any other guide? I cannot! I have not! And by daily proving the little I have learned, I am coming to lose my sense of any power apart from God, good; all belief in the seeming reality of evil, error.

"But at the time when this incident happened, I had not yet reached this condition of thought. I had learned much, but my understanding was limited and my faith likewise, — for I want to reiterate to all here assembled that our faith is exactly in proportion to our understanding. We may have a blind faith in some unknown principle, because we believe in the truthfulness of some person who claims to have proven it; but we never acquire the faith to enable us to use this principle ourselves, until we understand how it is to be applied. Even a child has not faith enough in the simple truth that three times three are nine, to so much as divide his marbles by it, until he has come to prove and understand it.

"This was my mental conditon when I was engaged to go to Egypt five years ago to undertake some work in connection with the building of the great dam across the river Nile. My understanding of the divine Principle, God, was limited, although I was beginning to realize what it means to know God. I had begun to understand that 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me' meant that we should have no other God but Spirit, Mind, Life, Truth, Love, and that matter was but a mortal concept. I

was also striving daily to reflect this Mind by being patient, loving, kind, and meek. I was trying to live up to the Golden Rule and to love my neighbor as myself; and I had already discovered that the only scientific way in which this great command could be obeyed was to know that there was but one Mind, and that all men must reflect it, else there would be minds many and gods many, with consequent strife and discord.

"Packing my belongings and providing myself with an abundance of good literature to supplement my reading of the Bible and the text-book, I set sail from Philadelphia for Egypt in a small steamer which was carrying material to Alexandria, and was to make the trip part way up the Nile. We encountered rough weather from the start; but absorbed with my studies and happy in my growing understanding of God, it did not disturb me, nor would I have had a single misgiving as to the outcome of the voyage, had I not discovered that of all the men on board I seemed to be the only one who was even trying to lead a wholesome life.

"Such an utter disregard for everything good I had never seen. I was not greatly surprised to find the sailors an ungodly lot, but when I heard the officers cursing the men, the weather, and even the Almighty himself, and when I saw the wicked acts which they committed daily, I could but tremble when I remembered that 'God is just.'

"At the close of a sultry day, when the mental atmosphere had been even more depressing than the weather, we were suddenly caught in the embrace of

a terrible hurricane. It was as though the whole fury of mortal mind had been turned loose to destroy its own creation. For many days we were carried along by the unreasoning power of the storm, and when at last it subsided and we were able to take a reckoning, we found ourselves away out of our course. Some of the crew had been swept overboard and the ship was a water-logged wreck.

"The captain reached the conclusion that it would not only be impossible to navigate the vessel into port, but that it might speedily founder, and he therefore decided to abandon it and gave the order to clear away the boats. While they were being provisioned, I began to revolve in my thought where my safety lay. It was very plain that from a human standpoint the ship was in a most dangerous condition, and that there was little chance of being rescued if I remained aboard. But I clearly realized that if I were to prove the strength of God's protecting power as I had begun to understand it, I could do it much better alone on a disabled vessel than if I risked my fortune with these vicious and ungodly men. I therefore decided to commit my way unto the Lord and look to Him alone for safety and succor. Accordingly, when the captain ordered me to take my place in one of the two boats in which the crew were embarking, I refused, and told him that I preferred to take my chance of rescue on the wreck. He cursed me for an obstinate fool and declared that I was committing suicide; but beyond the fact that I did not agree with him, he appeared to care little what became of me.

"They finally got away and passed out of sight to the northeastward, expecting as they told me to reach the Canary isles by holding that course. When I was thus left alone, I took out my Bible and text-book and began to work. The fear as to the wisdom of my act in remaining on the wreck, which had possessed me when the crew was there, was soon dispelled, and I realized the presence of the Supreme Being — the infinite God, good, as never before.

"As the hours passed, every sense of oppression left me and I began to understand the real happiness of being alone with God. Never had my physical senses given me so little concern. I looked about the ship and succeeded in finding an abundance of food. I also found, locked in one of the cabins, a collie dog that I had supposed was washed overboard during the storm. His piteous whines gave place to exuberant joy on being delivered, and he was my devoted friend and constant companion not only during my stay on the vessel but for many months thereafter. When darkness came on and I found myself alone with the stars, my heart was filled with an inexpressible sense of the greatness and majesty of God, and as I paced the deck hour after hour, I gradually gained an exultant realization of the reality of that spiritual universe which reflects the inexhaustible ideas of infinite Mind. I noted with the greatest interest that the Southern Cross, upon whose splendors I had never looked before, was visible some distance above the horizon, and I then knew that the storm had carried the vessel a long way toward the equator, and as the days and nights

wore on I was made sure that the ship was still drifting in the same direction by the fact that this glorious constellation steadily gained in ascension.

"My circumstances, together with the entire committal of my life and safety to the divine protection, led me to spend the bulk of my time both night and day in the endeavor to realize man's unity with God, — to know my freedom, my sovereignty over all material conditions by virtue of my apprehension of divine Truth, my entire reliance upon God. I began to discern what Jesus meant when he said, 'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God;' and a sense of thankfulness came over me that I had begun to see God and thus prove that I was becoming purer in heart, in thought. I began to feel a consciousness of spiritual power. I began to realize the kingdom of heaven within me.

"My entire escape from all sense of fear and anxiety was a relatively new experience, and it brought me satisfying proof that the apprehension of divine Truth doth indeed make free in fulfilment of Jesus' promise.

"Despite the fact, as I perceived, that the vessel was slowly filling with water, I could sing and enter into the playful spirit of my little Scotch friend, as though I were removed from all danger and uncertainty as to the future.

"Several times I discerned a sail on the distant horizon, but it was evident that my drifting habitation was not seen, and nothing of importance occurred to vary my experience until one evening near the close of the third week of my solitary travel,

when I felt sure that I sighted land to the eastward, and my confidence was the more established when in the early twilight a gull appeared upon the scene and circled inquiringly about the vessel. I slept but little if any that night, and to my joy, and wonderment as well, a coast line was distinctly visible in the morning light, and ere noon the vessel grounded on a bar within a few hundred yards of the shore. The water was quite smooth, and being a good swimmer, I decided first to swim ashore and reconnoiter, and then return to the wreck for such things as I might need. I felt that my safety was assured and realized with the Psalmist: 'Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee.'

"Thinking that it would be a good thing to have the dog with me, I tried to urge him overboard, but he refused to go, and when I attempted to throw him over he showed fight. Concluding that I would make the trip without him I was on the eve of leaping into the water, but he acted so strangely that I delayed, and as I stood there irresolute I caught the glint of a white belly under the bow of the boat. It was a shark. While I looked another appeared, and within a few minutes I saw half a dozen or more. I sat down on the capstan, wondering what to do next, when the dog came and sat down beside me and wagged his tail. My respect for his intelligence had greatly increased and I said to him: —

"'How did you know it, old fellow? How did you know there was danger in that water any better than I? Where is my boasted knowledge, seeing that I

do not know as much as an animal which is supposed to be greatly my inferior?'

"I was unable to answer my own question satisfactorily, and so was brought face to face with a problem which, as it seemed, I must solve before I could go a step farther. If man is made in the image and likeness of God, I thought, he certainly ought to have a more reliable and commanding sense than a dog; and then I saw that it was the dog that was wrong, because he was even less spiritual than I. He discerned the seeming danger, because he was reflecting more fear than I. I also saw clearly that my safety lay in becoming more spiritual. Could I but realize man's true spiritual selfhood — man's divinely bestowed sonship and power — there was no reason why I should not be just as safe among the sharks as was Daniel among the lions. The dog was being governed by mortal mind, which is not a law maker, and is unable to distinguish between truth and error. His sense dictated that the fish had power to injure man, when I should have known that God gave dominion over the fish of the sea as well as over the beast of the fields and the fowls of the air.

"This lesson brought me to a point where I could see the absolute necessity of striving more earnestly for the one Mind, the Mind which is omnipotent and omniscient; that Mind which Jesus demonstrated in breaking nearly every so-called law of nature, the material universe. I was not, however, called upon to put my slowly developing faith to the test, since the ebbing tide soon left us in such shallow water that I was out of danger.

"Providing myself with some canned food, I easily gained the shore, and on finding a path a little way back from the water had not followed it far before I met two black men who had on some remnants of civilized clothing. They seemed no less kindly than surprised, and I soon found that one of them had the command of a few words of French, of which I had considerable knowledge. When I showed them the stranded vessel and made them understand that I was the only voyager, they wanted me to go with them, which I did.

"They led the way to a native village two or three miles down the coast, and presented me to the head man or chief, who proved to be half civilized and to be able to make himself understood in broken French. The discovery that the plunder of a vessel was available made my coming a matter of great importance to the villagers, and, withal, of great rejoicing, and within an hour after my arrival a half dozen native canoes filled with black and enthusiastic men, women and children were ploughing their way toward the wreck as fast as brawny arms could impel them. I need not dwell on my stay in the village for several weeks before a coasting steamer came along by which I reached Lisbon and thence ultimately my destination, nor upon the kindness which I received at the hands of these gentle-minded people. I had drifted upon the shore of Senegambia, and while the natives had come to have some easily explained prejudices against the French, settled farther down the coast, my inoffensiveness and especially the booty with which they enriched them-

selves from the wreck ingratiated me into the good will of all, so that I received nothing but kindness at their hands; this I was able to reciprocate in view of the fact that there were not a few sick folk among them. Their simple thought and ready responsiveness to what I was able to teach them of Truth opened the way for the healing of many and increased as a result my reliance upon divine Mind. Every day I grew into the realization that man — the real man in the image and likeness of God — is spiritual and not material.

"The greatest demonstration of all my experience as I then thought (although I now see that one demonstration of the truth is just as great as another) was made while I was living in this native village. There is in this particular region a variety of poisonous snake called the ogweet, the bite of which is considered absolutely fatal. So far as I could learn from the natives, no man had ever been bitten by the ogweet and lived, death usually resulting in a few hours. The native belief is that if this does not happen, death will certainly end the victim's sufferings when the sun goes down.

"During the time that I had been in the village, I had been instrumental in healing a number of the villagers who were afflicted with some sort of fever, probably dengue. At the same time I had tried to instil into their minds some idea of God and His Christ. The healing had caused them to listen to me and had inspired them with much faith. I had been asked if my God could cure the bite of the ogweet and I had answered yes, because Jesus had declared

that those who believed should handle serpents. I had likewise thought much for myself and tried to realize the truth respecting Truth's power over every 'deadly thing.' Though this particular serpent stood for the most aggressive form of error, its evil effects should certainly be overcome by Truth, just as any other error is overcome. I had begun to work against the error, therefore, while it was yet day, so that when the night of doubt and fear should come, as come it did, I should be prepared for it.

"I was away from the village one day assisting in gathering mushrooms. On turning over the trunk of a fallen tree, I uncovered the hiding-place of the serpent, and in an instant it had fastened itself upon my hand. I shook it off and dispatched it with a stick, but the cry that all uttered confirmed my fear that it was the dreaded ogweet.

"The childlike faith of the natives, that I would be able to overcome the poison as easily as I had the fever, was wonderful; but I realized that it must be the faith that comes with a scientific understanding of divine Principle which could break the mortal law and hold me perfect in God's love.

"My hand began to swell and I closed my eyes to shut out the picture, but the work I had done in advance gave me the victory. As I raised my heart in prayer, there came to me a still clearer sense of the ever-presence and omnipotence of God, and my fear left me completely. It was as though a great weight had suddenly been removed. Then came a spiritual uplifting, such as I think the great apostle must have experienced when he saw the light on the road

to Damascus, and I knew then that the power of the serpent's venom had been destroyed.

"From that moment the healing began. The hand and arm had become black and inflamed and I felt a great nausea; but it never grew any worse. I returned to the village, and taking my Bible I read the passages which reveal God as the life of man, and with such promises as these to sustain me I was able to say with David: 'O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul [my sense] from the grave.' And my heart went out in gratitude to the woman who had been pure enough in spirit thus to see God and reveal Him to this day and age.

"The following morning I was entirely free from the effects of the serpent's poison, nor have I ever felt any evil results therefrom. I now ask of you as truthful men and women, after hearing all these facts, if you can see any reason why I should not believe sufficiently in the power of God's word to follow Jesus' command to preach the gospel and heal the sick whenever I am able?"

For a moment there was no reply; then Mr. Johnson asked: "May you not have been mistaken about the venomous character of the snake?"

There was the suspicion of a smile about the corner of Paul's mouth as he replied: "Possibly; and, furthermore, I am not asking any of you even to believe this incident, or the story of my healing from other illness. The things you have seen with your eyes, these are the works by which I ask to be judged. If my works are good, they must be of God, for 'men do not gather figs from thistles; neither

doth a good tree bring forth evil fruit.' The Master said: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

Again there was silence, which was finally broken by Prince Sindhu. "How may we also learn to do these things?" he asked. "Where may we also get the understanding?"

"From the two books which I have mentioned so often. I know no other place."

"And so," exclaimed Elder Meredith with some show of anger, "you place these two books — the Bible and this woman's book — upon an equality!"

Paul shook his head as he replied slowly: "Not at all! But you have had the Bible for years. You have studied it carefully and prayerfully, as you thought, and yet you have been unable to believe sufficiently in God or His Son to do the works which Jesus commanded you to do. You have not even learned how to pray aright, for, continually, 'ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss.'"

The clergyman's face flushed, but he had no chance to reply, as Prince Sindhu arose from his seat, remarking: "We have to thank you, Mr. Anthony, for a most enjoyable evening. I also desire to thank you for the very frank explanation of the things you have done and your reasons therefor. We have another hard day before us, so I will bid you all a very good night."

Sindhu's words were equivalent to a dismissal, and the visitors withdrew to their own tents, each with feelings which it would have been difficult to express.

During the recital of Paul's story, Elizabeth, in particular, had remained as one spellbound, drinking

in every detail and striving her utmost to grasp the import of this new interpretation of the Scriptures, the meaning of the teachings of Jesus and his apostles. At times she seemed to catch faint glimpses of the truth, and then again she failed entirely to understand the new tongue in which Paul was speaking. When he closed his narrative with the statement that during all the years in which the clergyman had been studying the Scriptures, he had failed to learn how to pray aright, she realized that this applied not only to the clergyman, but to herself and most others, at least in so far as she had been able to learn from her talks with many people who were leading Christian lives to the best of their understanding.

How well she remembered the request of the disciples: "Lord, teach us to pray." Surely, she knew well the prayer that our Lord had taught them. Could it be possible that she had never understood this, or was it simply that she had not been following Jesus' injunction that "what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

How was it possible to have such faith as this? She had prayed many times, seemingly believing that her prayers would be answered; and yet, because they were not, it must be that she lacked faith. Then came to her Paul's statement that the faith which brought results came only through understanding. How greatly she desired this understanding! She would have a talk with Paul and learn where she might obtain a copy of the "text-book," no matter what Elder Meredith or any one else might say.

Being a keen observer, Elder Meredith could not fail to see the favorable impression that Paul's words had made upon Elizabeth as well as upon Prince Sindhu and his sister. As far as the two latter were concerned he felt that it was not his affair, but as Elizabeth's spiritual adviser he did feel it incumbent upon him to warn her again against a teaching so opposed to all his preconceived ideas, a teaching which seemed to him so fallacious. They were no sooner in their tent, therefore, than he took occasion to warn his co-workers against the "seductive sophistry" of Paul's ideas, and against Paul as a dangerous man, "whose magnetic personality might lead them after false gods."

"It might be possible," said Elder Meredith, "to believe in the unreality of sickness, because any one can see that half — yes, more than half — of our diseases are purely imaginary; but to assert the unreality of the sin and evil which are everywhere manifest, and for which Jesus died on the cross that you and I might be saved, is blasphemous!"

"And still," ventured little Mrs. Johnson, in a timid and hesitating manner, "to the man who was sick of the palsy Jesus said: 'Thy sins be forgiven thee.' If it were Christ's death and not his life that redeemed us, how could he say that?"

Elder Meredith looked at her in surprise, and her husband said: "Hush, Lucy!"

"Well, I should like to know," she persisted.

"I think that Jesus' own words explain that," said Elder Meredith. "He said: 'That ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive

sins.' If there were no sins, how could he forgive them?" And Elder Meredith looked at her as though his question were unanswerable.

"And if there were no sickness, how could he heal it?" retorted Mrs. Johnson.

"I did not seem to get just that idea from Mr. Anthony's talk," ventured Elizabeth. "I understand that what he means by 'unreality' is this: Because God made everything that was made, anything that seems to be made by some other power must be unreal, although to us it may seem real. He does not call sickness real, because he does not believe that God made sickness. This seems reasonable to me, because if God had made people sick, His Son would not — I might almost have said could not have healed them. Certainly no one else could. And if God makes men sick to-day, it is just as certain that no doctor or any other human power can heal them. Really, if I believed that God made me sick, I should think it wrong to call a physician to thwart God's will!"

Mrs. Johnson nodded her head emphatically. "That is just the way it seems to me."

"I am not prepared just now," said Elder Meredith, "to discuss the question of the divine healing of sickness; but of the reality of sin I am firmly convinced."

"And do you really think that God made sin?" asked Mrs. Johnson innocently. "Because if sin is real, and God made everything that was made, He must have made sin, too; and if everything He made was good, then sin must be good."

Elder Meredith cleared his throat to give himself time to think; but Elizabeth, without allowing him time to answer, continued to speak along the line of her own thought:

"Do you not remember," she said, "that when they rebuked Jesus for saying, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' he replied, 'Whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (then saith he to the sick of the palsy,) Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house.' Now it is not quite plain to me whether the forgiving of the man's sins cured his palsy, or whether curing his palsy forgave his sin, the palsy being the sin; but whichever way it was, the same act or thought on the part of Christ did both. This would indicate to me that sickness and sin are both healed by the same divine power and in the same manner."

There was no reply to this explanation, and for several minutes all seemed lost in thought. Then Elizabeth broke the silence, saying as though to herself:

"And neither one nor the other, neither the palsy nor the sin, seem to have appeared very real to Jesus."

"Well," declared Mrs. Johnson, "I am sure I do not know, and I do not want to learn anything which Elder Meredith does not think I ought: but I would like to do the things Mr. Anthony does." She arose from her chair with a yawn. "Riding on an elephant all day is real, anyway, and I am tired out."

CHAPTER XII

THE SICK RECOVER

When Paul awoke the next morning, he perceived that something unusual had occurred during the night. Even before he had finished his early morning reading and emerged from his tent, he realized an exceptional stir; and when he finally came outside and surveyed the camp he was surprised to find that everything but his tent and that of the other foreigners had disappeared. Early as it was, Prince Sindhu was engaged in giving orders, and from a distance Paul could see that he was imbued with an unusual energy. The very atmosphere of the caravan had changed during the night from the quiet of an ordinary travelling company to the forceful activity of a military train.

Paul expected to find that the unusual stir was due to the arrival of the escort from Annakan, but he looked in vain for any indication of such an arrival. Even Sofia, who greeted him as he emerged from his tent, seemed to have changed. Her usual sprightly manner had become more sedate, though none the less cordial, and there was about her a suggestion of suppressed excitement, which caused Paul to remark as he returned her greeting:

"There is something in the mountains, Princess, which seems to have infused every one with exceptional energy this morning. I think it must be the sense of freedom they bring."

His quick discernment of changed conditions gave her a little thrill of pleasure as she replied with a smile:

"You are right. There is something in the mountains that has aroused us all to action, but it is not what you suggest. It is the wild tribesmen from over the Thibetan frontier. A courier arrived from Annakan two hours ago with the information that there had been another outbreak and that several raids had already been made into our territory."

Paul smiled as he replied: "Then it is the spirit of freedom after all."

"I suppose you might look at it in that light," said Sofia grimly, "but it is freedom that has too much the air of lawlessness to suit me. At any rate, Sindhu has already sent a message to Myang-Nee for all the force possible to hurry forward, and has ordered a telegram sent from there to Mandalay, asking the British to rush troops at once."

"Is the outbreak, then, so serious? I had supposed that these raids of the hill tribes were small affairs."

"So they are, ordinarily," explained Sofia, "but from all that can be learned at Annakan, this uprising has been encouraged by the government of Thibet. You know the English have threatened to advance upon Lhassa, and this action seems to be in retaliation. This makes the uprising of much more conse-

quence. Unless the disturbances are speedily quieted, it may develop into actual war."

Prince Sindhu approached while she was yet speaking. "Good morning, Mr. Anthony," he exclaimed in greeting. "We have received unpleasant news during the night, but I trust that it will not prove of such a nature as to cause you or our other guests any annoyance."

The other members of the party had by this time made their appearance and Prince Sindhu continued:

"I was just telling Mr. Anthony that we had received information of an outbreak of the Tartar tribesmen along our border. I shall be obliged to personally hurry forward to Annakan, and possibly still farther north, but this need not interrupt the arrangements already made for your journey."

"You do not think that we are in any danger, do you, Prince Sindhu?" asked Mrs. Johnson with considerable alarm.

"None at all. The trouble has occurred at least a hundred miles from here."

"Have the British been apprised of the trouble?" inquired Elder Meredith, in a tone suggesting that they should be if they had not.

Sindhu and Sofia exchanged hasty glances, indicative of surprise at the question, and Sindhu started to make a sharp rejoinder, but at a look from Sofia he said quietly:

"Everything has been done, sir, that the occasion demands." Then turning to Paul, "I shall have to leave you now. Captain Shway and his troop will

remain with you, in charge of the caravan and to attend to your comfort and safety."

"Our safety is already assured," exclaimed Paul with a suggestive smile.

"A-mé!" exclaimed Sindhu with a laugh. "In the excitement of the occasion I had forgotten. You must pardon my oversight."

"You really must, Mr. Anthony," said Sofia with the deepest gravity, "for I assure you he is greatly interested in your God as you explain Him."

Paul laughed heartily at her evident concern for his feelings. "Considering his early training, the oversight is more than pardonable. It is quite remarkable to me that he understood my meaning at all."

"I am not so dull as that," was Sindhu's laughing rejoinder; "but I must be hastening away. I see that the elephants are waiting. With you in the caravan, Mr. Anthony, I shall feel doubly assured of its safety."

He shook hands with the members of the party on parting. As he came to Elizabeth he said in a low voice: "I shall see you in Annakan in a day or two at most. In the meantime I trust that I shall not be forgotten."

"Your kindness makes that impossible."

He bent over and touched her hand with his lips. "The kindness is all yours," he said.

Then hastily to all: "I have been obliged to make changes in the arrangement of travel, owing to the fact that I must take part of the elephants; but I trust you will all be quite comfortable, notwithstand-

ing. Father, do not get into any religious discussion with Mr. Anthony."

Laughing at what he considered a joke, Sindhu mounted his elephant and followed by three others entirely freed from all camp equipment, he quickly disappeared in the jungle.

The reassignment of the party, due to the taking of four of the elephants, resulted in the placing of three persons on each of the remaining elephants, with the exception of that ridden by Sofia, to which Elizabeth alone was added. This unusual mark of distinction was quickly recognized by the princess and the military escort, but to the others it seemed simply an arrangement made necessary by the exigencies of the occasion. Mrs. Johnson was placed on the elephant with her husband and Elder Meredith, while Mr. Lombard was added to the howdah of Paul and Oo Toung-lay.

"I was afraid," said Mr. Lombard, "that I might be turned over to the tender mercies of Elder Meredith. He and I do not seem to get along very well together."

"Too much discussion?" inquired Paul.

"No; but he is unreasonable."

"I have discovered," said Paul as the elephant moved off with that rolling motion that almost makes one seasick, "that any discussion which does not tend to bring persons into the same way of thinking is worse than useless. The two topics which almost invariably result in this kind of discussion are politics and religion. On these two topics, neither disputant has the slightest intention of being convinced, and

each, as a rule, simply tries to convict the other of error; not to convert him to the right."

"Would you not then try to convince a man of the error of his way, or of the things you believe are right?" inquired Mr. Lombard.

"The honest seeker after truth," replied Paul, "is entitled to all the information you can give him. If he asks, tell him what you believe, and if possible prove to him the correctness of your position, but do not be drawn into a discussion of either his, or your own belief. If you can prove to him that you are right, he will see that he is wrong."

"But suppose that he is right and you are wrong?"

"My rule is never to try to convince a man of anything which I have not proven to be true and which I cannot prove again."

"But," insisted Mr. Lombard, "if you saw a man acting in direct opposition to what you knew to be the truth, would you not offer to show him his error?"

"Most certainly," was Paul's emphatic reply; "but if he spurned my offer; if instead of showing a desire to know the truth, he should insist that he was right and try to convince me of it, I should cease my argument. I would first, however, listen patiently to what he had to say, but if I were still convinced that he was in error, I would turn away, assuring him that whenever he wanted to learn the truth I should be glad to tell it to him. I should also try to realize the truth more than ever, but I would then and there cease all argument. I should know that when he was ready to learn the truth — which would be the

minute he began to recognize his own error — he would come and ask to be taught. He would then be receptive and the seed would be sown in good ground. To offer a truth to a man who is so blinded by his own prejudices that he not only refuses to accept it, but also refuses to honestly investigate it after it has been proven by many, is simply casting your pearls of thought before the swinish element of the human mind. Invariably it will turn and rend you."

Oo Toung-lay puffed at his cheroot, an interested listener. Occasionally, however, he passed his hand over his forehead and seemed considerably ill at ease.

"If you believe in never inflicting your ideas on people who do not ask for them," declared Mr. Lombard dryly, after a moment's pause, "you will never become a missionary."

He chuckled at his implied thrust at Elder Meredith, but Paul replied with a suggestive smile:

"I am not so sure. I seem to have a faculty for causing people to ask questions."

Oo Toung-lay suddenly threw away his cheroot and uttered an exclamation of pain. His companions noted that his face was very pale and that he was greatly distressed.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Lombard in the greatest concern over the condition of his aged friend.

Oo Toung-lay placed his hand on his stomach and groaned. "I think it is something I have eaten," he said.

Mr. Lombard ordered the mahout to stop the ele-

phant, and Paul asked: "Can I be of any service to you?"

"I am afraid not. I wish that I had a doctor."

"The Rev. Johnson has a medicine-box," suggested Mr. Lombard. "Perhaps he can give you something that will ease you."

The entire caravan had now come to a halt and Captain Shway rode forward to ascertain the trouble. Mr. Lombard called out that Oo Toung-lay had been attacked with a colic and asked if any one had any medicine. Mr. Johnson jumped down from the elephant and hastened forward, taking from his pocket a flask of brandy and a small medicine-case. The old gentleman seemed to be getting rapidly worse, and Mr. Lombard suggested that he be taken from the elephant and allowed to lie down. Several horsemen gathered around and lifted him to the ground, while willing hands quickly spread a couch of palms.

By the time he had been placed on the temporary couch, Sofia was at his side and Mr. Johnson had prepared a decoction of brandy and camphor. Dhuleep Mingh had also approached, and of Paul, who was standing on the edge of the group, asked:

"Why does not the Sahib ask his God to heal him?"

"I offered to help him, but he said he wanted a doctor. It would not be right for me to force my thought upon him."

"Sahib, perhaps he does not know what you mean. Perhaps he does not know you can help him."

Dhuleep Mingh's words came as a sort of rebuke to Paul for not being more explicit, and he took a

step forward just in time to catch a questioning glance from Elizabeth, who was bending over Oo Toung-lay and fanning him with a palm leaf.

"Perhaps I did not make myself plain," thought Paul. "Perhaps he did not realize the kind of help I offered."

Sofia was holding the little glass to her father's lips, but he seemed unable to swallow the medicine.

"Can you not drink it, father?" she asked.

The sick man groaned, placed his hand to his throat and shook his head. Sofia looked at him helplessly.

"I think it must be a case of some kind of ptomaine poisoning," said Mr. Johnson. "It acts that way."

"A-mé!" exclaimed Sofia. "What shall I do? I wish Sindhu were here."

"Perhaps Mr. Anthony can help him," suggested Elizabeth.

"Oh, Mr. Anthony, can you?" and Sofia looked up at him with her eyes full of tears.

"I think so," replied Paul, "and I offered to; but he preferred to trust to medicine."

"This is nonsense!" exclaimed Elder Meredith. "If he has been poisoned, he must have an emetic."

"He seems unable to swallow," replied Mr. Johnson.

Sofia leaned over her father. "Do you not want Mr. Anthony to help you?" she asked. "Do you not want him to make you well?"

The sick man's face changed to a look of surprise. As the force of Sofia's question dawned upon him, he smiled in spite of his pain and nodded his head.

"Oh, Mr. Anthony!" said Sofia. "He does want you to cure him."

In an instant Paul was on his knees beside the suffering man.

"Please leave us alone as much as possible," he said earnestly, as he bowed his head in prayer.

All drew back, Elder Meredith shaking his head and declaring it must be wrong.

"It is flying in the face of Providence," he muttered, "not to use the medicine which nature and science have provided. If he dies, his blood will be upon that man's head."

"The apostles used no medicine," said Mrs. Johnson; "and then remember the lame boy."

"That was an altogether different case, Mrs. Johnson. That was a case of long standing, where there was no immediate danger. This is an acute attack that should have at least the very best we have to offer. To allow an old man, with no knowledge of God or the hereafter, to die like this is an outrage. I declare I will not be a party to it!"

Elder Meredith turned squarely about and started back. Mr. Johnson detained him. "There is absolutely nothing we can do. He cannot swallow the medicine; and even if he could I do not know that it is that which is needed. I prefer to let some one else take the responsibility. If God cannot cure him, there is nothing here that can."

"God!" fairly shouted Elder Meredith. "Do you call the hypnotism taught by that woman, God? Why, I have been told that she denies the very exist-

ence of the God of the Bible and has substituted one of her own."

"That is not what Mr. Anthony told us last night," ventured Mrs. Johnson, who was clinging to her husband's arm. "He told us that her book taught that God was infinite Life, Truth and Love. That sounds a good deal like the teaching of John, who declares that 'God is love.'"

"This man has you all hypnotized!" exclaimed Elder Meredith vehemently. "Never in my life have I seen such a manifest work of the devil! Something should be done to stop it!"

"I do not feel that I should judge," said Mr. Johnson. "I prefer to say in the words of the lawyer, Gamaliel, 'If this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it.'"

"Well," declared the elder, some minutes later, "I am going back to the Princess and protest against it. I am going to place myself on record in case anything happens."

He stepped forth from the little thicket in which they had been talking and at once uttered an exclamation of surprise. The others hastily came forward and as they looked toward the place where Oo Tounglay had been lying, they were astonished to see the old gentleman, a trifle pale, but otherwise all right, standing by his daughter's side. Mr. Lombard stood near rubbing his hands joyfully, while Paul was ordering the elephant driven forward so they might get aboard and continue their journey.

"I see that the attack was not as severe as we

thought," said Elder Meredith as he approached and gave Paul a withering glance. "I am glad that it has passed."

"It was so bad, I hope I will never have another," replied Oo Toung-lay, with an attempt at a smile.

"It was so bad," declared Mr. Lombard, who delighted in contradicting Elder Meredith, "that if it had not been for Mr. Anthony this would have been a funeral procession from here on instead of a caravan."

Elizabeth said nothing, but the look of disapproval which she gave Elder Meredith caused the reverend gentleman to do some sober thinking for a few minutes. In spite of this, when they were all mounted and again on their way, he could not refrain from saying to Mr. Johnson: "I suppose you will all look upon this as another marvellous case of healing, when, as a matter of fact, it was evidently but a sharp attack of colic. Very naturally, it passed as quickly as it came."

For some time Oo Toung-lay rode in silence. As he became thoroughly convinced, however, that he was entirely free from the acute illness with which he had been attacked, he exclaimed:

"Mr. Lombard, you said that if Mr. Anthony did not inflict his opinions upon others, he would never make a missionary. You are wrong."

Both his companions looked at him in questioning surprise.

"How so?" asked Mr. Lombard.

"This was the best missionary work that I have ever seen done. I am convinced that there is a God,

Whether He is the same one that you have been talking to me about all these years, I do not know; for your own sake, I hope He is."

Paul's heart gave a great bound as he replied, "Do not doubt it. There is but one God, and Mr. Lombard and I absolutely agree that the first and greatest commandment is: 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.'"

Lombard chuckled to himself, a habit he was given to indulging in when greatly pleased. After a minute he asked:

"And what do you think this first commandment really means, Mr. Anthony?"

"It means that I must have no mind, life or intelligence apart from God — infinite good; that I must recognize no power apart from Spirit, Truth and Love. It also seems to me," continued Paul earnestly, "that in this commandment are comprised the other nine."

"That is a pretty broad statement," declared Mr. Lombard, "although I believe your great prophet made a similar declaration. However, I do not exactly see it."

"It is very plain to me," replied Paul. "It is impossible to break any one of the other commandments without having some thought apart from infinite good. The mortal mind which leads you to steal or kill is absolutely not in harmony with divine Mind. Any and every impure thought, any adulteration of your thought, not only breaks the seventh commandment, but, because it is at variance with good, it breaks the first.

"Of course any one can see," he continued, "that breaking the second commandment breaks the first, but no more so than does the taking of the name of God in vain — that is, in professing to give all power to God, when in reality we give equal power to evil. Bearing false witness against thy neighbor — that is to see him in anything other than the image and likeness of God, Spirit, in whose image he is made — breaks both the ninth and first commandments, because it gives power to some other creator than Spirit, and makes another god. If we indulge in covetousness, thereby breaking the tenth commandment, we have all sorts of gods other than that infinite Love which, John tells us, is God."

"It seems to me," ventured Oo Toung-lay, who was an interested listener, "that the interpretations you have given to your ten commandments indicate that you consider them as pertaining to spiritual rather than material laws."

"There are, in fact, no material laws," declared Paul, "for God being Spirit and God being All, it follows as a scientific fact that all laws must be spiritual. Therefore the ten commandments, as well as the ten beatitudes uttered by Jesus in his Sermon on the Mount, must be spiritually understood."

"Let us take for example the command, 'Thou shalt not kill.' Wherein lies the sin? Most certainly in the thought that impels one to kill, and not in the material act, else were an accidental killing just as great a sin as a deliberate murder. The first sin in breaking this commandment, however, lies in the fact that we not only desire to kill, but that we believe it

is possible to kill, — to take that life, which God alone creates. It is this thought which breaks the first commandment, by giving power to what we term death and thereby making a god of a power apart from the one God, who is all Life, Truth and Love. You may analyze all the commandments, and you will find that, when all is said, the first and great sin consists in breaking the first commandment and thereby attributing life and power to something outside of Spirit. Our greatest idol is our material body. Is not that about what you think, Mr. Lombard? "

Mr. Lombard eyed Paul quizzically several moments before he replied. " Do you think it is? " he finally asked.

" It certainly is," said Paul, " for God, the God of Israel, is Spirit and can know no matter."

" You seem so certain of my belief," continued Mr. Lombard, " that I expect before long that you will tell me that I believe Christ has already come."

" If you will read the Scriptures in the light of this new understanding, I am sure you will find that you do."

Mr. Lombard leaned forward in his surprise and looked earnestly into Paul's face as though he would probe his deepest thought. " Are you talking about the Christ prophesied by Isaiah? " he finally asked.

" I mean the Christ prophesied by all the prophets; the Christ which awakens mortals from the illusion of life in matter; which destroys all belief in sin, sickness and death; the Christ which shall save the world from its own false beliefs, and which is being born anew into the world to-day. The coming of

Christ is the manifestation, in individual experience, of the relationship of man to God; it is the realization of the truth regarding this material existence and its deceptions. The reading of Mrs. Eddy's explanation of how Christian and Jew will eventually find themselves believing in the same God, the same Christ, will make plain to you what I say."

Mr. Lombard started to reply, but checked himself. For a moment he was lost in thought. Then he again started to speak and again did not. At length, suddenly raising his head, he asked: "Would you mind letting me read that book as we ride along?"

"Certainly not," was the reply.

Paul drew the little volume from his pocket and Mr. Lombard was soon buried in its contents; nor did he cease its perusal till the fading light compelled him to desist.

CHAPTER XIII

AN EXCHANGE OF CONFIDENCES

For the rest of the day the caravan pushed rapidly forward in the hope of reaching Annakan before dark; but the delay, caused by the illness of Oo Toung-lay, had retarded its progress and it had but just emerged from the jungle, and was still a number of miles from its destination, when the sun sank over the mountains. From the top of a somewhat lofty elevation which they reached just before sunset, the distant pinnacles of the city could be seen. It could also be seen that the city was located upon a lofty plateau and it appeared so much larger than Elizabeth had anticipated that she remarked the fact to Sofia.

"Yes," replied Sofia, "Annakan is considerably more extended than its population would indicate. And it is much more solidly built than the ordinary Burmese city."

"More so than Rangoon?" asked Elizabeth.

"Yes; it is more like Calcutta. And, besides, it has many stone residences with large and extensive grounds."

"What is that broad, white road leading across the plateau?"

"That is the road to Myonk and Mandalay. The railroad now extends to Myonk. Most of our supplies come in over that road."

"I thought Annakan was a walled town," said Elizabeth.

"And so it is; but you cannot see the wall from here. Those little towers you see at intervals are on the walls."

"I should not think that it would be of much protection, Princess."

"It is not against the big guns of the British, and the wall was badly damaged during the war with Thebaw, when the British drove him out. It is, however, a protection from the hill tribes, — such as are causing the trouble now. The ordinary raid of hillmen," explained Sofia, "is solely for the purpose of plunder. They dash down upon the plateau and drive off all the cattle in sight, and, if possible, capture some rich man or woman and hold them for ransom. When these hillmen are discovered to be restless, the people living on the plain flock to Annakan and remain within the gates till the disturbances are quelled."

"Why do you not keep more soldiers on the frontier?"

"Bajipur is not wealthy and is unable to support a great army. It is the British who should do this."

"I must confess," said Elizabeth, "that I have but a faint idea of the city where I expect to spend the next few years of my life. We simply knew that the gospel had never been preached here, and felt that it should be."

"It surely is strange how you Christians branch out. From what Mr. Anthony said last night, it seems as though you might spend your time more profitably teaching your people at home about God. There seems to be a great lack of understanding as to what your God really is."

Elizabeth shook her head sadly. "It certainly does look that way. But I never before heard any Christian talk like Mr. Anthony."

"Still you all recognized the book he spoke of, and its author."

"True, but I never knew before just what the book was. I had been taught to believe that Christian Scientists had a bible of their own, and that the book he spoke of was that bible."

"Evidently you had been misinformed."

"Evidently!"

"What did you call these people?" asked Sofia.

"Christian Scientists, but I cannot see why."

"When Mr. Anthony was telling me about healing the lame boy," ventured Sofia, "he said the healing was Christian, because it was of Christ, and that it was scientific because it was based upon a Principle and rule from which there was no deviation. I did not understand exactly what he meant, but this must be where the people get their name."

"And their faith, too, if they understand the principle," said Elizabeth more to herself than to Sofia. But Sofia caught the words through the gathering darkness and replied:

"I should suppose so. If Christianity is scientific it must be true." Then after a pause, in which

she was evidently trying to figure it out: "And if it is true it must be scientific."

"I do not see that," said Elizabeth. "Science is something you can prove, like mathematics."

"Well, cannot you prove Christianity? If you cannot, then why are you way out here teaching it? What is Christianity, anyway?"

"Christianity," replied Elizabeth, "is the religion taught by Jesus Christ; the religion of love. He taught us to love man and God, and that we should then have eternal life and happiness in heaven."

"How do you know it is true?" asked Sofia.

"Jesus proved it was true by healing the sick, raising the dead, and, finally, by his own resurrection after he had suffered and died on the cross for our sins. He then told his followers to go into all the world and preach the gospel."

"Did he not tell them to heal the sick also?"

"Yes."

"To prove that you, also, are teaching the truth, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," replied Elizabeth.

"Then there must be some principle and rule to work by; do you not think so?" asked Sofia.

"It looks reasonable, but I had never thought of it in that way."

"Evidently Mr. Anthony has. And his works seem to prove the truth of what he claims. I should say the healing of my father was a miracle."

"But that was the result of prayer he told us."

"Could you have prayed my father well, Bess?"

"I am afraid not."

"Perhaps Mr. Anthony prays scientifically," suggested Sofia. "He told me that all Science was of God; that all Science was divine — was spiritual."

"How can that be, Princess? There are the natural sciences that teach of material things."

"I am not authority," laughed Sofia, "but, as I come to think of it, he said in his talk that all wisdom and truth were of God. Now as all science is truth as well as knowledge, if all truth and wisdom are really of God, then all science is of God."

Elizabeth was silent for some minutes. Suddenly she asked: "Do you know anything about chemistry?"

"A little."

"Then you know that it is a chemically scientific fact that H_2O stands for water. That means that hydrogen and oxygen joined in that proportion form water. Would you call that fact spiritual? Would you call it material or divine science?"

"I do not know much about your God," was Sofia's response, "but if you believe He is omniscient, that is, all wisdom, and made everything, then everything must have existed in His mind before it did anywhere else. Therefore, the fact that two parts of hydrogen and one part of oxygen make water must belong to divine wisdom, or divine science."

"Where did you get that idea of God, Princess?"

"Is not that what you told me?"

"Yes; but I do not think that I meant it exactly like that."

"I am only repeating what I hear. Certainly all knowledge is in mind, not in matter, — even Sindhu

would tell you that, and he is a great materialist, — and just as certainly, if there is a God, He must be Mind, Spirit, Intelligence, not matter, in order to be present everywhere, and to control all things."

Elizabeth thought to herself: "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Was it possible that Sofia, who a few weeks ago had never thought about God, was getting nearer to Him than she?

"Do spirit and mind mean the same thing to you, Princess?"

"Why, yes; do they not to you?"

"I do not believe that they do. I have always thought of spirit as something like vapor, I guess; something that you could not see with the naked eye. I do not believe that I have ever had a very clear idea of spirit, anyway."

"Well, I may be wrong. Why do you not ask Mr. Anthony? I think that he could tell you."

"I would have asked him a lot of questions before this, only I could not very well."

Sofia peered through the darkness to see if she could catch a glimpse of Elizabeth's face, but the elephant wobbled so she could not.

"Why could you not ask him?" she finally asked. "You are not afraid of him, are you?"

"Of course not; but Elder Meredith thought I had better not talk with him too much."

"Did he think you might fall in love with him?"

"What an idea!" exclaimed Elizabeth half indignantly, "of course not!"

"Of course you might?" persisted Sofia.

"Oh, yes; of course I might. He is a very good man, I am sure."

"And very handsome, too."

"Yes, and handsome, too, Princess."

"But you have not fallen in love with him?"

Sofia drew closer to Elizabeth, and breathlessly awaited her reply.

"Of course not!" said Elizabeth with decision. "I am not out here to fall in love with any man. I am out here to teach the heathen."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sofia, with a sigh of relief. "I am so glad!"

"Glad of what?" asked Elizabeth, in some surprise. "Glad that I am not here to fall in love, or that I am here to teach the heathen?"

"Glad that you are not to fall in love, to be sure," replied Sofia, with a merry laugh and a lighter heart than she had had for days. "I am not anxious that you should teach the heathen; the heathen seem to me to be doing very well. But, I forgot! I was trying to find out why Elder Meredith did not want you to talk to Mr. Anthony."

"He was afraid that I might imbibe some of his heretical ideas."

Again Sofia laughed merrily in the darkness. "Was he not also afraid that Sindhu might teach you some heresies?"

"Oh, no! I am trying to teach your brother."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Sofia. "And was he willing to listen to you?"

It was a good thing for Sofia that it was dark, or her face would have betrayed her. She had learned

only too well how willing Sindhu was to listen. The darkness, however, hid her twinkling eyes, and Elizabeth responded gravely:

"Oh, yes, he seems quite willing to listen."

"Suppose, Bess, that he was like Elder Meredith, unwilling to hear or investigate any one else's ideas; what chance would you ever have of teaching him what you call the truth?"

"Not much," laughed Elizabeth, who could not imagine any one trying to convert Elder Meredith.

"Certainly Elder Meredith ought to be as liberal as a couple of heathen like Sindhu and myself."

"But all heathen are not like you. Most of them are ignorant and see only the images they worship. As I said before, they do not see the ideas back of the images."

"Well," said Sofia, slowly, "if the things that Mr. Anthony told us last night are true, Elder Meredith and the rest of you are just about as far from the teachings of your great prophet as are those who see in the images of Buddha all that there is to love and venerate."

Their conversation was interrupted by the distant clatter of horses' hoofs, and almost before they realized it, they were surrounded by a large body of horsemen. For a moment, Elizabeth's heart almost ceased to beat, believing that they were attacked by Tartars, but she quickly realized, from the shouts and greetings, that the horsemen were friends. Having become alarmed at their delay in arriving, and having heard that a body of hillmen had been seen in the distance, Sindhu had dispatched a couple of

hundred of his best cavalry to locate the travellers and bring them in.

The mahout driving Sofia's elephant came to a stop and Captain Shway rode forward. He and the captain of the other troop exchanged a few words, and the new arrivals hastily turned and started back toward Annakan, followed by the caravan at a much more rapid rate of speed than had yet been attained.

"Something unusual seems to have occurred," said Paul.

"What is it, Boh Shway?" called Oo Toung-lay as the captain passed them on the way back to his troop.

"A large band of the enemy were reported approaching this vicinity just before dark, and his Highness feared they might have found us."

"Nothing serious, then?"

"Oh, no. Everything is quiet. Prince Sindhu has sent strong bodies of troops to guard all the passes, and a telegram from Mandalay announces that British troops will start north in the morning. His Highness's return has restored confidence, and the city is quiet. But see! yonder are the lights of Annakan."

CHAPTER XIV

MOUNG THAN'S CONSPIRACY

In spite of the favorable news received the night of the arrival in Annakan, the trouble with the Tartars proved quite as serious as was at first anticipated. Before it was finally ended, the English had to make good their threat to march upon Lhassa. That is an event which has nothing to do with this story, other than to indicate the seriousness of the disturbance, which eventually spread all along the border of Northern India, even west of the Brahmaputra. So serious was it, that for the next few weeks many events occurred which would have been impossible under ordinary conditions.

Upon the arrival of our travellers at the capital, they had been at once conducted to the royal palace, a large stone structure built well up the side of the mountain which forms the western boundary of the city. It is not a very formidable appearing fortress by daylight, but, as one enters its gates at night, it has the appearance of one of those feudal castles so frequently seen along the Rhine, and which are so familiar to European tourists. The wide entrance, lighted with huge lamps of European make, contrasts strangely with the Oriental architecture and

decorations. Torches would seem more in keeping with the general effect, but coal oil has modernized Upper Burma to the extent of substituting lamps of modern make for the ancient methods of lighting. Indeed, as the caravan passed up the principal thoroughfare, Paul noticed that Annakan was lighted with coal-oil street lamps.

But the lamps were the only things that reminded the travellers of the West; everything else was Oriental. True, the city is more substantially built than any other Burmese city, but this is because it is built on a mountain, and rock is the most convenient building material. The palace is a large, rambling affair, composed of a main structure and three wings. The main building is on the west and backs up sharply against the mountain. The wings are on the north, east and south. Through the eastern wing is the main entrance from the city. Its great doors look down upon the principal square, and a long flight of stone steps, extending the whole width of the front, lead down to the street. All strangers and officials enter through this main gateway, which leads into a great rotunda. Wide halls lead back to the main structure, where dwells the royal family, and to the other wings. There is a private family entrance through a tunnel, some two hundred feet long, cut through the solid rock. This leads into the main structure, and it was through this entrance that the party was ushered upon its arrival.

In spite of his busy day, Sindhu had given orders that suitable apartments for his guests be prepared. They were all located in the north wing, where a

suite of six rooms was assigned the missionaries. Mr. Lombard was quartered across the hall, while Paul, at the special request of Oo Toung-lay, was given a suite of three rooms farther down the hall and adjoining those he occupied himself whenever he visited in Annakan. The aged Burman had formed a great attachment for the American, — an attachment which had been greatly strengthened by the events of the day.

"You had better not get me too near Meredith," said Mr. Lombard, as the majordomo was showing them to their apartments. "We are liable to get into an argument, and I know more about his religion now than he does himself."

Paul, overhearing the remark and recognizing the cause, exclaimed with a laugh: "Better not try to walk before you can creep."

"Oh, I read your book pretty nearly through to-day. I have got the whole thing. Of course there are a lot of ideas in it that are wrong and foolish; but in the main it is a good thing. It is as far above the other Christian beliefs as electricity is above a candle."

Again Paul smiled broadly as he replied: "You are a learned man, Mr. Lombard; but do not criticize too hastily. Learned as you are, you can hardly expect to acquire a perfect knowledge of so profound a science in a few hours' reading of its text-book. With just as good reason, you might declare many of the problems in geometry absurd and foolish, because, after one or two perusals of the text-book, you could not understand the terms and apply the

basic law of conic sections, or demonstrate all the problems the book contains. Let me advise you, as you value your reputation as a man of fairness and discernment, to withhold your judgment of the Christian Science text-book until you have studied it. You will find that it contains no problems that have not been worked out. Its propositions can be demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of any earnest and faithful student. Indeed," declared Paul with emphasis, "the book must be studied, not simply perused."

Lombard stopped as he was about to enter his apartment. "Do you really believe that?" he asked.

"I know it," said Paul.

"And can you demonstrate that there is no matter?"

"You saw it demonstrated to-day, Mr. Lombard, when through this very knowledge I prevented, as you expressed it, the caravan from being turned into a funeral procession," was Paul's reply as he passed on to his own quarters, followed by Dhuleep Mingh.

"Dhuleep Mingh wishes he could read the little book," remarked the servitor, as he began to unpack Paul's luggage. "Can it not be made in Burmese?"

"Not yet," was the response. "If Dhuleep Mingh wishes to read it, he must learn to read English."

"Dhuleep Mingh is too old."

"Not at all. Age is a man-made thought. There is no time with God, who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. He had no beginning; he will have no end. I have heard of many persons," continued Paul, "who have learned to read this book after they

he took his theodolite and Dhuleep Mingh, and started up the mountain-side to run a few levels. On the way out of the palace he encountered Sindhu.

"You had better take an escort," he told him.

"I think not," said Paul. "I am only going to the top of the mountain back of the palace. I think I can find out what I wish to know without going beyond the city wall."

Outside, Paul encountered Captain Shway in conversation with a couple of young noblemen. They looked at Paul contemptuously, and, as Captain Shway touched his cap, one of them remarked loud enough for Paul to hear:

"Do you consider it the mark of a true Burman, captain, to salute these foreign cattle?"

Paul did not hear the rejoinder, but he was not at all annoyed, as he knew the young man was but voicing the general Burmese opinion of foreigners.

"Does the Sahib know that man?" asked Dhuleep Ming.

"Never saw him before. I recognize him as voicing error, however."

"He is Moung Than, son of the Prime Minister. The servants say he aspires to become the husband of the Princess Sofia."

Paul turned upon Dhuleep Mingh a severe look, as he said with great earnestness: "How often must I tell you, Dhuleep Mingh, that gossip is one of the worst of sins. You may be bearing false witness. You do not know that such a report is true. This is not the way to reflect Truth and Love."

"After what I saw at Myang-Nee," said Dhuleep

Mingh apologetically, "I thought the Sahib would like to know."

"What you saw at Myang-Nee was only another example of bearing false witness. That time it was your eyes that deceived you. That act of the princess meant nothing more than simple courtesy to a foreign guest. Now that you know the truth, the error is destroyed."

There was no thought in Dhuleep Mingh's mind to question the truth of any statement made by Paul; but he came nearer questioning this than any he had ever heard Paul make. How could any man with eyes refuse to accept such an intimation of royal favor from so handsome a young woman as Sofia?

Could Paul have heard the conversation between the young noblemen and Captain Shway after he had passed them, he might not have felt so certain that the error was destroyed.

"The foreign cattle, as you call them," replied Captain Shway to the remark made by Moung Than, "are likely to play a conspicuous part in Bajipur from this on."

"Oh, yes, I know," was the rejoinder. "The British are coming to help put down this disturbance. I suppose we shall have to tolerate them."

"Even at that, they are only cattle," spoke up his companion, Boh Galay by name. "We will let them fight our battles, and when we are through with them we will kick them out."

"You had better not let your words reach Prince Sindhu," said the captain. "I had no thought of the English, however, when I spoke. At Myang-

had passed the three score and ten years allotted to material man by mortal law."

"Dhuleep Mingh will begin to learn to-night."

And he did. Long after Paul was asleep and the palace guard was making its hourly round, this first Burmese student of Paul was poring over his books and picking out the few English words he knew.

It was not until next morning that Prince Sindhu had an opportunity of conversing with his father and sister concerning the details of the previous day, which he had heard in brief from Captain Shway the night before. They had assembled in Sindhu's apartment in accordance with an ancient custom of the family, that all members under one roof should meet for a brief greeting before the duties of the day. Oo Toung-lay had told of his sickness and recovery, and Sindhu had listened quietly till he had finished. Then, nodding his head several times, as was his habit when forcibly impressed, he said:

"Certainy, Father, we are becoming considerably indebted to this Mr. Anthony. First he saved Sofia's life, and now, in a manner no less pronounced, he has saved yours. I trust the time is coming when we can make him some suitable reward."

"No reward that we could offer him would be suitable," declared Sofia.

"I can only think of one," remarked Oo Toung-lay, "and we cannot very well ask him to accept that unless he shows some desire for it."

He looked at his daughter from out the corner of his eye, and her blushes were ample proof that she understood.

"Please never mention my foolishness again!" she exclaimed. "I blush for very shame, every time I think of what his opinion of me would be if he should learn the truth about my silly action."

"From what I can judge of the man," said Sindhu, in a sort of analytical manner, "I should say that in so far as he is personally concerned, he feels amply rewarded in the knowledge of doing good. I dislike, however, to be under such obligation to any man, and should like the opportunity of really doing something for him that is worth while."

"He once said to me," remarked Sofia, "that the only favor he asked of any one was that he be judged by his works. I think that is the only reward that any of us will ever be able to give him."

"And no one," exclaimed Oo Toung-lay emphatically, "will ever be able to convince me that his works are anything but good."

"Nor me, either," affirmed Sindhu. "For the present I shall have to leave him in your hands; and by the way, tell him that for some days I shall be so occupied with this hill trouble that I shall be unable to take up the water-works question.

"As regards our other guests, Sofia, you had better suggest to them the wisdom of remaining in the palace until the outbreak is over. Give Miss Raymond my respects, and tell her that I shall see her at the earliest possible moment."

When Paul was informed of the necessary delay in the water-works investigation, he determined to do all the work alone that was possible, and to find out whether or not the plan was practical. Accordingly

Nee the other day, before all the people who were watching the review, the prince indicated as plainly as he could that he intended to make the foreign woman his princess; while our Sofia took by the hand, as at a betrothal, the foreigner who has just left the palace. You can draw your own conclusions."

The effect of this choice bit of gossip was vastly different from what Captain Shway had expected. While he had intended to give his auditors a bit of a surprise, he was not prepared for the outburst of jealous rage, on the part of Moung Than, which followed his words. The young man broke out into such a volley of vituperation and abuse that Captain Shway at last said with much firmness:

"Be careful, Moung Than! This man is a great pohn-gyee. On the road from Myang-Nee, Oo Toung-lay was suddenly seized with the Tagoung-colic because he had offended the great nat, and was about to be driven from this life. But this man — and he is no ordinary wehzah — drove away the nat and restored Oo Toung-lay to his seat in the howdah. You had best have a care how you revile his honorable name, lest worse ailment come upon you!"

"I care not for his magic," declared Moung Than. "There are worse things than Tagoung-colic, and there are men more to be feared than any nat."

"True, Moung Than!" exclaimed Boh Galay. "And these are the men to deal with when it comes to ridding ourselves of these foreigners who come to steal our fairest women. We are obliged to you, captain, for your information. Come, Moung Than. The people shall know."

The young man departed in a rage, and Captain Shway, left alone, began to berate himself for a gossiping mischief-maker, and to consider what he had better do. He was very friendly to Paul, both on his own account, and because he looked upon him as the future husband of his princess. He was not particularly friendly with Moung Than and his associates, although he knew them to be a power in the city and state. He further realized that they would be able to make much trouble because of the feeling against foreigners; and he was doubly sure that if they should once succeed in putting Paul out of the way, there would be little danger of their punishment. The only thing to do, therefore, was to so protect Paul that they should not injure him.

Captain Shway's first impulse was to tell Sofia, but he feared that this information might unduly alarm her. He knew that Sindhu had just left the city on a tour of inspection of the frontier, and could not be reached. Finally he bethought himself of Oo Toung-lay, and determined to lay the matter before him without further delay.

The old gentleman was greatly disturbed by the information. He criticized the captain soundly for spreading the report concerning Paul and Sofia, but the officer excused himself on the ground that he supposed the matter was public property. Then he wanted to send and recall Sindhu, but the captain showed him that it would be impossible. Then he again berated the officer for his meddlesome tongue.

"Well, there is no use crying over spilt milk!" exclaimed Mr. Lombard, who was present when the

captain made his report. "The best thing to do is to tell Mr. Anthony, so that he can protect himself."

"You do not understand!" exclaimed Oo Toung-lay vehemently. "That is the very thing I cannot do. Anthony does not know what the incident meant, and never must know if we can help it."

"What!" gasped Mr. Lombard. "Does he not want to marry Sofia?"

"A-mé! I do not know! But if he does, he has never said so. My daughter thinks that, if he knew the meaning of her act, she would be shamed in his eyes forever."

"That being the case," declared Captain Shway, "all we can do is to guard him as best we can, and tell him that it is because of the feeling against foreigners."

"There are plenty of reasons just now why his life might be in danger," said Mr. Lombard. "Any excuse will do, so that he is put on his guard. But Sindhu must know the facts as soon as possible."

"It may be two or three days before Sindhu returns," said Oo Toung-lay.

"And when angry men are plotting, much may happen in two days," remarked the captain.

"Where is Mr. Anthony now?" asked Oo Toung-lay.

"He and his servant went up the mountain but half an hour ago."

"Reach him as soon as you can, and tell him that his life is in danger. Give him any reason you like, so that he understands how great the danger is."

"I will go at once."

"The British are due in a day or two at the most," continued Oo Toung-lay. "Just as soon as they come, I shall place all the foreigners in their care, unless my son thinks differently."

Captain Shway left the palace and hastened in the direction taken by Paul. It was easy to locate him, as every native in Annakan knew of the foreigners whom Prince Sindhu had honored. As a result, every time one of them appeared on the street, he was followed at a short distance by a crowd of the curious.

In this connection it may be well to relate that the report of Elizabeth's beauty as well as the still more important matter that she had ridden into Annakan on the royal elephant, had spread all over the city, and was the subject of gossip in every quarter. Certainly Prince Sindhu must have some great honor in store for her, and what could it be except to make her his wife? Such a suggestion was not particularly pleasing to the citizens, and, had it not been for the expected coming of the English soldiers, the reports might have caused Sindhu some considerable trouble. As it was, however, the citizens simply displayed their curiosity, and that is how Captain Shway was quickly able to discover Paul's whereabouts by the crowd that was watching his doings on the peak above the palace.

As the captain approached, Paul was just concluding his observations and was about to return to the palace. He greeted the captain pleasantly and asked if he were interested in the work contemplated.

"I know very little about it," was the reply, "except I have heard that Prince Sindhu has a mind to

bring the water from the lake beyond the mountain. It has always looked very foolish to me, for how could he make the water run up the other side of the mountain?"

"That is a very simple matter," said Paul.

"Does the Sahib mean that he can make the water run up-hill?" asked the captain incredulously.

"Certainly, by the siphon process; but unless the city of Annakan is lower than the lake, we would derive no benefit from the work. I have just been taking an accurate observation to determine the exact altitude of the highest part of the city."

"The Sahib is a great pohn-gyee," declared Captain Shway, "but I cannot believe he can make water run up-hill."

"That is because you do not understand the principle involved, Captain. The minute you do, you will believe to such an extent that you will even be able to make it run up-hill yourself. It is the same way with everything that we have to learn through Science. The sight, hearing and other physical senses continually deceive us; but Science, with the unerring precision of divine Truth, shows us the reality."

The captain shook his head and smiled disparagingly. "I fear I am not wise enough to understand these things," he said.

"All wisdom is of God, Captain, and, since man is the image and likeness of God, and reflects the one Mind which governs the spiritual universe, there is nothing you may not learn. The hardest thing which we have to do in Science is to unlearn

the things which we think we know. Here, let me show you."

Turning toward the city and pointing to a mountain in the distance, whose peak seemed to pierce the sky, Paul asked: "Which do you think is the higher, that mountain yonder or the place on which we now stand?"

Captain Shway looked at Paul and laughed, as though he thought it a joke. Seeing, however, that Paul was in earnest, he said·

"Why, Sahib, any one can see that yonder mountain is the higher. It touches the heavens."

Paul turned the instrument toward the distant peak and arranged his levels, while the captain eyed him curiously.

"Now, Captain, look here," he finally said.

The captain drew closer.

"You understand how to sight, do you not?"

"Yes, Sahib."

"And you see that this instrument is perfectly level, do you not?"

"Yes, Sahib."

"Now then," said Paul, explaining, "you understand that if the instrument is level, and yonder mountain is higher than this, by looking through the telescope you will see the trees on the mountain-side. If that peak is about the same height, you will see the pagoda on the summit. Now look."

The captain placed his eyes to the instrument and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What do you see?" asked Paul.

"Nothing, Sahib."

"That," said Paul, "is because there is nothing to see. You are looking over the top of the mountain into space, because we are the higher."

The captain still looked incredulous, and Paul again sighted and adjusted the instrument.

"Now we will have another look," he said. "You can see for yourself by this plumb-line, and by the water level on the top of the telescope, that the instrument is looking down, can you not?"

"Yes, Sahib."

"Then if you can see the pagoda on yonder mountain by looking through this glass, it must be below us; is it not so?"

"Yes, Sahib."

Now look and tell me what you see."

The captain again placed his eye to the glass and started back, exclaiming: "A-mé! I did not know it was so near. Why, I can see the monks in the door!"

Paul laughed. "Then you do see the pagoda?"

"Yes, Sahib."

"Then it must be below us. By a little figuring I could tell you exactly how much. It is at least a couple of hundred feet."

"Is the Sahib sure his instrument tells the truth?" asked the captain.

"Absolutely. I have proved it."

The captain shook his head. "When I look at yonder mountain reaching up to the heavens, I can hardly believe it."

"That is what I meant," explained Paul, "when I said it was harder to unlearn than it was to learn.

If you had not come to believe your eyes, you would not doubt the instrument; but after you have proved that the instrument always tells the truth, because it is made to demonstrate a law of mathematics, you will never doubt.

"To the men living on yonder peak, this mountain seems the higher. They happen to be right, but they were just as likely to be mistaken as we, because they are being guided by physical sensation and not by a scientific rule."

"May Dhuleep Mingh look also?" asked the first of Paul's students, who up to this time had been an interested listener.

"Certainly," replied Paul.

Dhuleep Mingh placed his eye to the instrument, and he in turn uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What makes the pagoda look so near, Sahib?" he asked.

"The lenses in the telescope. They demonstrate that it depends altogether upon how we look at things as to how they appear. Because through the telescope you can see the pagoda plainly, you say it seems to be near. You know, however, that it is no nearer. If you had been looking through the telescope all your life, and for the first time looked without it, you would then ask: 'What makes the pagoda look so far away?' Distance depends entirely upon our physical senses. To God, Mind, who fills all space, there is no distance. As man is in the image and likeness of God, we shall lose this limiting sense of distance when we realize our true selfhood."

His auditors were lost in thought for several min-

utes, while Paul unscrewed the instrument from its tripod and packed it in its case. Suddenly Captain Shway gathered his thoughts sufficiently to say:

"This all seems very wonderful to me, Sahib. So wonderful that it nearly made me forget what I came for."

Paul looked at him inquiringly for a minute. Then the information given him by Dhuleep Mingh flashed through his mind, and the disturbed look on the captain's face convinced him that he knew the message. Aloud he said:

"You need not tell me; I know."

"Impossible, Sahib."

"Not at all," was Paul's laughing rejoinder. "You came to tell me that some one wanted to do me an injury."

"Is the Sahib so wise that he can read men's thoughts?"

"Not at all. I have simply put together what different persons have told me and drawn my conclusions. There is no mystery about it. The boy who was made to walk told me what the people in Myang-Nee thought. Dhuleep Mingh told me what the young nobleman thought, and I know what you think. No other message would have been considered important."

"The Sahib is right. Moung Than and Boh Galay have threatened to do you harm. They are very powerful." The captain paused for a moment. "But the Sahib is very wise," he concluded.

"Only wise enough to have learned that 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall

abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler.' To me, Captain, that means that he who lives in Love can not be harmed by hate; for hate is error, and love is truth, and truth must always destroy error."

Both his companions looked at Paul in wonderment. At length Dhuleep Mingh asked: "Does that mean that the Sahib's God will destroy these men?"

"No. Only the error, the hatred which they seem to reflect, but which is unreal because it is not of God."

"O Sahib!" exclaimed the captain earnestly, "there is nothing unreal about the anger of these men. They will kill you, or have you killed, if they can."

"Why, Captain," said Paul, with a smile so broad as to be almost a laugh, "have you so soon forgotten how high yonder mountain looked until you knew the truth about it?"

"But this is much different."

"Not at all!" was the decisive rejoinder. "Viewed in the light of Mind, hatred becomes but a dream which is dissipated by the sunlight of Love. Where the sun shines, there is no darkness. Where there is light there is no hiding-place for evil."

CHAPTER XV

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE ALMIGHTY

THREE days later, the Ninety-second Regiment of light dragoons, twelve hundred strong, and under command of Colonel Holliday, had arrived and encamped on the plain just outside the city. It had left Mandalay the day after receiving news of the outbreak, for the British have learned, after many years of sad experience, that when there is trouble anywhere in India, the sooner it is settled the better.

Upon hearing of the expedition, Captain Ormonde had at once applied for an assignment, and had been detailed as special aide on the colonel's staff. It was felt that his close acquaintance with Prince Sindhu would really make it more agreeable for all concerned.

"And besides," he explained to Colonel Holliday when he reported for duty, "I was going up a little later to shoot some big game. This gives me my outing a trifle earlier and makes the game a little bigger; that is all."

On the way across from Myonk, the Ninety-second had fallen in with a band of Tartars some two hundred strong. Fleet as were the steeds of Tartary, the hillmen were so taken by surprise that they could not help being driven into a cul-de-sac in the moun-

tains, where the entire band was either killed or captured, after a sharp skirmish, in which several of the dragoons were wounded.

Upon their arrival at Annakan the previous night, Colonel Holliday and his staff had been immediately quartered at the palace, and Elizabeth was given a genuine and unexpected surprise by finding herself suddenly confronted in the great rotunda by Nora O'Keefe, who threw both arms about her, exclaiming:

"And is it yourself, Mavourneen! Sure the major couldn't make me stay in Mandalay when I heard where the regiment was coming. Colonel Holliday stormed and declared that women were a nuisance on a campaign, and father was about ready to throw up his commission; but, faith, when I put my arms about his neck, and gave him a good old-fashioned hug, and threatened to treat the colonel the same way if he opposed me, he yielded gracefully, and here I am."

Again she threw her arms about Elizabeth's neck and gave her a sounding smack on both cheeks, — a greeting which was returned with fervor, for Elizabeth was overjoyed to see her.

"I shall ask if it is not possible to give you a room right next to me," said Elizabeth, as soon as they had quieted down, and Nora had imparted all the news of the trip. "Every one has been very kind to us, and the princess has simply insisted that we make our residence here till matters settle down. The prince has been away most of the time, but we have been treated royally."

Nora placed her mouth close to Elizabeth's ear

and whispered: "Sure, do you think he's my prince?"

For a moment Elizabeth could not think what the girl meant; but as the remembrance of the story of the pineapple garden came back to her, — a story which she had entirely forgotten in the excitement of the unusual happenings of the past three weeks, — the blood left her cheeks, and instinctively she shrank away. If it were the same, how could she tell Nora of the things that had happened?

Nora noted the blanching of her cheeks and the look upon Elizabeth's face, and again repeated her question, but with more earnestness.

"He might be the same," was Elizabeth's reply. "I must say that they both fit the description, but I have never mentioned the incident to either of them."

"Do you think he is so handsome?" asked Nora, eying Elizabeth with an air of suspicion.

"My mind has been so taken up with many strange and remarkable happenings that I have not paid much attention to the man's looks. But you must meet Mr. Anthony yourself."

"Now, pray, who is Mr. Anthony?" asked Nora, in surprise at the sudden change of subjects.

"I had forgotten that you did not know. It seems so long since I met him," laughed Elizabeth, "that I feel as though every one must have heard of him."

An amused smile spread itself over Nora's face, and with a much lighter heart than for several minutes, she exclaimed: "Faith, Mavourneen, has it gone as far as that!"

Elizabeth blushed. She had been so full of her own thoughts about Paul that she had not considered how her words might be taken by another.

"You are entirely mistaken," she finally stammered. "It is not in that way that I have thought of Paul Anthony. It is only as a man who has found a great truth which I would make my own."

Her look of earnest longing was so convincing that Nora was constrained to say: "There! there! Acushla! Don't fret about it! I'm sure you'll get your heart's desire, whatever it is."

Then after a pause: "You shall tell me all about this Mr. Anthony another time. What I want to know now is, where I am to be quartered for the night. I must go hunt father." She started across the great hall. "Remember," she called over her shoulder, "you're to tell me all about him later on."

"You will not be able to live in Annakan twenty-four hours without hearing about him," was the reply.

Elizabeth had not intended this as a prophecy, but such it proved. Prince Sindhu had made a hasty inspection of the frontier posts and arrived home the same night as the Ninety-second. He at once determined to make the arrival of the British the occasion of a grand review of all his forces. The order was given that night, and early the next morning Nora looked up Elizabeth and took her out to regimental headquarters. She also invited Elder Meredith and Rev. and Mrs. Johnson to come out later, promising them a good seat upon an army wagon, where they could get a good view of the field.

At the morning conference of Prince Sindhu and his family, the threats of Moung Than and Boh Galay were repeated to him by his father; likewise the conversation between Paul and Captain Shway. Out of regard for Sofia's feelings, however, Oo Toung-lay refrained from informing either his son or daughter that Paul was aware of the prevailing gossip.

"We must take steps at once," declared Sindhu, "to prevent the spread of these sentiments, as well as to protect Mr. Anthony from any possible danger. The matter shall be attended to immediately after the review. In the meantime, it would be wise for you and Sofia to take him in charge. Your escort will be quite sufficient."

"I fear we are doing Mr. Anthony almost as much injury by this public recognition as was done by the other," said Oo Toung-lay. "It will but lend color to the report and anger his enemies. If the report were only true, I would not mind," he declared with emphasis. "There, I have said it and I will stick to it!"

Sindhu laughed outright at his father's enthusiasm, while Sofia, with burning cheeks, exclaimed: "I feel so humiliated every time I meet him that I am actually coming to shun the man!"

"Well, I see no other way at this time," said Sindhu, rising and buckling on his sword. "If it angers any one, it will have to do so. After to-day, however, I shall see that they are placed where their anger will harm no one."

As the result of the conversation, when Oo Toung-

lay returned to his apartments, he knocked at Paul's door. There was no response and he knocked again. Still there was no reply. Knowing that it was not Paul's habit to leave his room so early in the morning, a feeling of apprehension seized him, and he turned the bolt and opened the door. The front room was vacant, but from the inner room came the noise of voices speaking in subdued tones.

With still more apprehension that all was not right within, Oo Toung-lay tiptoed softly to the door, which was slightly ajar. Judge of his surprise at discovering within, not a band of conspirators deep in some lawless act, but Paul, seated in a chair at a little table, reading alternately from his Bible and his text-book to Mr. Lombard, Captain Shway and Dhuleep Mingh. Oo Toung-lay drew a little nearer, and in so doing attracted Paul's attention. He looked up with a smile of greeting.

"Good morning, sir. You rather stole a march on us. But come in; we are just going over our daily lesson."

Oo Toung-lay entered and took a seat which Dhuleep Mingh brought, and the lesson proceeded.

"The subject of to-day's lesson," explained Paul, "is Love. We are trying to find out just exactly what John meant when he wrote, 'God is Love.' This is the definition which most appeals to mankind, but which is the hardest to understand."

He continued reading, taking the references from a book of lesson sermons. He read without making any explanations until he had reached the end. Once or twice he stopped to define a word for Captain

Shway, whose knowledge of English was limited. When he had finished, Mr. Lombard said:

"I seem to see God in a new light."

"That ought to be a source of great pleasure to you," said Paul, "for we are told that only as we are 'pure in heart shall we see God' at all."

"Such a God is most wonderful to me," exclaimed Oo Toung-lay. "I have always considered that the manaw, or soul of man, was what man made it. Now I see that the soul of man is man, and that being made in the image and likeness of God, who is Love, man must be wholly good and beautiful."

"Man in the image and likeness of God," replied Paul, "is not God, but the reflection of God. He is an idea of God. You are in the true image and likeness of God, therefore, only as you reflect Life, Truth and Love."

"I do not know that I exactly understand what you mean by reflecting God," said Mr. Lombard. "You say that all life reflects God. Now a tree has life and so does an animal, but neither looks like man. Which then reflects? In a mirror there is but one reflection of a particular subject. Here there appear to be many."

"There are several ways of explaining reflection," replied Paul. "But first let us see why it is that you say that the different forms of life do not look alike. Men, trees and animals do look differently to the material sight; but these material forms are not the real life of the things referred to. We do not know what the real life does look like, and we never will till we attain to spiritual discernment, for life is of

Spirit, God. Then we may find that all life is the same, just as goodness is always goodness, and truth is always truth. No matter in how many forms they may appear, both reflect infinite good, God.

"Now as to the idea of reflection. An explanation which most appeals to me is to be found in this illustration: In a certain city dwells a carpenter. We have heard wonderful stories about his knowledge and his handicraft. We are anxious to know him, and we visit the city to become acquainted with him; but he has gone away. Then says one of his friends, 'I will show you his works.' He shows us a house. This house reflects one of the carpenter's ideas. Then he shows us a church, and a barn, and a boat, and a cabinet, and a wonderful bridge. All these reflect various ideas of the carpenter, and we are beginning to see the carpenter; for, although no single one of his works reflects all of his thoughts, — all of him, — each one of his works reflects some aspect of him. If we would absolutely know the carpenter, we must see everything that he has ever done, everything that he has ever made, and his many thoughts which have never found expression in works. Thus it is with God. To know Him completely, we must be able to recognize perfectly every one of His ideas, of which, being His likeness, man is the highest and the most wonderful. It takes eternity and the entire spiritual universe to reflect God; for, as it is not the material man, but the spiritual man, which is God's image and likeness, so it is the spiritual universe and not the material that reflects all of God. At present we are able to see God only in these re-

flections, and that only as we become purer in heart; but we are promised that when He shall be completely revealed, we shall be able to 'see Him as He is.'

"In this connection," continued Paul, "there is another thought I would like to bring out, and that is the thought of substance. In our text-book we are taught that there is no substance in matter, as God, Spirit, is the only substance. Many persons question this, because, while they have a pretty fair idea of what matter is, they do not understand what is meant by substance. As I understand it, substance is really and primarily that which stands under something. Now what is it that stands under the works of the carpenter? Is it not his ideas? Is not the idea back of the house, and the idea back of the bridge, the real house and the real bridge, which cannot be destroyed as long as the carpenter lives? You may burn the house and pull down the bridge; but the substance of them, the thing which stands under them, as it were, is the idea in the mind of the carpenter, and he can build them up as many times as the material structures may be burned or torn down. If the carpenter could live forever, his ideas, the real substance of his works, would live forever. Now as God is He who creates and sustains life in all its varied forms, He is the underlying Principle, the substance of all that really is. As we become pure enough in heart to see God, we shall be able to see the spiritual substance itself and not simply the counterfeit expression of His creation."

The note of a bugle rang out on the morning air.

Captain Shway started to his feet and Oo Toung-lay looked at his watch.

"A-mé!" he exclaimed. "I had no idea it was time for the review. Where has the morning gone!"

All arose from their chairs and started to leave the room.

"By the way, Mr. Anthony," continued Oo Toung-lay, "my real mission to your apartments this morning was to ask you to join our party in witnessing the review to-day, but I became so interested in the lesson that I came near forgetting it. Captain Shway, are you to be in command of our escort?"

"If the princess is to be of the party."

"Very well, then. Let us make haste. The princess will be waiting."

All hastily left the room but Dhuleep Mingh, who sat down in Paul's chair and began to slowly spell out the words in the Bible.

The great plateau was alive with people when Sofia and her escort reached the parade ground. Her appearance, clad in robes of regal splendor, was the occasion for a great outburst of applause. She was mounted upon an elephant with gorgeous trappings, and by her side sat her father. On another elephant, close behind, were Paul and Mr. Lombard. Both were surrounded at a reasonable distance by Sofia's troop, under command of Captain Shway. From his position on horseback, being nearer the crowd than those on the elephants, the captain caught scowling looks directed at Paul, and from remarks he overheard, he felt assured that Moung Than and

Boh Galay were at work; but, keen as were his eyes, he failed to catch a glimpse of the two mischief-makers.

From a position in one of the watch towers along the city wall, they, however, saw the captain, and pointed out, to a couple of villainous looking hillmen at their side, not only Paul, but also Elizabeth and the other Americans, who with Nora occupied a point of vantage on the opposite side of the plain.

"These foreigners are trying to usurp the rights of our own people," explained Moung Than to the hillmen. "This will not only be a profitable job for you, but it will be for the good of the state. They are worshippers and followers of evil spirits, and seek to gain possession of the manaws of the prince and his sister."

"Have no fear, noble woon," said the most villainous of the two. "Consider the work already done."

"Could it be possible, think you," asked Boh Galay, "that the man was purposely placed inside the escort of the princess?"

"No!" replied Moung Than. "There was simply no other place to put him, if it is true that the princess is enamoured of him, and insists on having him near her."

"If you were really in love with the princess, you would hardly speak of her in that manner."

"Of course I am in love with her," replied Moung Than angrily. "Is she not a princess, and the most beautiful woman in the whole kingdom?"

"Unless it is the foreign woman, whom the prince wishes to marry. By the venerable image of Gau-

dama, I think I will make a bargain to get her myself. I am sure I could love her."

"Then why prate to me of not loving the princess? I not only love her, but she shall be mine. If I cannot play successfully at love, I can at intrigue."

"You had best have a care. They tell me Sindhu is not so much of an Englishman that he cannot be as vengeful as a Tartar." Then in a lower tone, "And these two cutthroats would sell both of us if some one would offer them a higher price."

Moung Than turned to the hirelings, who were certainly listening with sufficient interest to warrant Boh Galay's suspicion, and exclaimed, "You have your instructions; when the work is done, your pay is ready. Go!"

The men she-kohed to the ground, and, jumping from the wall, disappeared in the crowd, while the two conspirators hastened back to the city.

Over the other side of the field, where Nora and Elizabeth had perched themselves to watch the proceedings, an altogether different conversation concerning the princess was being carried on. The arrival of Sofia and her escort had caused Nora to ask:

"Is that the princess?"

"Yes, and that is Mr. Anthony on the elephant behind," said Elizabeth.

"You mean the man with a moustache and a cheroot in his mouth?" exclaimed Nora with a serious air.

"You know very well that is Mr. Lombard," laughed Elizabeth.

"Oh, so it is! Faith, my eyesight must be getting bad; but you don't really mean that beardless boy?"

"Your blarney does not worry me in the least," said Elizabeth. "If you do not think that he is old enough to be wise, ask Mrs. Johnson."

"Sure, I'll ask Elder Meredith."

Elizabeth's face became suddenly serious. "Unless you want to start a discussion that will last the balance of the day, you will do no such thing; but is the princess the one who was with the prince on that fatal day?"

"I can't tell. She has so much on her head it hides her face. Is she in love with this wonderful Mr. Anthony, too?"

"What do you mean by 'too?'"

"Sure, any one can see that you are head over ears," laughed Nora.

"I am no such thing," declared Elizabeth emphatically. "I would as soon think of falling in love with Elder Meredith! I am not out here to fall in love with men, as I told Sofia; I am out here to teach the heathen."

"Oh, she accused you of it, too, did she? And what did she say to your very wise remark?"

Elizabeth laughed. "She said she was glad of it, and when I asked her which she meant, she said, my not falling in love; she said she did not think, however, that the heathen needed any teaching."

Nora became absorbed in her thoughts for several minutes; then she said: "The princess is a wise woman. I think that I quite agree with her."

Things were now beginning to happen out on the

parade ground. As the bugle of the Ninety-second sounded "Attention!" and the long line of horsemen came to a present, from out the city, with bands playing, came the Bajipurian army with banners flying. First came the lictors, prancing along with their fasces and hoarse shouting, yelling to everybody to clear the way, regardless of the fact that the populace was all down on its knees by the wayside, she-kohing reverently. Behind them came the imperial band. Next, undisturbed by the din, stalked along composedly seven great elephants, all splendid tuskers, in complete war array, with fighting howdahs on their backs, and brilliant housings trailing to the ground. One swings along majestically alone, while the others are in pairs. On the leader, clad in brilliant uniform, sits Prince Sindhu. At the first glimpse of him, the rest of the review loses all interest for Nora.

"It's him! It's him!" she fairly shouted, regardless of all rules of grammar. "Isn't he perfectly splendid?"

"If I say that he is, I suppose that you will also accuse me of falling in love with him," replied Elizabeth, although she well knew a reply was not expected.

"Oh, no, I declare I won't. And you must tell me all about him. You may even gush if you want to, and I won't say a word!"

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were amused auditors.

"I can't imagine Miss Raymond gushing over anything," ventured Mrs. Johnson; "but what she

does not know about Prince Sindhu is not worth knowing!"

Elizabeth gave Mrs. Johnson a deprecatory look.

"Well, is it not so?" continued the ingenuous little body. "He spent most of the time on the boat reading his Indian love-stories to you."

Nora gave a fearsome little laugh, and fastened her eyes intently upon Elizabeth, who replied with an attempt at indifference: "Well, possibly; but he was our host, and, if he wanted to read to me, I could not very well refuse to listen; but really he is a very charming young man, and reads his favorite Sakoontala very well."

"Did you not try to convert him?" asked Nora.

"Yes, and he laughed in my face. Like all the rest of you," declared Elizabeth, with much spirit, "he seemed to think that all I had to do was to fall in love; but I think I have given him to understand better."

Both Mrs. Johnson and Nora opened their eyes in amazement.

"You do not really mean that he proposed, do you?" asked Mrs. Johnson.

"No," replied Elizabeth emphatically, "he did not; and I think I have given him to understand that he need not!"

"He will never be satisfied with anything short of an absolute refusal," declared Mrs. Johnson. "I know the signs too well."

Nora listened to Mrs. Johnson with a stupefied look in her eyes. Then she looked at Elizabeth, and then back again to Mrs. Johnson. Finally she let her

gaze wander out on to the plain, where the subject of their conversation sat upon his war elephant, surrounded by his bohs and his woons, the very personification of Oriental royalty and splendor. The girl was simply under the spell of her environments, — in the very realization of her day dreams of the past few weeks, — and now, to have her place usurped by another was more than she could bear. She suddenly covered her face with her hands and burst into tears, — tears of anger rather than disappointment.

The members of the little group looked at each other in amazement. Of the number, Elizabeth alone understood the trouble, and, putting her arm about the girl, she tried to comfort her. "There! There, dear!" she said. "Do not cry! It will all come out right!"

Elizabeth's sympathy did not meet with the response she had expected. Nora drew herself angrily away, and raising her head, exclaimed fiercely:

"You have been deceiving me, Elizabeth Raymond! You have been deceiving me! You knew my story and you have treated me as a child. I am not a child, and I hate you! I hate you!"

Elizabeth drew back as though she had received a blow, and for a moment a sharp retort was on her tongue; but she quickly realized the girl's position and simply said:

"You are mistaken, Nora! Sadly mistaken. When you are calmer you will see it — you must see it!"

It was a most embarrassing situation for the other members of the group, and Elder Meredith, to re-

lieve the situation, called attention to the manœuvers, which at this particular time were most interesting. A body of native horsemen, with lances set, were galloping rapidly past the prince, while across each end of the immense field a battalion of English dragoons was sitting at attention, ready to advance, at the word of command, to the position which the native horsemen were rapidly vacating.

As the bugle sounded "Forward!" the riders in both battalions put spurs to their horses and dashed forward to form in line before the prince. As the battalion coming from the north passed the princess and her escort, they raised their sabres to a salute and gave forth a hearty English cheer. It was a most inspiring sight and all eyes were turned thither, when suddenly the great crowd was electrified by the startling report of a rifle-shot, which seemed to come from the retiring native horsemen. At the same instant, a form, on the back of the elephant next the princess, was seen to throw up its hands and to fall face downward in the howdah.

A cry of horror burst from the assembled multitude, and Sofia turned and hid her face on her father's shoulder. From no quarter of the field was the cry more piercing than from where the Americans were stationed. They had all come to realize that there was a sentiment against Paul, and they took it for granted that he was the victim. In a moment they were undeceived, for it was Paul who was bending over and supporting his companion in his arms. The bullet intended for him had struck Mr. Lombard.

Quicker than it can be told, all was confusion.

The populace crowded forward, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Captain Shway could hold them back. Some thought it an attack on the princess, while others thought it a shot from ambushed Tartars. Prince Sindhu hastened forward on his elephant, while Colonel Holliday quickly took control of the situation by ordering the dragoons to surround the princess and her party, and to clear away the rabble. Before the troopers could carry out the order, the ambulance corps was dashing across the field, and by the time the wounded man could be taken from the elephant, Major O'Keefe and his staff were at the scene.

But quicker than the ambulance corps were the thoughts of Paul Anthony. Realizing the sudden attack of error, he had met it with a declaration of the truth, and, by the time the ambulance arrived, Mr. Lombard had revived sufficiently to assist himself into the vehicle, and designate the location of the wound.

"I am not sure that I need the services of a surgeon," he said to Major O'Keefe as he began an examination.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the surgeon. "It is a bad wound in the chest, and by good rights you ought to be dying now; you are simply in luck that the bullet missed a vital spot."

"I think I should be dying now if it had not been for Mr. Anthony's prayer."

Major O'Keefe looked at the wounded man as though he were losing his mind.

"Humph!" he ejaculated. "It will take more

than prayers to save you. Over to the hospital tent with him," he said to his attendants, "while we find that bullet."

Paul stood silently by, realizing the truth as he understood it.

"What do you think, Mr. Anthony," asked Mr. Lombard; "do you think it is necessary for me to go to the hospital?"

Again the major looked at the speaker as though doubting the man's sanity and exclaimed angrily: "Of course it's necessary to go to the hospital, regardless of what Mr. Anthony or any other preacher think. I am in charge of this case, and we will have no foolishness!"

Mr. Lombard made no reply, but his eyes sought Paul's in a questioning look.

"'Suffer it to be so now,'" quoted Paul. "There seems to be no other way, as the surgeon has declared himself in charge of the case, and seems to have the power to make good his assertion, but we will know that man's life is God, and can therefore be destroyed neither by bullet nor probe."

"A religious crank," was the surgeon's mental comment, as he ordered the ambulance to drive on.

In the meantime Prince Sindhu had not been idle. As soon as he had satisfied himself as to Mr. Lombard's condition, he had called Captain Shway and given imperative orders that the would-be assassins be apprehended and brought before him as soon as he returned to the city. Then he resumed his station in the field and the review was continued.

The incident had most abruptly terminated the

conversation between Elizabeth and Nora, and afforded the others an opportunity to slip away to the city after learning of the condition of the wounded man. Nora withdrew to her father's tent, and there gave herself up to thoughts of anger and jealousy so foreign to her usual happy disposition that it seemed to her that all joy had gone out of her life.

"How could she do such a thing?" was the burden of Nora's unhappy thoughts. "When she knew my story, how could she be so false?"

So real had Nora's day dream seemed that it had never so much as occurred to her that she did not even know Prince Sindhu, or that he was practically ignorant of her very existence.

To no one did the events of the day bring greater anguish of mind than to Sofia. The attempt upon Paul's life not only filled her with the deepest concern for his future safety, but gave her a feeling of the strongest self-condemnation, as being responsible for existing conditions.

"He is certain to learn the truth now," she kept repeating to herself; "and when he does, I know he will despise me!"

She pressed her hands to her bosom in the depth of her humiliation and despair, as she watched him caring for his stricken companion. His tenderness for the wounded man filled her with a sudden determination. Despise her as he might, he should know the truth. He should know the truth about the trouble she had brought upon him and about her unmaidenly action. She would tell him herself — this very night.

Of all those with whom this story deals, Paul was the only one who was perfectly undisturbed by the events of the day. "Thousands shall fall at thy side," he repeated to himself, "and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." He realized what it meant to "abide under the shadow of the Almighty," and he had perfect faith, faith born of understanding, that he was protected. All the others were depending upon their material senses for evidence of what was happening; and all were in reality suffering for their own or others' false beliefs.

CHAPTER XVI

PAUL AND SOFIA

It was with a painful sense of being misunderstood, not only by Nora, but by her associates, that Elizabeth returned to her apartments that afternoon. There seemed to be no one to whom she could go for solace or advice. Yes, there was one, that God whom she was just beginning to know as infinite Truth and Love. Locking her door, she threw herself upon her knees and sought guidance from above.

How many times before had she done the same; and while she had heretofore found a certain peace in pouring out her supplication to God and His Christ, as she now sought help, she felt, as she never had before, how weak were her prayers. She realized how few of them had seemingly been answered. And she further realized how little she really knew of God and her relation to Him. All the time she was praying she heard ringing in her ears Paul's words: "You have not yet learned to pray aright."

Intuitively she felt that this was so. It was the only way to account for her repeated failures to get results, for surely there was no mistaking the promise: "Ask what ye will in my name and it shall be done unto you." What did it mean to "ask in my

name?" Perhaps that was what she did not understand. She could easily see why she could not do the works of Jesus and the apostles, because, while she professed to believe in him, and did believe in him in a way, she had not such faith as he must have meant when he said: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you." Certainly many things — even the simplest things — were impossible to her.

Then her mind took up another train of thought. What was that truth concerning which Jesus so emphatically said: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," and concerning which St. Paul spoke, when he declared that "the spirit of life in Christ Jesus has made me free from the law of sin and death." She felt that she must know, and Paul Anthony seemed to be the only person to whom she could turn for enlightenment. She had been studying with Elder Meredith for more than a year, and he evidently did not know any more about it than she did. As for Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, she had talked with them quite enough to know that they were also groping in the dark. She, therefore, made up her mind that she would go to Paul that night, regardless of any one's advice to the contrary, and ask him to explain to her what he understood by the truth. She had seen enough of his works to feel certain that they were of God, and she felt that she must know more of how they were accomplished, if she was ever to

succeed in her efforts to Christianize not only Burma, but her own self.

Another who had determined to have a talk with Paul that night was Prince Sindhu. He had not paid much attention to Paul since his return from the frontier, and he felt that it was but common courtesy that he should have a talk with him on various matters. It began, also, to look as though the trouble with the Tartars was not to be so great after all, and he wanted to begin upon his water-works project.

In order to relieve his mind of some of its doubts and fears, Sindhu also determined that he would inadvertently sound Paul upon his domestic affairs and see if he could obtain any idea of what might be his feelings toward Sofia. If he should discover that Paul had the proper admiration for her, he determined that, in accordance with the Burmese custom, he would have his father broach to him the subject of marriage, feeling that this would dispose of all gossip which was now rife. Lastly, he had a desire to ask Paul a few questions about his religious beliefs and to find out where he could acquire a copy of the little book, about which he had thought much since that night in the wilderness.

As regards the attempt upon Paul's life, he determined for the present to make no mention other than the natural trend of conversation might demand, nor to tell him of the arrest of the two conspirators. His admiration for the American had increased from day to day, as he had seen his perfectly ordered life; and his gratitude to Paul for what he had done for his father was most profound. Had Paul asked him for

a goodly portion of his fortune, he would have given it to him.

Upon Sindhu's return from the review, the first matter that had demanded his attention was the examination of Moung Than and Boh Galay, who had been easily apprehended by Captain Shway and his men, just as they were entering the home of the former. They had not looked for such speedy action upon the part of their hirelings, and, therefore, had been taken entirely by surprise. When placed under arrest both stoutly maintained their entire ignorance of the attempted assassination, and denied that they had ever given a second thought to the conversation which they had had with the captain three days previous.

At first Sindhu was inclined to be lenient with the young men, promising a light punishment if they would tell where he might apprehend the real culprits; but their assumption of an air of injured innocence and bravado so angered him at last that he ordered them into solitary confinement, threatening that they should meet with the extreme penalty of the law if they did not make a confession by the following noon.

The examination, which was conducted with a considerable amount of technicality, consumed the greater part of the afternoon, and it was already dark and the lamps had been lighted before Sindhu found leisure to pay his proposed visit. Lighting a cheroot, he left his own apartments, and crossing the large rotunda that was formed by the connection of the main structure and the wings, he proceeded toward Paul's chambers. As he turned into the long

hall which led to the north wing, he suddenly halted and uttered an exclamation of angry surprise, for even as he looked, the door to Paul's room opened and Sofia came forth. She glanced neither to the right nor the left, but was hastening away with an expression Sindhu had never before seen upon her face when he confronted her, his eyes aflame with anger. Seizing her by the arm, he demanded an explanation.

To say that Sofia was taken by surprise would be putting it mildly; but, great as was her surprise, it was no greater than was Paul's an hour previous, when, in response to a knock, he had opened his door to find Sofia without, and evidently laboring under great excitement. She entered the room and hastily closed the door behind her. Leaning her back against it, she broke forth into an incoherent explanation, which Paul would not in the slightest have understood, had he not been familiar with the facts she was trying to impart. He did not interrupt her, however, until she had finished. Then he said quietly:

"Now that you have been pleased to honor me with a visit, Princess, let us sit down and talk this matter over like two sensible people."

He drew a big wicker-work rocker over by the door. She sank into it without a protest, for now that the strain of making the confession was over, she was on the verge of a collapse; but his words and manner reassured her, and she sat expectant of what he might say. That her confession had not in the slightest altered his attitude of respect toward her she could but recognize, and her heart beat a

joyous tattoo against her breast. Seating himself in a chair beside the large table, over which a lamp of odd design diffused a mellow light, he said calmly:

"All that you have told me, Princess, I have known for days."

She looked at him in surprise, scarcely able to believe the evidence of her ears.

"You have known it for days?" she slowly repeated after him. "You have known it for days and still have not despised me?"

"Have you noticed any change in my attitude toward you?"

She knew that she had not. The only difference in their relations had existed because of her avoidance of him, — because of her fear that she might do or say something which would lead to a revelation of the meaning of her action, and the possible construction he might put upon it. She knew that he did not expect an answer to his question and yet she felt that she must say something, — that she must make some excuse.

"I do not know how I ever came to do such a thing," she finally said. "No matter what my feelings toward you may have been, I cannot see how I could have been so unmaidenly."

"I do not see how you could have done otherwise," he replied.

She shook her head as she said: "I am afraid you do not understand what it all means."

"I understand perfectly what your people think it means," was his rejoinder, "but you and I know that it simply means that you wished to show me the

same courtesy your brother did to Miss Raymond. As you said at the time, we understood that his salute was a simple act of courtesy. She really would have felt that he had not acted the part of a gentleman had he not so recognized her. Your suggestion that we pay our respects together to the cleverness of your horsemen was simply a courtesy to me. I might even have felt slighted had you not granted me some special attention. Is not that the very simple explanation?"

He completely ignored all reference to her implied affection for himself, and laughed softly, as he continued: "Come, let us forget the entire incident."

"I wish that I could!" she exclaimed, "but they will not let me."

Paul leaned forward as he exclaimed with unfeigned surprise:

"They will not let you? Surely, Princess, your simple act of courtesy to a stranger guest has not placed you in any false or unpleasant position?"

"It is not of myself I am thinking," she answered hastily and with earnestness; "it is of you. The attempt upon your life this morning ought to convey my meaning. If I am placed in a false position it is my own fault; but there is no justice in your being made to suffer for my folly!"

Her earnestness in regard to his safety caused her to forget her embarrassment. She sat upright in her chair and her face flushed. The evident truthfulness of her assertion impressed Paul. He had always admired her for her beauty and her intelligence, but the strength of character that he now

came to see and understand caused him to hold her in much higher esteem. After a brief pause in which he studied her face carefully he said:

"You told me once, Princess, that we did not seem to know each other very well. I see now that you were right. I begin to see that I have hardly known you at all. I have looked upon you as a good woman, as a beautiful woman; now I recognize you as a noble woman. It is human to err. It is the result of our sense of separation from God. Every action by which we seek to correct an error is a step toward destroying that sense and regaining our unity with Him — with Truth and Love."

She started to reply, but he did not permit it.

"Let me finish," he continued. "As to my being made to suffer for your folly, that is impossible. We can only suffer for our own sins, and then only in proportion as we believe in their reality. As we come to realize the truth about any evil — error — it loses its power to make us suffer."

She failed to understand the force of his logic and impulsively declared: "If the aim of the marksman had been true, or if, perchance, the assassin had not mistaken the person, you would now be suffering for my evil deed, just as Mr. Lombard is. I am so sorry for him," she exclaimed parenthetically. "And yet you say that it is impossible for one person to suffer for the sins of another."

"Is suffering in mind or in matter?" asked Paul. "In mind, to be sure, since the material body, when deprived of mind either by what we term death or by anesthetics, contains not in itself the power to

suffer. A realization of the truth that man is a spiritual being destroys even the sense of bodily pain. The one who understands this science does not suffer, except as he may be unable to lay aside his own false beliefs. Therefore, when I know the truth I cannot suffer for your misdeeds, no matter how much I may seem to do so. This is Christianly scientific."

Sofia looked at him as one deprived of his senses. "Do you expect me to believe that?" she asked.

"Absolutely!"

"Impossible! How can I?"

"Because it is the truth!"

"Truth!" she exclaimed vehemently. "Truth? You are always talking about truth. What is truth? From the beginning of what you are pleased to call the Christian era, thousands have been asking this question. Now I ask: What is truth? What is this truth which your great teacher, Jesus, said should make men free? To the governor who gave him over to death he said that he came to bear witness to the truth; but when the governor asked: 'What is truth?' he did not reply."

"No," said Paul gently, although he had been much surprised at her outbreak, "but during the next four days his marvellous work answered the question, when by his resurrection he bore witness to this great truth."

Sofia did not understand. Paul was speaking to her in an entirely new tongue.

"To me that is no answer," she said. "I ask you now: What is truth? What is the truth about you — about me — about anything?"

She had risen and stood before him with heaving bosom. There was no doubt of her earnestness. He studied for a moment how best to answer her so that she would understand. She misunderstood even his hesitation and again asked:

"What is the truth about anything?"

"In the first place," answered Paul slowly, "the truth about anything is all there is about it. The untruth — error — does not exist, no matter how real it may seem. Take our own case. We are not betrothed, although fifty thousand of your subjects think that we are. If all the world thought so it would not make it so."

At his words she covered her eyes with her hands and sank back into her chair. She did not realize what the outcome of this explanation might be, but she felt that this was a way he had of telling her that he did not love her, and never would. He saw at once that she had not understood, and his voice grew very soft and tender as he said earnestly:

"Please do not misunderstand me, Princess. I did not intend to pain you, but used this as an illustration whose force we could both feel. Let us take another illustration: The earth is round. For thousands of years every person on the earth thought it was flat, and they suffered from that belief. Finally, I know not by what inspiration, one man demonstrated to his own satisfaction that it was round. Still the world did not believe until he proved it so that all could understand. Did his discovery make it round? No more than did the belief of all the other people make it flat. It always was round, and

that truth about it was all there was about it. The erroneous belief about it was simply the lack of knowledge — nothing.

"Truth, then, is something that can be proved — can be demonstrated. A lie cannot be, though the world may have believed it the truth for ages. Truth is real. Error, the lie, is unreal. Truth is the substance of all that really is. Truth is divine Principle, the cause and creator of all. Truth is God."

"And this," said Sofia slowly, "is the truth to which your great prophet came to bear witness?"

"Yes, this and the fact that man — the real man made in the image and likeness of God — is a spiritual and not a material being. This truth Jesus demonstrated time and again by healing the sick and raising the dead. His final demonstration was his own resurrection and ascension. This truth has since been demonstrated by many others, — is being demonstrated to-day by unnumbered thousands all over the world, — it reveals God, the omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent being, as Life, Truth and Love."

Slowly the understanding of Paul's words dawned upon the girl and she lost that sense of personality which his former words had caused. She said nothing, but remained lost in thought. Paul waited a moment to give her time to compose herself, and then continued:

"As regards the matter which brought you here, Princess, let us forget it. Let it be as though it had not happened."

"I cannot do that," she replied. "Even if I could forget it, they would not let me."

"Have no fear for me, Princess, but try to realize that the anger, malice and hatred which are responsible for the shooting this morning are without cause, without substance, and are, therefore, unreal and powerless."

The girl shook her head and looked at him with tearful eyes, but he smiled back at her a smile which was as free from care as that of a child on its mother's knee.

"If you cannot do that," he said, "you can at least know that I would willingly lay down my physical life to save you pain. If you have been sad because you feared that I might misjudge you, surely this should lighten your seeming burden, for our Master said: 'Greater love hath no man than this; that a man lay down his life for his friends.' I would even do that; but it will not be necessary."

At these words, so different from what she had feared, Sofia's heart gave a bound, and a thought that her deepest desire was about to be realized came upon her. But one look at Paul's face convinced her that, as before, his words had a different meaning.

"I cannot understand you," she said sadly. "In one breath you intimate that I am nothing to you and in the next you declare that you love me well enough to lay down your life for me. I do not comprehend such love!"

"Very few of us do, Princess. The word love has been so belittled by human thought and usage that its divine import is almost entirely lost sight of. To

human thought love has come to mean little more than sentiment and passion; but the Love which is God, surrounding and sustaining each of His ideas in their perfection, — the Love which man, made in the image and likeness of God, expresses, — this, when perfectly reflected, will lead us to love our neighbor as we love ourselves, and it will make us willing to bear his burdens and help him to that life in Christ, which we have found.

"To-night you came to me filled with fear, — fear of me and fear for me. There was no occasion for it; but you had a false belief regarding your relation to me which caused this fear. Now that you have come to know that nothing you have done or can do can possibly change my esteem for you — have come to understand your true relation to me — all fear has passed. If you will realize your true relation to God, that you are in His image, — spiritual, not material, — you will soon realize that perfect love which casteth out all fear."

Although Sofia understood but vaguely what Paul was saying to her, she began to realize that he had a life apart from the one she seemed to know. It was happiness enough to know that he had as high, or even a higher regard for her than ever, and she felt that with this she must be satisfied.

A small French clock on the mantel struck seven. Its chime awoke her from her reverie and she arose quickly. "I had no idea that I had been here an hour, Mr. Anthony. I had no thought of taking up so much of your time."

She extended her hand with a smile. "I feel sure

you will forgive me. I seem to have learned by experience that you are never too busy to stop and explain what seems to you to be the truth about your God. I hope some day to possess one of the books of which you told us the other night, and to know more of that wise woman of whom you say so little, but whom you always mention with such high esteem. She must be a very good woman."

"She is!" replied Paul emphatically. "Nevertheless there are those who profess to believe that she is not doing the work of God, just as some of our friends here profess to believe that my works are evil. She, Princess, like all others who are striving to follow the example of Christ Jesus, asks only to be judged by her works."

He opened the door to let her pass and extended his hand: "Believe me, Princess, I feel deeply honored by this visit, — this mark of your confidence and esteem. No matter what may occur in the future, you may always feel sure that in me you have a friend."

"That has always before seemed such a cold word," she said, "but to-night it comes to me in its true light; in the light of the love which would impel one to give his life for his friend."

She passed out with a new sense of life, — the life that is above material pleasure and human passion, — and found herself in the presence of her brother, whose words and acts were to prove an offense to her every thought.

CHAPTER XVII

SINDHU SEEKS LIGHT

"SINCE when has the Princess Sofia taken to visiting her lover in his apartments?" demanded Sindhu, as soon as he had drawn his sister into the privacy of his father's room. "Have you not already brought disgrace and trouble enough by your folly? And has this man so bewitched you that you must needs parade your passion and shame —"

"Stop!" commanded Sofia, breaking in upon Sindhu's tirade of accusation. "Are you entirely bereft of your senses? If you have no faith in this man, even after all that he has done for you and yours, stop and ask yourself if you have no faith in me."

He attempted to reply, but she continued vehemently: "Do you know your sister so little that you should dare to think, much less voice the thoughts you have expressed? Take back your insulting accusations, which you well know are false!"

Slight of stature as she was, she stood before him commanding and powerful in the strength of her innocence. She had drawn herself to her full height, and her inherent royalty was never more apparent.

"Take back your insults!" she again fiercely

demanded, as he remained silent. "Retract not only the words you have spoken, but the accusations you have implied but have not dared to utter!"

She advanced upon him with clenched hands and flashing eyes, — eyes aflame with the fearlessness of purity. Intuitively he knew he was wrong, and that his accusations were without foundation. He quailed under her glance and his eyes fell.

"I do," he finally said meekly. "I do retract my words, and I ask your forgiveness. You must know that your honor is very dear to me, and I was carried away by my feelings. But even now, while I realize that there could be nothing morally wrong in your action, I must still censure you for your folly. You know the existing conditions. You know that already our people look upon you as having belittled your high station by looking with favor upon a foreigner. What would they think and believe did they know that you had so violated the laws of propriety as to visit, alone, the man whom you might be about to marry? And what worse would they think, should it become known that you had paid such a visit to a man whom you are not only unlikely to marry, but who has not even suggested that you are more to him than any other woman?"

The anger died out of Sofia's eyes, and the haughtiness out of her bearing as the truth of Sindhu's words made itself felt. She knew she had been unwise, but, as ever, she had proved herself a creature of impulse. Her eyes filled with tears and her head fell upon her breast.

"The palace is full of spies," continued Sindhu,

" and every act of ours is reported to those who would glory in your disgrace. It is but now that I have been obliged to use the severest measures to compel those responsible for this attempted assassination to realize my authority, and prevent the report of the unfortunate happening at Myang-Nee from becoming generally known. What a weapon in their hands the story of this visit would be! How could you have been so imprudent? "

" Listen, Sindhu, and I will explain. I went to Mr. Anthony to confess my folly of a few days ago and — "

" What! " exclaimed Sindhu in a voice of mingled anger and surprise. " You went to tell him the truth about an act which was a virtual confession of love! "

" Yes! "

" And did you not know that this was the one way to destroy your only chance of bringing about the result you have desired — of having your seeming position in the eyes of the people of Myang-Nee made real? Did you not know that he would despise you? "

" I feared so," she replied humbly, " but I felt that I would ten thousand times rather have him learn it from me than from some one else! "

" True. I had not thought of that."

" But I had. The fear of it had become a haunting specter, and I determined at the review this morning to tell him the truth. Judge of my surprise when he told me that he had known it all the time! "

" Had known it all the time! " exclaimed Sindhu, echoing her words. " Had known all the time of your

feelings and attitude, and had made no use of the knowledge? Impossible!"

"It is a fact!" affirmed Sofia. "And not only that, but even now he refuses to see anything compromising in my action, and simply ignores all allusion to my sentiment toward him. He professes to believe that what I did was a mere act of courtesy to a stranger."

"Most remarkable!" exclaimed Sindhu, shaking his head. "Most remarkable! Most men would have been so elated by such a confession that their very presence in the state would have been unbearable. Did he show no feeling whatever in the matter?"

"Only once; when I mentioned the attempt upon his life, and my regret that I should have made him a target for such attacks. He declared with the greatest vehemence that it was not my fault if people saw fit to put a wrong construction upon my acts, and declared that he would go to any extreme to save me from annoyance."

"What could he do? The only thing I can see would be to marry you and remove from Annakan."

"I believe that is the one thing he never thought of. But he evidently had some plan in his mind."

For several minutes there was silence, both being busy with their own thoughts. At last Sindhu said:

"He is certainly an unusual man, and I must know more of his strange philosophy. There must be something in it worth knowing; some truth worth learning."

At the mention of truth, there flashed across Sofia's

mind the explanation given her by Paul, and she exclaimed: "There is, Sindhu! There is!"

Sindhu looked at her in wonderment. "What do you know about it?"

"Very little; but when I asked Mr. Anthony for a definition of the truth of which he continually speaks, — some explanation which should make his words clear, — he replied: 'The great truth of being is that man is a spiritual and not a material being.'"

"Folly!" exclaimed Sindhu. "Can I not see that man is material? It is the material body that makes us recognizable to each other. How would I know you as my sister were it not for your material body?"

"And still the real Me," said Sofia, "is not my body, but the manaw within, which makes the body act."

"Oh, I know that you have a soul, as we call it; but that soul without the material body would no more be you than the material body would be you without the soul. One is just as real as the other."

"But Buddha taught that we should have different bodies in all the seven different lives."

"To be sure," said Sindhu, "but they will all be material."

"Will we have the same manaw; the same soul, do you think?"

"No; I think that will change, too, as it becomes more and more perfect."

"Mr. Anthony says that man made in the image and likeness of his God is perfect, because God is perfect. He says that we only have a false sense of imperfection, because we have a false sense of

separation from God. But he says that man cannot be separated from God, because in God he moves and lives and has his being. He says that the moment we realize man's eternal unity with God, man's perfection will appear."

"I suppose he is talking about what he calls the spiritual man," ventured Sindhu, "not about the material."

"He says that there is no material man, because the only man his God made was spiritual, in God's image; and that no one but God ever made man."

"You must have misunderstood him," said Sindhu, as he relighted his cheroot. "To deny the existence of material man is nonsense. He probably has his mind so full of spiritual ideas that he has not studied the material origin of life. He has studied too much out of his Bible and not enough of the natural sciences. I was just on my way to his room when I met you. I will now go and make my call, and while there will take up this matter and show him the error into which he has fallen."

As he opened the door to allow Sofia to pass out he said: "It is certainly refreshing to run across a foreigner with advanced ideas, even though they may be wrong. It will be a pleasure to discuss the question with him."

Sindhu escorted Sofia leisurely as far as the large rotunda, where he was about to leave her, when the door to Paul's room suddenly opened and Elizabeth came out. As by a common impulse, brother and sister stepped back out of sight; but as she came up the hall they realized that concealment was im-

possible, and stepped forward, intending to speak to her. She, however, looked neither to the right nor left, and in the dim light passed without noticing them, and entered her own room. As she disappeared through the door, they looked at each other for a moment in silence, and then Sindhu remarked with a sneer:

"Evidently it is becoming quite the proper thing for young ladies to visit gentlemen in their private apartments. I think it must be an American idea; but I seriously object to having it introduced into the palace of Annakan."

There was a foreboding look in his eye, and in his heart a spirit of jealousy. Something of the same spirit also took possession of Sofia for a moment; but she conquered it with a mighty effort, realizing that she had no right to such a feeling. On the impulse of the moment, she, too, had in mind an expression of censure; but remembering her own experience, she checked it on her tongue, and said:

"Judge not by appearances. Remember what you thought of me."

Her remark was so different from what Sindhu had expected that he turned upon her a look of amazement, remarking: "I had not expected you to take so charitable a view of the matter. I can imagine that her visit is no more pleasing to you than to me."

"I feel that I have no right to judge the actions of either of them. Undoubtedly Miss Raymond has good reasons for her visit. In view of the events of the past few days, it is not strange that she should

need advice; and certainly there is no one to whom I should more quickly go, if in trouble, than to Mr. Anthony."

Sindhu smiled quizzically: "I can readily believe that. And it is so unusual to find one woman making excuses for another that I am inclined to suspect you are right. However, considering existing conditions, I would much prefer that Miss Raymond be a little more conventional. At least," declared Sindhu, with some show of anger, "Mr. Anthony would display much better judgment if he would not allow such visits."

"I am sure Mr. Anthony was quite as surprised at my visit as were you; but he could not, as a gentleman, and he did not, even suggest by word or action, that he considered my visit anything unusual, although I am certain he felt it a strange proceeding."

"Well," said Sindhu, only half convinced, "I shall suggest to him the unwisdom of allowing young ladies to visit his apartments."

"You will do nothing of the kind," laughed Sofia as they parted, for she knew her brother better than he did himself.

Paul had resumed his reading when Sindhu knocked. "I wonder who this will be," was the thought that passed through his mind as, book in hand, he opened the door. His face lighted with a look of genuine pleasure as he recognized his visitor, — an expression which Sindhu could not fail to understand, and which dispelled, to a large degree, the sinister thoughts he had harbored.

"Really this is an unexpected pleasure," declared Paul as he extended a hand which Sindhu, in spite of himself, grasped warmly. "I have already had two such agreeable calls this evening that I hardly expected another. Will you be seated?"

Paul indicated the wicker chair, and Sindhu seated himself. "I had intended being here sooner," he said by way of opening the conversation, "but was detained. I trust I am not keeping you from any work."

"Not at all," was the smiling rejoinder. "Really, if you had come any sooner, I should have been obliged to ask you to wait. First, I was favored with a most considerate call from the Princess Sofia, who came to express the hope that the incident of the morning had not given me a bad impression of your people. Later, Miss Raymond called to ask some further explanation of my testimony given the night of our journey hither. So many persons have such a totally erroneous impression of the teachings of Christian Science that when I find an earnest seeker after the truth of it, I am always pleased to stop and tell them the little I know."

Paul's words and the manner of his speech put the events of the evening in an entirely different light, and Sindhu found himself wondering if, after all, there was really anything improper in the calls of the young ladies, even from a conventional standpoint. Certainly they were not subject to criticism from any other standpoint, and so Sindhu ignored the matter other than to remark:

"Speaking of Miss Raymond's call reminds me

that there are several statements which I have heard you make from time to time which I do not myself understand. That is, I think I do not quite understand your view-point; because from the ordinary point of view the statements would be ridiculous."

There was an expression of satisfaction upon Paul's face as he said: "I perceive, Prince Sindhu, that you have exactly grasped my position. If you would see things as I see them, you must look at them from my point of view. It is the only way that we will ever be able to gain the same impression of places and things. I believe that I have found the proper point from which to view the Science of being, — the facts of man's relation to his creator. I believe it is a higher position than has heretofore been attained; but any man or woman who takes such an advanced position — from which to observe and study — is invariably declared to be wrong by the masses, all of whom are still obtaining their view from the plain of popular belief, instead of from the mountain peak of Divine Science."

"It is because I realize this, Mr. Anthony, that I take the trouble to ask you to explain some of your statements, — statements for which, I have no doubt, you have what seems to you a satisfactory explanation. The first of these remarks that attracted my attention was your declaration that there was no death. Certainly this was not made from the viewpoint of popular belief."

"Well, hardly," laughed Paul. "The demonstrable truth upon which I base that statement is the divinely scientific fact that there is no life inherent

in matter. Mind, Spirit, God is eternal, and, therefore, there can be, as a scientific reality, no death. I learned this first in 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures,' the text-book of which I told you the other night. I have since been able to prove it many times."

"But man is material!" exclaimed Sindhu. "That must be plain to any man with eyes. And man does die!"

Paul looked at his visitor long and earnestly before replying. In that inspection he saw that Sindhu was not so much actuated by a great desire to learn a new truth as to enter into one of those discussions for which the Burmese religionist is noted. He therefore said:

"Prince Sindhu, I do not care to enter into a discussion of this subject, for I fear we should arrive at no conclusion. But I will tell you upon what premise I base my belief. It is the teaching of the Bible, that 'God is spirit,' and that 'God made man in his image and likeness.' Therefore, God being spirit, the real man — the divinely scientific man in God's image — must be a spiritual, not a material being."

"What, then," asked Sindhu exultantly, "is this body which I see and feel? Whence does it come?"

"If God made man spiritual, and God made all that was made, then the material body is but a false concept, and why argue whence it comes? Without, however, discussing the correctness of the various schools of metaphysics, I think I may say briefly that all accepted authorities on metaphysical sub-

jects agree that the body is simply a condition of thought, — a dream, as it were. Even that great natural scientist, Mr. Balfour, recently made a statement that in explaining matter natural science explains it away. These are questions with which you are doubtless quite familiar."

"Yes," replied Sindhu slowly, "I am familiar with them and I thought I understood them. At any rate, your explanations have given me food for thought. But you speak so continually of the Bible; how do you know that the statements contained in the Bible are true?"

"Because I have proved them to my satisfaction. It was through the understanding of the Bible, which I have obtained by reading it in connection with Science and Health, that I was able to help the lame boy and your father; by the understanding of the Bible I am enabled to solve many of the problems of my daily life. The reasons, the explanations, which I might give you for my belief might not satisfy you, but they do me. As it is, all I ask is that you shall judge my understanding by my works.

"But," continued Paul, "if you want to know this truth, if you want to make it your own, there is but one way to get it: that is, to take up the study of Christian Science the same as you would the study of physical science. Study the Bible in the light of this new understanding, — this spiritual interpretation of its words and statements. At first, many of your problems will seem difficult, but they can all be solved. If you wished to become proficient in the science of mathematics, you would ex-

pect to devote a great deal of time to the study of its text-books. If you would learn the Science of Christianity, the Science of being, you must do the same."

For several minutes neither of them spoke. There was that in Paul's words which carried conviction with them. Sindhu felt that it would be useless to attempt any argument; but he determined that he would study this new old science if for nothing more than to be able to refute it understandingly. Paul seemed to have guessed his thoughts, for he said:

"I am sorry that I have not a copy of the text-book to give you. I have given away the half-dozen I had when I left Pittsburg, but I have ordered some more, and when they arrive you shall have one."

"It is certainly a strange philosophy, or religion, or whatever you are pleased to call it," said Sindhu, "and it may be right, but in spite of the works I have seen you do, I could never believe that they were the result of this science unless I could so understand it as to be able to use it myself."

"That is the only real way to prove any truth," said Paul; again for several minutes both men lapsed into silence.

"Well, Mr. Anthony, if you do not care to discuss religion from my point of view," at length remarked the prince, with a laugh, "we can at least take up the matter which brought you here. What is your decision regarding the water-works?"

"Practical, absolutely practical!"

"Have you made any estimate as to the time it might take to construct the system?"

"I cannot say that I have. However, it will not be a long job."

"Would it be possible for you to come up here another season and supervise the work; or have you home ties which demand your return to America?"

Prince Sindhu flicked the ashes from his cheroot, and blew a cloud of smoke into the air to hide his interest in the answer.

"I have no home ties, Prince Sindhu. With the exception of a married sister, I have no relatives."

"You are not, I take it, a woman hater?"

Paul laughed outright. "I am not a hater of any kind. No man has a higher regard for womankind than I. It was a woman who showed me this great truth of which we have been talking. Some day I hope to take a wife."

"You will have to hurry, Mr. Anthony, for you are evidently more of a bachelor than I; you have passed more birthdays."

Paul again laughed, this time at the very evident attempt to get information as to his age, as he replied, "The greater understanding I acquire regarding my actual being, the younger I become. Certainly I feel ten years younger than I did ten years ago. As we come to realize the scientific truth about man's relation to God, we realize that in the divine Mind there is no such thing as time. The real periods of time with man are those of growth into the understanding of God."

"That is a beautiful thought," said Sindhu, who had gradually acquired a very comfortable frame of mind. "Speaking of beauty, I would ask if there

are many women in your country as beautiful as Miss Raymond?"

The physical idea of beauty had been so far from Paul's thought that for a moment he failed to grasp the import of the question, and there was a momentary hesitation which Sindhu was quick to note. Nor was the slight sense of jealousy allayed by Paul's reply that he thought Elizabeth an unusually handsome woman.

"But it is her goodness that most impresses me," he concluded. "Like yourself, Prince Sindhu, she is an earnest seeker after Truth. In fact the seekers here are becoming so numerous that I think we shall have to start a society."

"I think I had my fill of instruction at the monastery," laughed Sindhu. "But to change the subject: have you had any news of Mr. Lombard tonight?"

"No; I am going over to see him in the morning."

"If I am not able to call, carry him my deepest sympathy and tell him that we hope to see him out in a couple of weeks. I am —"

A knock at the door interrupted the conversation, and Paul opened to admit Captain Ormonde.

"By Jove, Anthony!" he said by way of greeting, "I am deuced glad to see you alive. I was told I should find Prince Sindhu here."

"You are quite right, Captain. Come in."

"Good evening, Captain," exclaimed Sindhu, rising. "To what good fortune are we indebted for this call?"

"I am afraid it is an evil fortune," was the reply.

"A messenger, just arrived from the Shantung pass, reports a large body of Tartars, a veritable army, encamped on the other side, with the evident intention of forcing the pass at daylight. He has come to ask reinforcements."

"This is indeed unpleasant news," said Sindhu. "Something more than reinforcements is needed. Tell Colonel Holliday that I will summon a council of war at once."

Captain Ormonde turned on his heel and was gone. Sindhu stepped quickly to Paul's bedroom, and, opening a small panel set in the wall, pushed an electric button. In answer to the touch, bells were heard ringing all over the palace.

"It will save time to have the council meet here," he explained. "If you do not wish to be disturbed in your reading, or to be annoyed by the details of this unpleasant affair, you can step into my father's apartments."

"With your permission, I will remain. A man of peace, I take it, may once in his life attend a council of war."

"Certainly, since the object of war is to bring peace."

Paul laughed. "It is like giving a man a dose of medicine, is it not? Treating the effect to cure the cause."

"I do not exactly see it in that light," said Sindhu, in a questioning voice.

"Certainly the cause of all disease is mental," explained Paul, "because if there were no mind there would be no body, hence no disease. Now to which do

the doctors give the drugs; the mind or the body?"

"The body, of course."

"Well, that is what I mean by treating the effect instead of the cause."

"And how does it apply to war?"

"War is the effect of inharmony, disease. This inharmony results in physical force. Instead of treating the inharmony, we resort to arms, — we treat the effect instead of the cause. Why not reverse the process?

"Chiefly," replied Sindhu, laughing, "because it is not convenient. It is easier to fight than to explain. It's less trouble to exterminate your enemies than to forgive them."

"The better way," said Paul, "is to destroy them by making them your friends. When all men come to realize that there is but one Mind, wars will cease."

CHAPTER XVIII

PAUL AND ELIZABETH

The council of war was not a long one. Only one important question presented itself: Should the army in its present condition attempt to prevent the enemy from passing through the mountains; or was the combined British and native force sufficient to allow the Tartars to emerge on to the plain and then to suddenly sweep down, while they were still unformed in battle array, and destroy them? The native officers were for keeping the enemy out; but the British, who realized that as long as such a force existed, it would have to be strongly opposed and continually watched, were for adopting the second course, having no doubt in their own minds as to the result.

Among the officers present at the council was Major O'Keefe. While he was, as he said, not a warrior, but a doctor, he had been calling upon Colonel Holliday when the council was summoned, and came along. In expressing his opinions, the major declared that he took a surgical view of it.

"Bedad, if you had a boil on the back of your neck, the quickest and surest way to get rid of it would be to open it as quick as possible. Faith, it

seems to me that this festering boil is ripe. Let's open it."

Sindhu looked at Paul and smiled. Then to the major in a jocular manner: "Would this prevent any more boils?"

"I can't tell."

"But suppose we could doctor this one so there would be no more boils?"

"Sure that would be better yet. But you can't always tell what causes them, and the best way is to get out as much impurity through each one as possible, and trust to good luck not to have any more."

There was a general laugh at the explanation, and it was finally decided that it was wiser to risk a decisive engagement than to spend months guarding the frontier and later be obliged to fight a battle with a more seasoned enemy.

It was nearly ten o'clock when the council dissolved. The distance from the frontier made it necessary that the main body of the troops should cover a distance of more than forty miles before daylight. As the troops were to be hurried to the front in fighting order, unhampered by artillery, the undertaking was not an extremely arduous one. Within half an hour the dragoons were on their way, and twenty minutes later two regiments of native cavalry followed, under the immediate command of Prince Sindhu. To General Weing Hla was entrusted the command of the city, while General Poh Myah was to leave the city at midnight with a large body of infantry, and proceed to the first foothills in order to hold them as a line of defence in the event of the enemy

being driven that far. To Captain Shway was entrusted the immediate protection of the palace.

It was a night of intense excitement. The entire city was quickly notified of the changed condition of affairs, and every able-bodied man was pressed into some sort of service. While there was a general feeling that the enemy would be defeated, if not destroyed, there was nevertheless grave apprehension because its exact strength was not known.

Before leaving the palace Prince Sindhu gave Captain Shway particular orders concerning the two conspirators. "See that they are carefully guarded," he commanded. "Let no one communicate with them, nor allow them to know of anything that is transpiring without."

As he shook hands with Paul upon leaving, he said: "Mr. Anthony, I am going to ask you to look especially after my father and sister. Captain Shway will recognize any orders you may give. I am leaving the Americans in your charge also; and it might be well to have Mr. Lombard brought over to the palace. The hospital corps will have plenty to attend to after the battle. I have placed great confidence in you. Something impels me to do so."

"I appreciate your confidence," said Paul. "I trust, however, that there will be no occasion for my becoming anything more than the simple guest I have been since my arrival; but in case anything does transpire needing my attention, it will certainly receive it."

After the departure of Prince Sindhu Paul at once took such action as would make him most available

in case his services were needed. Summoning Captain Shway, he asked to be shown over the palace, and even went so far as to have Mr. Lombard's room prepared for his use on the following morning. He visited Oo Toung-lay and the Princess Sofia. He found her the least excited of any of those about the palace. Since he had seen her earlier in the evening she seemed to have undergone a complete change. She greeted him with a look of contentment on her face, such as she had not worn since the day they left the steamer on their way up the river. To Captain Shway she said:

"You understand, do you not, that you are under Mr. Anthony's orders quite as much as you are under mine?"

"I do." And his somewhat puzzled look brought a rush of color to her face, as she realized that he was still under a false impression regarding her relation to Paul.

"We simply called to let you know that we are enlisted in your service," explained Paul. "Come, Captain, we must also inform Elder Meredith and his party where they can find us if they should need anything."

They crossed over to the other wing, inspecting the guards as they passed. Here they found all of the party in bed and asleep except Elizabeth. She was reading in the large drawing-room which was used in common by the Americans. She looked up as they entered.

"We are on a tour of inspection," said Paul. "I wanted to feel sure that you were all comfortable."

"Physically, yes," replied Elizabeth; "mentally, I am still somewhat in the dark after my talk with you. I have been reading a book which I purchased just before I left Rangoon. It is the first time I have thought of it. It is called, 'The House of Defense.' I have discovered that it is a book dealing largely with what is called the fallacies of Christian Science. If the things I find in it are true, it does seem as though you really must be wrong in some of your beliefs. Listen to this."

"Pardon me a moment," said Paul. Then to Captain Shway: "I will remain here a few minutes, Captain. I will see you again before I retire. Now, Miss Raymond," as the captain saluted and left, "I will listen."

"This," explained Elizabeth, "is a man telling of some of the foolish beliefs of Christian Science. He says: 'I know quite well that these Christian Scientists have gotten hold of a big truth, but many of them mix up such a flood of nonsense with it, that it is quite dissolved. They tell me that if you have a compound fracture of a bone and only say to yourself, that compound fractures do not exist, the bone will join. That of course is silly. But —'"

"It certainly is silly," interrupted Paul; "but Christian Scientists make no such statements. Many persons who think they know what Christian Science teaches make just such absurd statements as that; but no person who understands its teachings would say such a thing or put such words into the mouth of some one else. As I have said once before in your hearing, if Christian Scientists believed all the fool-

ish things they are credited with believing, they would be quite as crazy as some people think they are.

"I am not going to explain to you what Christian Science really is, or what it teaches. You can only learn that by a careful study of its text-book, 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures,' by Mrs. Eddy —"

"Why do you so frequently bring in that woman's name?" interrupted Elizabeth.

Paul looked at her and smiled. "Why not?" he asked. "The reason is simply this: I want to be sure that you get, unquestionably, the genuine book. All the world has not, perhaps, as strong a sense of honesty as you, and there are other books which claim to teach Christian Science, but which do not.

"What I wanted to say," continued Paul, "is, that Christian Science does not teach anywhere 'only to say to yourself.' Christian Science teaches that you must absolutely *know* the truth about any and every thing, and that you must be able to *prove* a truth, if you would make it your own. Briefly, Christian Science teaches men to know the great truth of being which makes them free."

"I believe that I have begun to learn that from the talks we have already had," said Elizabeth. "I think I also understand that the first commandment: 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me,' means that thou shalt know no God but good, Spirit, Truth Life and Love, and that in proportion as we do this we shall never be in danger of breaking any of the ten commandments."

"When you fully realize this, you will have come

to realize much," declared Paul. "You will then quickly come to know and understand Christ, and how he is 'the Way, the Truth and the Life.'"

"I must confess," said Elizabeth, with great earnestness, "that I have not yet come to fully grasp that idea. Sometimes I think that I do not really know what Christ means. How is it that Jesus can be the way?"

"I think, Miss Raymond, that you are simply laboring under the same misapprehension that is afflicting most professed followers of Christ to-day. To me, Jesus and Christ are not synonymous. The human Jesus was the Word made flesh in the son of Mary. As he himself stated, he was the way-shower and example. Christ is the spiritual son of God; the ever active, divine idea which destroys all error — all sin, sickness and death. Jesus was the name of the one who, better than any one else, has shown and lived and proved the Christ. It was of this Christ spirit that Jesus was speaking when he declared: 'I am the way, the truth and the life,' because the truth is the only way by which we shall reach heaven — perfect harmony. Because God is Truth and Christ is Truth's perfect reflection we can see the meaning of that other saying which has given the world so much concern, namely: 'I and my father are one.' Christ always was, and ever will be one with God, the Father, and this must be what Jesus meant when he said: 'Before Abraham was I am.' When Jesus thus spoke of himself, it was this Christ, Truth, to which he referred.

"The great trouble with Christendom to-day,"

continued Paul, "is that those professing Christ are too greatly given to worshipping the material Jesus, instead of honoring Christ — the divine idea. They pray to Jesus continually, having in their minds a mental picture of the material man, who, perfect as he was from a physical standpoint, was not that of which he himself declared: 'I and my father are one.' It is the Christ that shall eternally lead us into all righteousness. Jesus never taught any of his disciples to worship him. He even rebuked one who called him 'good Master,' declaring, 'There is none good but one, that is God.' St. Paul admonishes, 'let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.' It was this mind, which I understand to be the Christ, that Jesus continually demonstrated. It was because Jesus recognized his spiritual origin — recognized that all God's offspring are spiritual and not material — that he was able to see the real, perfect man in God's image and likeness, while we see only the material man. When he prayed the Father it was with an absolute understanding of this fact, and thus he realized that his prayers were answered, even as he asked them. In Science and Health we are also taught that 'to ask in my name' means to ask in the same manner as Jesus prayed. If we can reach that state of purity and goodness wherein we acquire that mind 'which was also in Christ Jesus,' we shall be able to do just as great works as he did, and our works will be exactly in proportion to our attainment of that mind."

"But to become as pure as Jesus is impossible," declared Elizabeth.

"What makes you think that?" inquired Paul, with a questioning smile.

"Because Jesus was the son of God."

Her interest was intense. She leaned eagerly forward to hear what Paul might answer. Taking her Bible from the table, he said:

"Are we not also the sons of God? Listen to this from the first epistle of John: 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be,' [that is, it hath not yet been revealed just what that sonship shall constitute, as we progress in our understanding,] 'but we know that, when he shall appear,' [shall be revealed,] 'we shall be like him.' Do you desire any better evidence that it is possible for us to acquire the mind which was in Jesus? If so listen to the following command of Jesus given in his Sermon on the Mount immediately after his blessed promise 'the pure in heart shall see God:' 'Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.' Do you believe that Jesus would have laid any such injunction upon us, if he had not known that it was possible for us to obey it?"

Into Elizabeth's eyes was gradually coming the light of a new understanding. She was beginning to realize her God-given power and dominion over evil. Paul recognized the look and continued to turn over the leaves of the Bible, reading here and there from the commands of Jesus.

"'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy mind.' 'Preach, saying the kingdom of heaven is at hand,'

— not afar off. 'Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead.' 'God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.' 'Judge not according to appearances, but judge righteous judgment.' 'If ye love me keep my commandments.' 'Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' 'Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.'"

He closed the book. "Who are the poor in spirit?" he suddenly asked. "Those, to be sure, who have not enough; who feel their lack, in other words, the receptive thought. Who are the meek? Those who obey; not those who are servile, or who cringe as though fearing the lash, but those who without question, from a pure love of righteousness, — of doing right, — obey the commands of God as interpreted by Christ Jesus."

Elizabeth's eyes shone with a new soft light: "It all seems so clear and beautiful as you explain it, Mr. Anthony, but still I cannot seem to realize it. I have always been so given to pleading with God, just as though He did not know all that I could possibly tell Him. And all this time, too, I was believing that He sent the very evils from which I was asking Him to deliver me. But the Lord's Prayer seems to be purely a supplication. Why should I not pray in the same manner?"

"Perhaps," said Paul gently, "you have not realized the spiritual import of that prayer. In Science and Health you will find a spiritual interpretation which makes it very plain. As we realize that, although prayer does not and cannot change God, it

still does bring us into harmony with Him by the uplifting of our thought to a higher and purer plane, we see the real object of prayer."

"While I have never read this spiritual interpretation to which you refer," said Elizabeth, "I have been told that it is an impossible interpretation."

"I am not going to discuss that with you. I am going to leave it for you to study for yourself. I would, however, like to read you the translation of the Lord's Prayer as it appears in Ferrar Fenton's translation of the New Testament; a translation regarded by many of the most learned scholars as the clearest that has yet been made. He declares that this translation exactly conveys the meaning of the Greek words."

Paul took from his pocket a little note-book and read the translation as follows: "'Our Father in the Heavens; Your name must be being Hallowed; Your Kingdom must be being restored; your Will must be being done both in Heaven and upon the Earth. Give us to-day our to-morrow's bread; And forgive us our faults, as we forgive those offending us, for You would not lead us into temptation, but deliver us from its evil.'

"This translation gives us the idea I wish to convey. Instead of beseeching God to lead us not into temptation, as though he were an evil God who delighted to do such things, Jesus evidently intended us to realize that God does not lead us into temptation, — into sin and sickness, — and if He does not, there is no power that can; because our mortal mind, the

seeming will that is opposed to God, has no real power.

"It is thus we should pray when we seek the recovery of the sick. If we believe that God has made a person sick — and man cannot be sick unless God has made him so — we shall never be able to pray that person well. The prayer that heals the sick is the prayer of realization that man is well because God has made him perfect, and there is no power to make him otherwise. Thus when we pray for the recovery of the sick, we pray believing that our prayers are answered as we pray. In this way and in this way only, do we pray aright."

"Why could not the translators of King James's version have given us this translation of the Lord's prayer, if it is an exact translation?" asked Elizabeth.

"I suppose because they thought a prayer must be a supplication, pure and simple, and did not understand that if we expect answers we must have a sense of realization as well as desire. They translated according to their highest understanding. The prayer that invariably brings results is that which realizes God as the creator of nothing but good — which is, therefore, all that really is — and that there is nothing for which we can ask that is not already ours. This must have been the meaning of the Master's words: 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them,' and likewise we must pray for nothing but good, for good is all there is."

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Captain Shway.

"Your servant is outside," he said, "and says he must see you at once."

"My student, you mean. Admit him."

Dhuleep Mingh entered in great haste. His manner indicated his excitement. He stood twirling his hat in his hand, waiting permission to speak.

"Well, out with it!" said Paul. "What has happened?"

"Sahib, a runner has just come in from the front; he brings word that he met the troops well on the road and that the enemy at dark had bivouacked for the night —"

"That is good news!"

"But, Sahib, the man is sick. He needs to be awakened from his bad dream."

"Well, go and awaken him!"

"What! Dhuleep Mingh waken him? Oh, Sahib, Dhuleep Mingh has not the power."

"Dhuleep Mingh knows how to pray. God will answer your prayer the same as he will mine. You know Jesus' commands. It is your work and you must carry the message. Have no fear, Dhuleep Mingh. Simply believe."

"Dhuleep Mingh will go. You will hold a good thought for him?"

"There is but one Mind," said Paul; "and all men, in Christ, reflect this Mind. Now go!"

Dhuleep Mingh turned and hastily took his departure. Elizabeth looked at Paul in wonderment. "Do you mean it?" she asked. "Do you mean that

this aged and ignorant Burman, who never heard of God until a month ago, can do this work?"

"He believes and has been baptized with the spirit," said Paul. "He received the word as a little child and he has found the kingdom of heaven."

CHAPTER XIX

THE ABDUCTION

Early the next morning, Paul hastened outside the walls to the field hospital, where Mr. Lombard was being cared for. Early as it was, there was one there before him. When the regiment left the city the previous night, and it was desired to take with it all the surgical staff, Nora had volunteered to take charge of the five or six patients, among whom was Mr. Lombard, who, according to the surgeon's report, was in the most serious condition of any in the hospital. The bullet in his chest had been located after some difficulty and removed, but the surgeon declared the wound serious, and neither he nor his assistants could account for the little weakness the patient displayed. Major O'Keefe had expected that probably an attempt would be made to remove him within the city, and had explained to Nora the care with which he must be handled.

When Paul arrived, Nora had just made the rounds and was seated on a camp stool outside the largest tent. She was in a most unhappy frame of mind and her face showed it so plainly that Paul could not fail to recognize it as he bade her good morning and made himself known.

"Sure, an introduction is hardly necessary, Mr. Anthony. I saw you at a distance yesterday, and I had already heard much about you from Miss Raymond."

At mention of Elizabeth, a look of such intense scorn passed over the girl's naturally bright and happy face that Paul at once guessed that it must be something relating to Elizabeth that had to do with the sense of inharmony he detected.

"Miss Raymond is one of my very good friends," he said, with a pleasant smile. "She is a noble woman and I cannot imagine her speaking ill of any one; therefore I should not be surprised if she had given me a better recommendation than I deserve. Her natural disposition is to see the best in everything."

Nora shot a hasty glance at him as though to read his thoughts. "I wonder if he is in love with her? If he is I'll just make him a bit jealous and see if he'll still keep his high opinion of her. Aloud she said: "Sure, she'll make a fine princess!"

"A fine princess she surely would make," declared Paul, "but I doubt if she has ever considered such a thing. I do not believe Miss Raymond would marry a man with the present beliefs of Prince Sindhu."

"Sure, if he wants her very bad, he'll change his beliefs long enough to get her."

"You do not seem to have a very high opinion of mankind, Miss O'Keefe."

The evident look of sympathy on Paul's face and his half-amused smile irritated Nora and she replied with a laugh entirely foreign to her warm heart:

"Nor of womankind, either. Faith, you'll find them all a deceitful lot."

"Even yourself."

Nora's face flushed. "Seeing that you know nothing about me, it might be just as well to leave me out of the question," she replied sharply.

Paul looked at her earnestly. "I know enough about you to know that you are deceitful. You are even now deceiving yourself."

If he had suddenly turned a handspring over the tent, Nora would not have been one whit more surprised. She flushed to the roots of her jet black hair and her eyes fell before his searching gaze. She wished that he would go on about his business, but he seemed in no haste.

"I wonder what the hateful thing will say next?" was her mental comment. Aloud she said: "You're very plain-spoken, Mr. Anthony. Is that one of your faults or virtues?"

"It may be a fault," he said with great earnestness, "but at this particular time I hope it may prove a virtue. I can see you are unhappy. I have learned that it is invariably our false beliefs which make us unhappy. Therefore, putting two and two together, I judge that you have a false belief about something or somebody. In making a reality of this false belief you are deceiving yourself."

Nora had never had any one talk to her like this before. Most men either flattered or made love to her. To be told her faults by an almost total stranger was a new experience. It made her angry, and still she recognized his good intention, and looked

at him with open-eyed wonder as she asked in a somewhat milder tone:

"And what is my false belief?"

"I do not know, Miss O'Keefe. If I did I might help you change it. Take my word for it, however, whatever your belief, if it makes you unhappy, it is untrue, because it is not of God. Only the good and true can possibly come from Him."

Nora's face expressed even greater surprise: "You talk about God as though you were well acquainted with Him."

"I am!" declared Paul. "That is why I speak with such assurance. Take my word as the truth in this matter and you will lose this sense of inharmony and unhappiness."

She would like to have asked more questions, but was prevented by his saying: "I am here at the request of Prince Sindhu to remove Mr. Lombard to the palace. He thinks all the space here will be needed when the troops return. Come, I will help to get him ready."

His words and manner caused her, for the time being, to entirely forget her own troubles in the more apparent troubles of others.

"Father gave explicit orders about removing him," she exclaimed. "There is no ambulance here, and it will be necessary to send to the city for a conveyance."

"I think that we shall be able to get along without one," said Paul.

Nora looked at him in amazement. "Sure, you don't think you can carry him, do you?"

"Oh, no," laughed Paul. "I think we shall find him able to walk."

Again she looked at him as though he had lost his senses. "Walk!" she exclaimed. "Walk with that hole in him!"

"Have you examined the wound this morning?"

"No. I have simply moistened it through the dressing."

"We may find it healed over," suggested Paul.

"Impossible, Mr. Anthony! With the best of conditions it cannot heal for days."

"Well," said Paul, throwing back the fly of the tent, "we will see how Mr. Lombard feels about it."

The patient greeted them with a hearty "good morning!"

"You are looking quite well," was Paul's response. "Do you feel well enough to walk to town?"

Mr. Lombard looked at Paul inquiringly. "What do you think about it?"

"You know what I think, Mr. Lombard. If you feel like walking, there is no reason why you should not."

"Yes, there is," exclaimed Nora decisively.

"If you say so, Mr. Anthony, I will go," declared Mr. Lombard, "although I must say I have been having a very pleasant time with Miss Nora. She and I are old friends, you know."

"No, I did not. That is why she is so concerned about you. She thinks it impossible to move you without a wagon."

"I know that I can walk if you say so," replied Mr. Lombard, with the most perfect confidence.

"Time was, however, when you could not have induced me to leave Miss Nora."

"And what has caused the change?" asked Nora, with much curiosity.

"Without any disparagement to you, Miss Nora, I have found something more profitable to think about."

Mr. Lombard laughed and looked knowingly at Paul.

"Well, I shall never consent to your being moved in this manner," declared Nora. "Father would not allow it if he were here; neither shall I."

"Your father took this case away from me, Miss O'Keefe, because he had the power. I think that I shall now have to take it from you for the same reason."

Nora's face took on a puzzled expression.

"I do not understand," she said. "I thought the case came to father naturally."

"It doubtless seemed that way to you, but we will not discuss it. Suppose we look at the wound. Even you may decide that altogether too much has been made of it. A rifle ball is not very large as compared with infinite Mind."

"I think that I begin to understand just a little of what you are talking about," said Nora slowly, as the first suggestion of the truth dawned upon her. "Yes, we will have a look at the wound."

The bandages were carefully removed and the dressing raised. As Nora obtained a sight of the wound she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "The wound is

healed over, and is only slightly inflamed. There is not even a chance for it to suppurate. I do not think that is right. Unless the wound is kept open and allowed to drain itself, there will certainly be complications."

"I think not," said Paul. "We will just know that it will be all right."

"But I don't understand it," insisted Nora. "Do you, Mr. Lombard?"

The Hebrew reached for a Bible that lay on a stand at the head of his bed. Turning to Jeremiah, he read: "I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord; because they call thee an Outcast, saying, This is Zion, whom no man seeketh after."

"This," said Mr. Lombard, "was a promise made to the Children of Israel. I have learned in Mrs. Eddy's wonderful book that the Children of Israel are those who have experienced spiritual power. Surely, then, I am doubly one."

Again he turned to the 107th psalm and read: "He sent his word and healed them." Turning his eyes to Nora he said: "He sent His word — His understanding — through Mr. Anthony, and Christ, the divine manifestation of Truth, has healed me. I know that I am able to walk to the city."

Nora uttered no further protest. "You have a God," she said as they were leaving, "of whom I am ignorant. Is it the same God, Mr. Anthony, who knows no inharmony?"

"The very same. Think over what I have said. Good-by." He extended his hand and she grasped

it impulsively. "If I can be of any service to you, Miss O'Keefe, do not hesitate to call on me."

"I certainly shall not," she said to herself as she watched them until they disappeared within the gates.

If Nora had been surprised at Mr. Lombard's departure, Elder Meredith was even more surprised at his arrival at the palace. When he encountered him entering the great rotunda on Paul's arm shortly after breakfast, he was simply shocked so far out of his ordinary complacency that he nearly collapsed. "Lombard!" he exclaimed. "What madness is this? Have the surgeons gone insane?"

"No, only to battle, Elder!" and Mr. Lombard laughed outright at his consternation.

"Then you have left the hospital without authority."

"No, I came upon Prince Sindhu's order. He thought they would need the room."

"Oh, I see!" said the clergyman, with a sigh of relief. "You are simply being removed to your room. How is the wound?"

"Healed."

The look of surprise returned to Elder Meredith's face, and Mr. Lombard chuckled to himself as he continued: "For further particulars read Jeremiah xxx, 17, and Mark xvi, 18."

He passed into his room, leaving Elder Meredith in a state of mind that cannot be appreciated by one who has not been in his exact position.

"I shall certainly protest to Major O'Keefe and Prince Sindhu," he said to himself. "This man Anthony must be suppressed. With his hypnotism he

is putting himself on an equality with the apostles, if not with Jesus himself. Personally, of course, it is nothing to me, but Lombard may die from this foolishness!"

He felt that he must relieve his feelings, and entered the library, where Elizabeth and Mrs. Johnson were chatting over the events of the night.

"What do you think!" he exclaimed, and then without giving them a chance to tell what they thought, he informed them about Mr. Lombard.

"Wonderful!" ejaculated Mrs. Johnson.

"Horrible! you mean," said the elder.

"Why, Elder Meredith!" said Mrs. Johnson, shocked beyond measure. "Are you not glad to see him well?"

"He is not well! Such a thing is impossible. Anthony has simply hypnotized him into thinking he is well. He will die if something is not done!"

"I would not be alarmed if I were you," said Elizabeth quietly, although her heart beat high with joy over this wonderful proof of the healing power of the Christ-truth. "He is naturally healthy and strong, and will, I am sure, be all right."

"The surgeons took out the bullet, did they not?" asked Mrs. Johnson.

"I suppose so," replied the elder.

"Well, that was all they could do. They have to trust to some higher power to do the rest. They call it nature, but we Christians know that God governs nature. I am sure that God can heal him just as well here as in the hospital."

Elder Meredith looked at the two women as though

they had suddenly lost their minds. "I shall be glad when I can get you all at work!" he exclaimed, as he turned on his heel and left the room.

For some minutes Elizabeth sat in a deep study, while Mrs. Johnson picked up a book and slowly turned the pages.

"Mrs. Johnson," at length said Elizabeth, rising, "I just cannot have Nora thinking those unkind and untrue thoughts about me. I am sure that she has come to her senses by this time, and I must go and see her. Will you come along?"

"Why, of course I will. The idea of leaving that poor child out there all alone is scandalous anyway."

"There is a small guard 'out there' that would fight for her," laughed Elizabeth. "I was not thinking about her loneliness, but about the unhappiness which error always brings."

"Well, wait just a minute until I tell David where I am going, and then I will be with you."

Fifteen minutes later the two women passed out of the city. It was in the neighborhood of a mile to camp, and as they came out of the gate, across the plain they could see the red cross flag flying over the hospital tent. In the city the streets were filled with people, who jostled them as they passed, but out on the open plain there were not so many, although there was a fair sprinkling of pedestrians. The walls were deserted save for the sentries, but all the points of vantage on the mountain back of the city were black with people looking expectantly northward for the first signs of a courier with news of the battle. Several trains of donkeys, bearing fuel, were

trailing across the field in the direction of the camp, while groups of horsemen were riding slowly over the great campus.

There was no person in Annakan more alive to the situation than Nora. Having been brought up in the army, she realized fully the unexpected fortunes of war. She had again taken her seat outside the big tent and was gazing toward the city and mountains in the distance, when she recognized Elizabeth and her companion as they came out of the gates. At sight of them her heart beat faster, realizing, as she did, what must be their mission.

"I don't want to see her!" exclaimed Nora, jumping up. "I don't care if I am wrong. I don't want to see her! I won't see her. She has deceived me and I hate her!"

She knew that her thoughts were wicked, but she seemed to glory in them. She was about to summon one of the guard and give an order to allow no one to approach the tent, when she noticed a boy running to overtake the approaching pair. They stopped as the boy came up and talked a couple of minutes. The boy pointed toward the mountain, and presently the women turned and followed him.

From her position Nora watched them as they walked slowly toward the northern and eastern corner of the city wall. As they neared it, a company of half a dozen horsemen approached from around the corner. Then suddenly, even while she looked, the horsemen surrounded the women, dismounted and seized them. In spite of their struggles they were quickly bound, lifted upon the backs of a couple of

led horses, and the entire band disappeared again around the angle of the wall. The whole transaction had not taken three minutes.

The moment Nora saw the assault, she rushed out to give the alarm. As she ran, the thought came to her, "It's a good way to get rid of her. Don't do it."

Unconsciously she came to a sudden stop. "They won't hurt her," came the voice of the tempter. "She can be ransomed in a few days. It will give you a chance to win the prince."

Slowly Nora turned back toward the hospital tent. Her heart was beating so that she could almost hear it. She knew that she was doing a cowardly and despicable thing, but the same angry jealousy that had controlled her actions for the past twenty-four hours was still controlling them. Desperate war between good and evil was being waged within, and the longer she gave the evil power, the more powerful it seemed to become.

"It serves her right!" said the voice of error as Nora resumed her seat.

"You are deceiving yourself," came the voice of truth, echoing the words she had heard that morning.

"You are not," said the voice of error. "She deceived you and this is her punishment. Besides, you cannot leave to give the alarm now. When the troops return, you can tell them what you have seen. Maybe they were not being abducted, — and it will give you a chance to see the prince. Once he sees you, he will prefer you. Just wait."

For more than an hour the power of good and

evil struggled for possession of the girl. Suddenly in the midst of it came the voice of Paul, "It is not of God!" There was no chance for error to dispute this and Nora knew it. Then like a flash came to her memory the events of the morning. With a force that fairly suffocated her came the thought: What must be the ever-present power, the omniscience of a God who could do such a wonderful work. Her cheeks blanched and the blood left her heart. She looked fearfully about as expecting to see before her this terrible presence. With an exclamation that was almost a shriek, she rushed from the tent to the first soldier she saw.

"Quick!" she cried. "Quick! Take me to the city! Take me to Mr. Anthony! The American women have been stolen! I saw them seize them over by the wall! Quick! Quick!"

She seized the man by the arm and urged him toward the city. Astounded by the unexpected news and by the girl's awful earnestness, he followed rather than led her toward the gate. Through it they ran, and on toward the palace. They did not notice in their excitement that others also were running in the same direction. On the palace steps a great crowd had assembled. There were shouts from within and then the noise of rifle shots. The mob began to surge back, and they were caught in the great rushing current of humanity, and borne away from the steps just as a volley was fired from the broad entrance and a crowd of men in uniform came pouring out. The officer in command tried to stop the men, but in vain, and he, too, was quickly forced

out of the building by the palace guard, with Captain Shway at its head.

Caught for a moment in the ebbing tide of shouting and shrieking Orientals which swept down the steps, Nora and her escort were forced back into the street, but as the mob crowded past, they held their own, and when it gradually diminished, they pushed their way again through the rabble, and back to the palace. Recognizing the British uniform of the dragoon, Captain Shway opened his ranks sufficiently to admit them. Forcing her way into the palace, the first person Nora encountered was Mr. Lombard.

"Where is Mr. Anthony?" she asked. "Quick, tell me where I can find Mr. Anthony!"

"Why, Miss Nora," Mr. Lombard exclaimed, "what are you doing here? Has the trouble spread beyond the city?"

"Don't ask me any questions. I must see Mr. Anthony!"

Paul was busy in the rear of the rotunda trying to establish something like order among the palace employés, when he heard his name called from the front. Crowding forward, closely followed by Elder Meredith and Rev. Johnson, he shouted, "Here I am! Who wants me?"

"Oh, Mr. Anthony!" Nora fairly shrieked, as she caught sight of him. "They've stolen Elizabeth and Mrs. Johnson!"

Then, to make good her mortal rights as a woman, she fainted into the arms of the dragoon.

CHAPTER XX

THE ATTACK ON THE PALACE

To understand the condition of affairs at the palace, it is necessary to explain that the conspiracy of Moung Than and Boh Galay, which resulted in the attempt upon the life of Paul, was more extended than Prince Sindhû or any of his officers had imagined. It not only contemplated the removal of Paul, Elizabeth, and all the other foreigners, but the abduction of the Princess Sofia. The object was to hold her as a hostage for the safety of the conspirators, because it was realized that the arrest of their chief would most certainly follow. It was hoped that this arrest would be considerably delayed by the arrangement of a series of hiding-places. The too hasty work of the hirelings had, however, greatly interfered with the plans.

When the troops were called away so suddenly, the friends of Moung Than had looked upon it as an opportune time to retrieve their mistakes. Knowing of the arrest of Moung Than and Boh Galay, and making certain that they were confined within the palace, arrangements were made as soon as the Prince had left the city to take possession of the palace, seize the Princess, and free their leaders. There

was in the minds of the conspirators only one thing to prevent a successful termination of the arrangements. This was that the battle with the Tartars might be of such short duration that the troops would be back in the city before it could be carried into effect.

The force with which it was expected to capture the palace was a battalion of infantry, known as the garrison guard, which it had been expected would be left in the city when the other troops started for the foothills. General Weing Hla had, however, decided that he did not need as large a force in the city, and all but one company of the battalion had, therefore, been ordered to the foothills with General Poh Myah. It was with this one company, then, that the friends of Moung Than undertook to capture the palace and rescue him.

Shortly before ten o'clock in the morning, the friends of Moung Than appeared at the palace. A dozen young nobles, wearing their side arms, entered the building and, in a most respectful manner, requested an audience with Princess Sofia. Despite their manner, the suspicions of Captain Shway were aroused, and he determined not to be taken unawares. Ushering the callers into the audience-room, he placed a guard at the door and sought the princess. Quickly explaining his mission and his suspicions, he suggested that Paul be summoned, and while a plan for thwarting any attempt to liberate the conspirators was being formed by the trio, Oo Toung-lay was sent as a messenger from the princess to say that she would see them in her own apartments shortly.

Paul hastily decided in his own mind that as this was error he must handle it scientifically as such, and that the quicker it was uncovered the better. He, therefore, advised that instead of ushering the young men immediately into the presence of the Princess, they should first make known their mission to him, although at that time he had no thought that an attempt to abduct Sofia was contemplated.

"How many of them are there, Captain?" asked Paul.

"Twelve."

"Station that number of your men in the anteroom, and let an equal number guard the outer door when they are admitted to this room. In the event of their showing any disposition to use force, quickly let all the men enter and close the doors."

"It will not do!" exclaimed the Princess. "These young nobles are much more than a match for twice as many guardsmen. I shall not trust myself among them with so small a force."

"I do not intend that you shall," answered Paul with emphasis. "You will not be here. I shall be the only one in danger."

"You?"

"Yes, I," replied Paul, with a smile of perfect confidence, "and for me there need be no fear."

"You shall not!" exclaimed Sofia, with determination. "Twice, already, have you risked your life for me."

He looked at her with an expression of self-conscious power in his steel gray eyes, as he replied:

"Remember, Princess Sofia, that you have given

me the title of friend. I claim this opportunity to prove my right to the title, even to the extreme test."

She recognized his meaning, and it was quite impossible for her to oppose his authority.

"Personally," he continued, "I should be willing to meet these men alone. We should have our interview and they would depart, but I am well aware, that under the conditions now existing in the state, Prince Sindhu would demand their arrest in case they defy the constituted authority. That is the only reason for a show of force."

"I think Mr. Anthony's plan is the correct one," said Captain Shway, "and as a further protection, I shall remain with the princess in the anteroom. I am personally responsible for her safety."

"Very well, Captain. Order the young men admitted."

Captain Shway stepped to the door. As the princess crossed to the anteroom she extended her hand to Paul.

"Remember that if anything happens," she said with a tender smile, but with a grasp of her hand as firm as steel, "I am also your friend, and claim an equal right to prove my title."

Paul was deeply touched, and for the first time since their acquaintance there came to him, together with a feeling of tenderness, a thought of what a wife such a woman would make. She must have noted the look upon his face, for a thrill passed through her as she grasped his hand. It was a moment that comes to a man and woman but once in a lifetime.

"The right is granted, Princess, but nothing will

happen. Let us know that with God — omniscient Mind — there are no accidents."

He opened the anteroom door and she passed out. Taking his position behind the small table which stood on the opposite side of the room, he awaited the visitors. There was a moment's delay. Then he heard them coming and noted at a glance that Captain Shway stood, with lance in hand, just within the door of the anteroom, which was slightly ajar. The footsteps quickened, and almost on a run the conspirators reached the outer door.

"Seize the princess!" exclaimed one, who seemed to be the leader, as he entered. He stopped for an instant upon seeing Paul instead of Sofia calmly waiting to receive them. "We are betrayed! Death to the foreigner! Fly for your lives!" he shouted, as, sword in hand, he rushed upon Paul.

Unarmed, but fearless and confident, Paul awaited the attack.

The would-be assassin had not advanced five paces ere he encountered the sharp point of a lance in the hands of Captain Shway, who sprang out of the anteroom to meet him. In another moment he would have been spitted on the long, slender weapon, but Paul, leaping over the table, seized the lance and turned it aside, exclaiming:

"Stop, Boh Shway! Put up your lance!"

The sudden appearance of Captain Shway at the head of a dozen lancers, and the still more sudden action of Paul, completely unnerved the leader. As he felt the point of the lance he involuntarily threw up his hand, and with a clever side stroke Paul

knocked his sword out of his hand and it fell rattling to the floor. The others, taken entirely by surprise at the unexpected turn of affairs, started to flee, just as Sofia appeared in the doorway, exclaiming:

"Seize the conspirators! Let not one of them escape!"

Seeing that they were surrounded, the young nobles tried to cut their way through the guardsmen, and for a moment beat back the lances thrust against them, but they were soon overpowered by numbers and disarmed.

The entire affair had not taken more than four or five minutes, but it had been long enough for the friends of the conspirators to give the alarm. Almost before Captain Shway could reform his men in the rotunda, the company of garrison guards controlled by Moung Than appeared at the palace steps.

Throwing aside their lances and seizing their Enfields, the palace guards awaited the advance. Meeting with no opposition on the outside, but considerably impeded by the gathering crowds, the infantrymen rushed up the steps regardless of orders, firing as they ran. They had no sooner entered the great gate than they were met point blank with a volley from the rifles of Captain Shway's men. They turned and fled in even greater disorder, in spite of the efforts of their captain to stop them. The palace guard followed, forcing every one from the building, and forming a solid line on the steps just as Nora and her escort arrived.

So rapid had been the progress of events that Paul

had not had time to think of the safety of the missionaries. In fact it had not occurred to any one within the palace that they might be in danger, until the appearance of Nora with the news of the abduction.

The information came as a most unexpected climax to the happenings of the day, and a report of the entire affair was quickly sent to General Weing Hla. He at once dispatched a troop of horsemen to protect the palace, and threw a cordon of cavalry about the entrance to the infantry barracks to prevent the further egress of the mutinous company, or any communication with it from the outside. Then he hastened in person to the palace to render such further assistance as might be necessary.

In the meantime, at the earnest request of Sofia, Paul had assumed entire control of affairs within the palace. Everywhere there was disorder. It was impossible to tell who were friends and who might be in the pay of the conspirators. The only ones upon whom absolute reliance could be placed were Captain Shway and his men. Upon the advice of the latter, not only were Moung Than and Boh Galay placed in the dungeon underneath the main structure of the palace, but likewise the other conspirators. Then the members of the royal household were summoned, and a searching personal examination made of each one connected therewith by Paul and Oo Toung-lay. Those against whom there was the slightest suspicion were promptly dismissed.

While Paul was busy restoring something like order in the affairs of the palace, Sofia had occupied herself especially with the foreigners. She had ordered Nora

removed to her apartments, and the dragoon who had accompanied her had been stationed as a guard outside her door. As soon as the girl had been revived and become sufficiently composed to give an account of the abduction, Sofia had summoned Mr. Johnson and Elder Meredith, and together they had listened to her story. Mr. Johnson was fairly wild with apprehension for the safety of his wife, and it was only by the greatest persuasion that he could be prevented from starting out alone to find and rescue her.

"I cannot remain here inactive," he declared as he paced the floor, "not knowing what my wife may be suffering or what indignities she may be undergoing. It is maddening!"

"Be calm, brother! Be calm!" said Elder Meredith. "It is only one of those trials which are likely to come to any and all who undertake to preach the gospel to the heathen."

"True!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson impatiently. "But since we have been in Annakan we have not preached at all. We have done nothing. Perhaps this comes as a punishment for our inactivity."

"How could we do anything in this disturbed condition of affairs?"

"I notice others doing things!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson. "But that is not the question just now. I must do something to rescue my wife, or I shall lose my mind!"

"The very minute we can obtain any information as to her possible whereabouts," declared Sofia, "you shall not only be allowed to go to her rescue, but you shall be given such assistance as will make your at-

tempt successful. Now we have nothing to indicate who the abductors may be, or where the ladies were taken. If we could only know the direction they took!"

Nora groaned. If she had only done as she should! If she had given the alarm at once, this might have been known.

"But we shall certainly hear from them in a few hours," continued Sofia. "We shall receive word and the amount of ransom demanded."

"And who is to pay the ransom?" groaned Elder Meredith. "The Board, I am sure, has not the money at hand."

Sofia looked at him in surprise. "Have no fear about the ransom! There is no price so great that my brother will not pay it to free Miss Raymond."

Again Nora groaned, but this time she felt that the pain caused by Sofia's words was but just punishment.

There was a tap at the door and the dragoon opened it sufficiently to announce a visitor.

"Who is it?" asked the princess.

"A boy who wants to see the foreign pohn-gyee."

"It must be some one to see you, Elder Meredith. That is what they call you, is it not?"

"It is in regard to the ladies!" exclaimed Elder Meredith, starting to his feet. "Let him come in!"

The dragoon stepped outside, and Mr. Johnson, in his anxiety to learn of his wife, crossed to the door to get the first news. The others waited in breathless anxiety till the dragoon again entered with a barefooted boy, whom Sofia at once recognized as Moung

Gouk, the lad who had been healed of lameness at Myang-Nee. There was an expression of expectant gladness on his face as he looked round in search of Paul. Not seeing him, he hesitated, became frightened, and at last threw himself at Sofia's feet.

"What is it, Moung Gouk?" asked Sofia kindly. "Who is it you want to see?"

"The great pohn-gyee! Is he not here?"

"You mean Mr. Anthony," said the princess, remembering the scene at Myang-Nee. "You mean the kahla who made you walk?"

The boy's face brightened. "Yes, Princess. The woon told me he was here. Oh, Princess, it is true? He has not gone away?"

"No, Moung Gouk, he is about the palace, but will I not do just as well?"

"Yes, Princess, but they will kill me if they find out."

"Who will kill you?"

"The men who have stolen the foreign women."

At his words both Elder Meredith and Mr. Johnson sprang forward.

"What do you know about them? Where is my wife?" demanded Mr. Johnson. "Speak!"

The boy again buried his face in the rug at Sofia's feet.

"You have frightened him," exclaimed Sofia sharply. "I think I had better send for Mr. Anthony."

She touched a bell and a messenger appeared. "Find Mr. Anthony," she ordered, "and ask him to come here at once."

While they were waiting Nora asked, "Are you the boy that spoke to the ladies out on the camp-ground yesterday?"

Moung Gouk's eyes were full of fear as he slowly nodded his head.

"What did you tell them?"

The lad looked at Sofia, but made no reply.

"We had better wait for Mr. Anthony," said Sofia. "Here he is now," as the door opened to admit him.

Paul comprehended the scene at a glance. Without any explanations, he asked, with a kindly smile, "Where are the ladies, Moung Gouk?"

The lad had already sprung to his side and was clinging to his outstretched hand.

"In the mountains, Sahib."

"Far from here?"

"No, Sahib. They are to be hidden until they can be taken over the mountains and sold."

"Sold!" exclaimed all present with one accord.

The boy nodded his head.

"Are they not holding them for a ransom?" asked Sofia.

"No, Princess, they are to be taken away forever."

"This is terrible!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson in a passion of sorrow and anger, as he covered his face with his hands and wept.

"Do not grieve," said Paul, kindly placing his hand on Mr. Johnson's shoulder. "Remember the promise: 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' At least one of the ladies fully understands what this means, and we need have no fear. Let us

know that this seeming trouble is only another error which must be destroyed by the great truth that God — good — is the only Mind."

Then turning to Moung Gouk: "But why are the ladies to be taken away forever?"

"So that Prince Sindhu cannot make them his princess."

Had a bomb fallen into the room it could not have created greater consternation. A groan from Nora and an exclamation from the others caused the lad to start as though he had been struck.

"It is the truth!" he declared. "That is why I came to tell the great pohn-gyee. It was the most I could do for what he did for me."

"It is part of the conspiracy," declared Paul, "and the entire error will be destroyed through the omnipotence of Truth."

"I tremble for the fate of the conspirators when Sindhu shall learn the facts!" exclaimed Sofia. "His anger will be terrible!"

At mention of Sindhu's name, Paul suddenly said:

"Moung Gouk's information had driven all other thoughts from my mind, or I should have announced that a messenger has arrived announcing the complete destruction of the Tartar forces."

"This, at least, is good news!" exclaimed Elder Meredith, in an effort to cheer Mr. Johnson. "As soon as the English troopers return, with this lad's guidance, we shall be able to rescue the women."

Mr. Johnson's face brightened as he answered, "There is at least a ray of sunshine in that."

"But with the good news," continued Paul as soon

as he could break into the conversation, " comes the bad news that Prince Sindhu is seriously wounded."

An exclamation of dismay broke from all, but Nora, with the recollection of the morning still fresh in her mind, said, " If he can be cured as easily and quickly as Mr. Lombard, we need have no fear."

Sofia turned upon Paul a questioning look, as though to ask, " Is it possible? "

" That rests entirely with Prince Sindhu," was Paul's smiling, but emphatic, reply.

CHAPTER XXI

PROVING THE GOLDEN RULE

After obtaining Moung Gouk's description of the hiding-place of Elizabeth and Mrs. Johnson, several plans for their rescue were discussed, but it was finally decided to wait with what patience they were able until the return of the troops. It was well along in the afternoon, however, before the conference broke up, and when Nora and her escort again emerged into the street to return to the camp, they found that the news of the battle had become public, and that the streets were filled with joyous people celebrating the victory. The news also had the effect of quieting any further demonstration on the part of the conspirators, while the mutinous company at the garrison had offered to surrender and turn over its arms to General Weing Hla.

Along about dusk the first of the victorious army made its appearance in the person of Colonel Holliday and his staff, followed shortly after by the ambulance bearing the wounded prince. Surgeon O'Keefe accompanied him and superintended his removal to his own apartments, where absolute quiet was ordered. A bullet from a Winchester had struck the prince in the breast, just under the shoulder blade,

had passed through the body, and had come out near the spinal column, grazing the right lung. It was a serious and painful wound and had completely incapacitated Sindhu, so that the entire command of the army had been turned over to Colonel Holliday.

After seeing his royal patient made comfortable for the night, and stationing at his bedside a trained army nurse, Major O'Keefe left to visit the field hospital, and care for the wounded men who were now being brought in. Almost the first person that he met as he came out into the rotunda was Mr. Lombard. He started back as though he had seen an apparition, exclaiming:

"Is it you, Lombard, or your ghost?"

"It is not my ghost, you will find, if you will give me a shake of your hand," was the laughing rejoinder. "I never felt better in my life."

"But your wound, man?" said the doctor, taking the outstretched hand.

"Gives me not the slightest trouble. It is healing fast and there is hardly a trace of soreness."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Surgeon O'Keefe. "Come in here and let me look at it!"

He took Mr. Lombard by the arm, and led him into his room, where he insisted upon making an examination.

"Sure, it's a miracle," he exclaimed, as he lifted the soft linen with which the wound was covered. "A miracle! But if an abscess don't form, it'll be a still greater miracle. See that you keep quiet and don't get heated. Faith, I'll have to write an article to

the *Lancet* on the wonderful properties of that new antiseptic."

"I would!" exclaimed Mr. Lombard, with a chuckle; "but if you want real, authentic information about it, come in when you are not busy and I will read it to you from the book of Jeremiah; I do not suppose that you have a Bible of your own."

Major O'Keefe looked at him in astonishment, and went out muttering something about an ignorant, bigoted Jew, who was four thousand years behind the times.

In the hall he encountered Nora, who had come over from the camp to meet him. She threw herself into his arms and burst into tears.

"Well! Well!" he gasped. "Upon my soul, this is something new! What's the matter, Acushla?"

"Oh, Father," she sobbed, "I'm a wicked girl and they've stolen Elizabeth!"

The major held her off and looked at her. "You're a wicked girl, and they've stolen Elizabeth?" he repeated. "And what connection have the two?"

Drawing him down upon a seat beside her she told him all the story, concealing only the reason of her anger, which she referred to as a quarrel with Elizabeth. She narrated also the account of the trouble in the palace, the story of Moung Gouk, and the removal of Mr. Lombard. He listened quietly to the end.

"Faith, and you've had a busy day!" he said. "But, Nora, child, I blame you for none of the trouble, — unless it happens that Mr. Lombard gets worse."

"I feel sure he will not, Father. Somehow, to-day, I have caught a glimpse of a new power, — the power of Spirit. The few words which Mr. Anthony said about my deceiving myself, and that God sends no unhappiness, has awakened something in me that I never knew I had."

The major wiped a tear from his eye with the back of his hand.

"Nonsense, girl. You're just a bit sorry for Elizabeth, and the wicked thought you had about her; and it's right you should be. Your mother, rest her soul, would have taught you that. As for the thought of God, I like that kind of a religion myself; but when it comes to healing up holes in men's chests overnight, that ain't reasonable."

"I didn't say that He did, Father. I have only told you what Mr. Lombard and Mr. Anthony believe. Sure," she said meditatively, "I'd like to know more about that kind of a God."

Major O'Keefe arose abruptly. "I must be going to the hospital," he said. "You'd better stay here to-night. There'll be plenty doing to-morrow, and we'll probably need your assistance.

He kissed her good night. "Don't forget to say your prayers, Nora, and get all the religion you can; but don't ever think there's a God that's going to heal bullet-holes and saber-cuts without the aid of a surgeon."

He buttoned up his greatcoat and disappeared down the hall.

The prophecy that there would be plenty to do on the morrow proved a true one. With the return of

the troops with the wounded and prisoners, Colonel Holliday found every minute of his time occupied; but he took the earliest moment to call together those who were especially interested in the rescue of Elizabeth and Mrs. Johnson, to decide upon the wisest course to pursue.

It was very evident that the rescue would be attended with great danger, not only to those seeking to accomplish it, but to the women. The men who held them captive were a desperate lot, and, if cornered, might sacrifice their prisoners to protect themselves, or even wreak summary vengeance upon them. Therefore it was necessary to proceed with the greatest caution.

In spite of the attempt to keep the ill news from Prince Sindhu, he had in some manner got wind of the affair, and nothing would do but he must hear the whole story. He not only insisted upon hearing it from Sofia, but demanded that Paul and Nora should also come and see him. There was little that Paul could tell regarding the abduction, but he detailed all the events which had transpired at the palace during the past twenty-four hours. Sindhu listened attentively. Only once did he interrupt. It was when Paul was telling of the scene in Sofia's apartment.

"You are certainly placing our family under an eternal debt of gratitude!" he exclaimed. "There was no reason why you should have risked your life for my sister, and yet I see that you did."

"The princess is my friend. I do not know that

I have a dearer on earth. I feel quite sure I did no more for her than she would do for me."

Paul looked at Sofia with a tender smile that might have won any woman's heart. There was an answering smile on her part. Sindhu realized that while there must be a perfect understanding between them, it was free from any passion or sentiment, and he turned his eyes to Sofia with a wondering gaze.

"I have learned the meaning of the word friend, brother, and this beautiful quotation from the words of the great teacher, Jesus: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

"And he has no thought of reward," was Sindhu's mental comment, as he closed his eyes; "but what is this change that is coming over my sister?"

Paul had just completed his story when Nora arrived, accompanied by her father. It seemed to her that her heart must burst its bounds, as she entered the room and was for the first time in the presence of the man whose image had filled her mind for days. But the thought of what her folly had already led her to was with her, and she told briefly and concisely what had happened. This, with Moung Gouk's story, made the history of events complete.

That the narrative had greatly excited Sindhu was apparent from the flush on his face and the exclamation of impatience which escaped him at its close.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," he exclaimed, "while some one else has the privilege of rescuing the woman I love."

It was an exclamation which betrayed his innermost thought, and which would never have escaped him had he not been in his present enfeebled condition. It was like the thrust of a dagger to Nora, who understood at that moment that her dreams could never be realized. With a wonderful effort she determined then and there, cost her what it might, that she would put this madness out of her mind and strive to make amends for the evil which she had thought and done. It was this that led her to say:

"If you could only have the same help as Mr. Lombard, you might be up soon."

Sindhu looked at her inquiringly. Sofia explained:

"Through the help of Mr. Anthony, Mr. Lombard has made a wonderful recovery. He returned to the palace from the hospital yesterday and appears quite well."

Sindhu turned his eyes to Paul, as though he would speak, but was interrupted by Major O'Keefe, who exclaimed with a snort:

"We'll have no more such foolishness! Taking sick people out of their beds at the risk of their lives!" Then to Prince Sindhu he said: "Sure, you're having the same treatment as Mr. Lombard, — the same antiseptic dressing, — and, if you're physically in as good condition as he, you'll be all right, — unless," he declared with a glaring look at Paul, "your fool friends drive you into a fever of excitement that kills you."

His words and manner made no impression upon Paul, who smiled broadly as he asked: "If exciting

thoughts can kill him, why may not another kind of thoughts cure him?"

"Because it don't work that way; and I'll not have my patient disturbed in this manner. I insist upon absolute quiet if I am to remain in charge of the case."

"Certainly," replied Paul calmly; "no one wishes to dispute your authority in the treatment —"

"Unless it is Sindhu himself!" exclaimed Sofia.

She stepped to her brother's bedside and laid her hand soothingly upon his forehead. "Would you like the help Mr. Anthony can give you, Sindhu, or are you satisfied?"

"Why cannot I have both?" asked the wounded man.

"Impossible!" said Paul. "'Thou shalt have no other gods before me' is the first commandment, and Jesus said, 'ye cannot serve God and mammon,' — spirit and matter."

"I'll have nobody interfering with my case!" almost shouted Major O'Keefe. "If you want one of your native doctors, who don't know anything, get him and I'll quit. Sure, that would be foolish enough! But to give you over to one of these praying fanatics, — I won't do it! And I won't have him interfering, either!"

Sofia looked at the surgeon in surprise, while Nora said under her breath: "Don't get excited, Father. It'll make the prince worse."

The major drew out his handkerchief and wiped his face, but said nothing.

"Remember the lame boy and our father," said

Sofia quietly to Sindhu; "and Mr. Lombard is quite well."

"It would be suicide!" exclaimed the major, unable to contain his feelings any longer. "You're likely to die if you don't have the very best care."

"I think that I will stick to the surgeon," said Sindhu, taking Sofia's hand in his. "But I do not want to offend Mr. Anthony."

Major O'Keefe got red in the face, but Nora laid her hand on his arm.

"There can be no offense," said Paul gently. "I am only sorry you are to be confined to your bed so long, Prince Sindhu. I can assure you, everything possible will be done to rescue Miss Raymond and her companion. I am going now to consult with Colonel Holliday. Any time you need me, I am at your service."

As Paul passed out, Major O'Keefe crossed over to the bedside, while Nora followed Paul to the door.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Anthony," she said, "for your kind words to me yesterday. They have helped me out of a deep pit. And you mustn't mind father."

There was a twinkle in Paul's eye, as he replied: "I do not. In his place and in his condition of thought, I should do exactly as he does — the very best I knew how."

To Sofia, Major O'Keefe was saying: "That young man may mean all right, but he's wrong here," and the major tapped his forehead. "Prayers are a good thing for wounds in peoples' consciences, but useless for wounds in their bodies."

Paul found Elder Meredith and Mr. Johnson at headquarters when he arrived. Both were excited and impatient to be doing something.

"Pardon my tardiness," was Paul's greeting, "but Prince Sindhu insisted upon knowing the details of yesterday's disturbance. He has expressed a desire that the rescue of the ladies be undertaken with the utmost dispatch, but likewise with the greatest caution."

When Colonel Holliday asked for any suggestions, Mr. Johnson was so broken down with his grief and with his hours of suspense that he was incapable of saying anything, other than to urge the greatest haste. Elder Meredith suggested that the best plan, inasmuch as they had a guide to conduct them directly to the hiding-place, was to surprise the bandits and overpower them before they could offer any resistance, or do any injury to their captives.

"What do you think of the plan, Colonel Holliday?" he asked.

"It coincides largely with my own, Elder; but I feel that the safety of the ladies is of the first importance, and that we should proceed with the greatest caution. How does it appear to you, Mr. Anthony?"

"Excellent, if it can be successfully accomplished. It occurs to me, however," continued Paul, "that it will be almost impossible to take the bandits so entirely off their guard that they will be unable to wreak their anger upon their captives. The city is full of spies, and the very minute a force of suf-

ficient strength to accomplish the desired result leaves, the report will be carried to the hills."

"Let us do nothing," pleaded Mr. Johnson, "that will endanger their lives or cause them to be mistreated."

"What would you suggest, then?" asked the colonel.

"I hardly know," replied Paul, "but I think that we should, first of all, try the effect of the Golden Rule, not only upon the hillmen, but also upon the men in the dungeons. I do not know what Prince Sindhu's plan for dealing with them may be, or even if he has a plan; but if order — permanent order — is to be restored in Annakan any way soon, we must remove the cause of the trouble. The cause of the trouble is the enmity of these men to foreigners. We ought to be able to destroy that."

Both the clergymen became thoughtful. They could see that the advice was in accord with Scriptural injunctions, but it seemed impractical. To Colonel Holliday it seemed worse than folly, and he exclaimed:

"This is no time for sentiment, gentlemen! A famous American general, in speaking of your wild tribes, once said that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. The same applies to the Oriental Indian. Your golden rule will not work, Mr. Anthony. My plan is this: Take the boy who is to be your guide out of the city this afternoon in an ambulance. Either you or Mr. Johnson can go with him. The ambulances are going back and forth all the time, and will attract no attention. During the afternoon

one of them can even take you as far as the foothills. I will detail a squad of a dozen mounted men for the expedition. They can leave in an opposite direction, but will meet you at a given spot after dark. The boy can then guide you to the place, after which you will have to depend upon yourself and the quick work of the troopers for the rest."

"Do you not think it would be possible to ransom them?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"Ordinarily I should say yes," said Colonel Holliday, "but this seems to be sort of a personal affair of this young nobleman. He has evidently determined to rid himself and the state of Mr. Anthony and Miss Raymond, and seems to have powerful backing. I see no reason for the abduction of your wife, except that the price of the two women, if sold into slavery across the border, will bring their abductors a big price for their work."

Mr. Johnson covered his face with his hands. "This is terrible! Terrible! Mr. Anthony, you must let me go with the expedition. I cannot stay here!"

"It would be impossible to refuse your request," replied Paul, kindly. "In the meantime, Colonel, I am sure it would do no harm for me to visit the prisoners in the palace and try the Golden Rule. I feel that I should be able to prove its efficacy. Let us know that there is but one Mind, and that Mind is God, good."

Colonel Holliday regarded Paul earnestly as he was speaking. After an impressive silence, he said, slowly: "I have often heard the term 'practical

religion' made use of by those whose idea seemed to be the living of more upright daily lives, and in practising on Monday what they had heard preached on Sunday; but I have never before heard it even suggested that any religion was practical enough to overthrow a conspiracy like this, or to free a couple of women from a band of cutthroats. Did you, Elder?"

"Never!" was the response; "and I have also discovered that God only helps those who help themselves."

"Amen!" said Rev. Johnson.

Paul smiled broadly in spite of himself as he asked: "Did you ever hear of the conspiracy against Daniel, Elder? You are quite right in thinking that God helps only those who help themselves, but we must not forget that there are various ways of helping oneself. Did it ever occur to any of you, gentlemen, what the apostles did in order to secure the help of the angel of the Lord in escaping from prison? What they did to help themselves? In a situation, such as now confronts us, it might be well to stop and search the Scriptures. For instance, listen to this: 'He hath sent me to proclaim liberty to the captive,' — those who are held captive by error, and a conspiracy is an error. 'He delivereth me from mine enemies.' 'I, even I, am the Lord; and beside me there is no saviour.' If God could open the prison doors for his apostles two thousand years ago, He can do it, and will do it now; for He is as omnipotent and omnipresent to-day as then, and it is only in God 'that we live and move and

have our being,' and I am going to try and prove that 'God is a refuge for us' now, that He is, as He always has been, 'a strong help when great troubles come.'"

His auditors listened to him in silent surprise. As he finished speaking, he arose and hastily left the conference, saying: "Colonel, I shall in no wise interfere with your plans."

"Would you consider Mr. Anthony's religion a practical one?" inquired the colonel, as Paul left.

"Practical!" exclaimed Elder Meredith. "It is absolutely impractical! It is not even religion!"

Rev. Johnson said nothing, but in his dire sorrow and distress his great desire went out in prayer that he might find that the "Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear."

After leaving the conference, Paul went immediately to Captain Shway. "I want to see the leader of the conspirators at once," he said, "and I want to see him alone."

The captain looked at him in surprise. "Do you mean Moung Than?"

"No, the one whom you were about to kill yesterday."

"Not Moung Kai Yang!" exclaimed the captain. "He is the most vicious of the lot, and the most bitter against foreigners. You will get nothing out of him; better try Boh Galay."

"No. I prefer the other. Bring him to my apartment in fifteen minutes."

"Whenever you desire, Sahib. I simply give you my opinion."

Paul went to his room and closed the door. He knew that of all claims of error, sin is the hardest to heal; and of all sins, anger is among the worst. Men desire to be freed from sickness, but they cling to their sins with a tenacity past understanding. Closing his door, Paul prayed fervently for wisdom and understanding that he might understand that there is but one Mind; that love is the reflection of God; and that, apprehending this, he might realize for the prisoner who was being brought before him only the spiritually perfect man in God's image; that he might recognize as error the sin and hatred which seemed so real, but which, from a divinely scientific standpoint, he knew to be unreal. As he communed thus silently with God, there came to him a sense of that perfect love which destroys everything unlike itself, and he was assured of the answer to his prayer.

There was a knock at the door, and Paul arose to admit Captain Shway and his prisoner. On Moung Kai Yang's face was a surly, vengeful expression, but it gave way to startled surprise, as Paul said: "You may leave us, captain. Moung Kai Yang and I have a private matter to talk over."

Then to his visitor, as the captain left: "Will you not be seated?"

As Moung Kai Yang sank into his seat, the expression on his face again changed to one of friendly curiosity, and he exclaimed: "You are he who saved my life yesterday."

Paul smiled grimly as he replied: "I think perhaps I did. The captain was very hasty."

"Yes, he was," said Moung Kai Yang, as he regarded Paul curiously; "and it was well for you that he was, for I should certainly not have been as magnanimous as you."

"But really," said the young nobleman with a complete change of manner, "I am very sorry about this whole affair. I see that there has been a terrible mistake, and that we have simply been serving as tools to bring about some of Moung Than's schemes. I should like to explain this to the Prince and his sister. I know that the others have similar opinions, and I shall be glad to do all in my power to right the wrong which has been done."

An exclamation of thankfulness came to Paul's lips as the expression of his heart, and with a frank and kindly earnestness he said, "I shall be very glad to help you. It should be an easy task, for a fault acknowledged is one-half rectified."

"And how shall we rectify the other half?" asked Moung Kai Yang, with a smile.

"First, by aiding in the rescue of the two ladies who have been abducted. This will put Prince Sindhu in a frame of mind to consider the next step."

"If we can locate the abductors, this will be a comparatively easy step."

"That is already known."

"And you will trust me to negotiate their recovery?" asked Moung Kai Yang, hesitatingly.

"Unquestionably," replied Paul; "there is my

hand on it. I only ask the pleasure of participating in the affair."

"Then we will go together."

"What is needed for the expedition, and when can we start?" asked Paul.

"We can start at once. All that is needed is an escort of two, and horses for the ladies."

Paul stepped to the door. "Captain Shway, will you order horses for four, and a mounted escort of two. Moung Kai Yang and I are going to bring the ladies home."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the captain.

"No, it is a fact!"

"Then I shall be one of the escort."

"As you please, Captain. But let us start at once."

CHAPTER XXII

MEDICINE, THEOLOGY AND RELIGION

When Major O'Keefe and Nora left Prince Sindhu they mounted their horses and rode immediately to the field hospital, where they spent a busy morning among the wounded men. On the way over they encountered Captain Ormonde, who inquired anxiously about Prince Sindhu, and also his sister.

"I haven't seen you making any desperate love to the princess since you've been up here," said the major with a laugh. "What's the matter?"

"The American!" was the laconic reply.

"Sure, I can't see why he's such a favorite at court," growled the major, remembering his recent experience. "He's worse than the missionaries. He not only wants to save the souls of all Burma, but the bodies as well!"

Ormonde looked at the major in surprise. "By Jove! I thought he was a devilish good sort of a chap, don't you know!"

"Faith, he may be all right in his place, if you know where that is, but this talk about God healing bullet wounds and sabre cuts is nonsense. Bedad, he'll not bother me any more. He knows my opinions!"

"He must be a mighty smart man, Major, for he

is the only one that ever I knew to get an opinion out of you. Haw! Haw!"

The major seemed about to make some forcible remark, but Nora changed the subject of conversation by saying, "Isn't it terrible about Elizabeth!"

"I was just going to say so myself," said Ormonde. "Any news?"

"None!" replied the major. "There's another one, Captain, with whom you didn't make much headway."

"No! The church is not in my line. By Jove, I think I will stick to the army," and he cast an admiring glance at Nora.

"Bedad, that's the wisest. Every man to his profession. That's what I'll tell this same Mr. Anthony the next time he runs against me. Let him stick to his prayers and I'll stick to my plasters."

"Haw! Haw!" laughed Ormonde. "You mean your plasters will stick to you, don't you know. By Jove, that is clever!" He put spurs to his horse and galloped away.

"Ormonde isn't such a fool as he tries to make people think he is," was the major's comment as the captain passed out of hearing.

"Sure, he's got a lot of sense," ejaculated Nora, "but what he needs is a guardian to keep him from falling in love with every girl he sees."

"Or a wife," declared her father, as they alighted at the hospital.

Nora was a favorite with the men of the ninety-second, and her presence in the hospital was like the scent of the shamrock to the wounded men. While her father was busy dressing the wounds and binding up

the bodily hurts, she was flitting from cot to cot speaking a pleasant word or doing some little act of kindness. As they rode away after the morning's work was done, one observing Tommy Atkins remarked:

"He's a bloomin' good doctor, he is, but blime if I don't think she does 'em a heap more good nor him."

On their way back to the city they met Elder Meredith. He had been out for his morning ride, and on his way in had encountered Paul and his escort on their way to bring in the women. He imparted the news to Nora and the major.

"I was anxious to accompany them, when I learned where they were going," explained the clergyman, "but Mr. Anthony would not permit it. He seems to want to take all the credit for doing whatever is done — "

"Even to curing people of bullet wounds," finished the major.

"Yes, and all other diseases," continued the elder.

"It's preposterous!" snorted the major.

"Not so preposterous as his claim that sin is unreal," rejoined Elder Meredith. "We have Scriptural authority for healing sickness with prayer, and I can see that much of the sickness is unreal any — "

"Sickness unreal!" interrupted the surgeon. "Sickness unreal! Why, man, what are you talking about?"

"Well, is it not so? Look at the so-called nervous diseases — "

"So-called nervous diseases! Bedad, they're as real as any!"

"I do not know that I would go quite as far as that, Major, although I know that many diseases are the result of imagination."

"Sure, ye misunderstood my meaning, Elder. There are none of them unreal. I meant that nervous diseases were just as real as any disease, and they're all real enough, if you ever had one of them. They're a good deal more real than most of the sin that's worrying you so much."

"What do you mean?" demanded the elder tartly.

"Bedad, a whole lot of things that you call sin look all right to me. It just depends upon the point of view."

"Well, yes, Major, I will admit that some things which might seem wrong for one person to do, would be perfectly proper for another. Thus some things which might be a sin for one man, would not be a sin for another. Each man must be largely governed by his own conscience."

"I can't see it that way, Elder," broke in Nora.

"No? What do you mean?"

"As I look at life, a thing is either right or wrong, no matter who does it, or how you look at it. Certainly there must be some standard other than any one man's opinion."

"Tut, tut, Nora!" exclaimed the major. "You're far too young to be discussing learned subjects with the elder."

"Miss Nora is right to a certain extent," said Elder Meredith, with a patronizing air. "Some

things are always wrong. This worshipping of the images of Buddha, for instance."

"There's no doubt of that," said the major, "any more than the worshipping of money is a sin."

"True, Major! True! Or the worshipping of whiskey and morphine! I think that you doctors ought to be ashamed of yourselves, prescribing these dreadful drugs as you do, when you know the misery they cause. Nine-tenths of the morphine fiends get their start from taking morphine prescribed by physicians."

"Tut, tut, Elder! Now you're getting on dangerous grounds," ejaculated the major testily. "I'll admit that some doctors are too ready with the needle, but in extreme cases, morphine is surely a gift from the Almighty."

"From the devil, you mean!" said Meredith.

"As for whiskey," continued the major, ignoring the clergyman's remark, "sure, if properly used a little spirits is an excellent thing — and it's pleasant to take. Bedad, if you'll stop and take luncheon with me, I'll give you a sup that'll warm the cockles of your heart."

Elder Meredith was forced to smile, but replied gravely: "I should not think of touching spirits, except as an urgent remedy, but I shall be pleased to take a bite of dinner with you. A little English cooking in this heathen land will be a most pleasant change."

They alighted at the major's quarters, where they found luncheon ready and were soon deep in the discussion of a very palatable repast.

"You'll try just a drop of this port," said the major as he poured himself out a liberal portion.

"Well, just a small glass, Major." Then to Nora, "Even this, I sometimes feel, is not quite allowable."

"I don't think there is any harm in a glass of wine," said Nora, "but if I did I would not take it. However, as you said, what might not be a sin for me, might be for you. But, sure, I'm not judging you."

Elder Meredith made no reply, but addressed his next remark to the major:

"While you are not particularly interested in theology, Major, I have felt for some time that I wanted to speak to you about this man Anthony. Your wife was formerly much interested in mission work, and I feel that you must be also, to a certain extent."

"Certainly I am, Elder, and in the missionaries, — especially Miss Raymond."

"You can see what great damage it must be to the cause of Christianity in Burma, to have a man with such a strong personality as Anthony practising hypnotism and pretending that it is in accord with the teachings of Christ, — even going so far as to call it Christian science. I am not deeply versed in metaphysics or psychology, and there may be a scientific explanation to hypnotism, but certainly it is not Christian."

"Sure it's more Christian than scientific. If you can cure a man of a headache by hypnotism, why isn't it just as Christian as to give him a dose of bromide? But any one can see it ain't scientific, first

because it don't cure any organic disease and second because nobody can explain it so you can understand it. I'll admit it's a good deal the same with drugs. That's why I use very few. I use the knife. I cut out the diseased place and let nature do the rest."

Nora had been an interested auditor. "How does nature do the rest, father?" she asked.

"Faith, don't ask me. I just know it does."

Elder Meredith smiled. He was quick to grasp this opening. "You would hardly call that a scientific answer, would you, Major?"

"Of course it's scientific. I know exactly how to do my work, and nature knows how to do hers."

"Does it always do it the same?" asked Nora.

"Sure! What are you two driving at?" exclaimed the major, a bit nettled. "Are you trying to drive me into a corner?"

"Not at all! Not at all!" said Elder Meredith. "But just for argument's sake, you know as well as I that nature does not always do things the same way. There is no set rule. If there were, and you always did your work the same way, all your patients would recover."

"Oh, no! Conditions are different."

"Who makes the conditions? Is it not nature?" asked Elder Meredith.

"It has always seemed to me," suggested Nora, "that nature was a blind force unless we understood it was governed by God — and by God I mean some kind of a Supreme Intelligence that directs the universe."

"Quite right, Nora," said Elder Meredith. "I

think you are quite right. What is your opinion, Major?"

"Faith, I suppose there must be a Supreme Being. I've always thought so; and if so, He must have made the laws of nature. Something must have made them."

"Then really all that you do, Father, is to cut out the diseased part and leave the rest to God, isn't it?"

Both the men looked at the girl in amazement. This was a point they had not thought of.

"Now I am not going to try to explain what Mr. Anthony does any more than what nature does," said Nora, "but I saw how Mr. Lombard was cured, and I'm sure there was no hypnotism about that. Hypnotism doesn't heal bullet wounds."

"I know you're right about that," said the major. "What healed him was that new antiseptic dressing."

"You used the same on Prince Sindhu, didn't you, Father? And he is not well. In fact, I could see today that he was worse."

"Sure. He's excited over the bad news. The stealing of the woman he wants to marry has completely upset him, and if he don't quit worrying he will be worse yet."

Nora was surprised that the mention of Prince Sindhu and Elizabeth seemed to have lost its power to affect her, as she replied: "Then the news that she has been found ought to make him better."

"It will!"

Nora laughed outright. "You told Mr. Anthony this morning that it didn't work that way."

"I think," declared Elder Meredith, "that An-

thony had very little to do interfering in the case."

"Sure, that's what I told him, Elder. I won't have no one interfering in my cases," declared the major, pouring himself out another glass of port.

"It wasn't his doing at all," declared Nora. "Princess Sofia asked her brother if he wouldn't like to have Mr. Anthony help him. Sure, I don't think it would have been very Christianly for Mr. Anthony to refuse if the prince had said yes."

"The princess is daffy over the man!" exclaimed the major.

Elder Meredith leaned back in his chair for a minute, passed his hand over his hair and then, leaning forward, said in a very confidential manner, "I do not want to be classed as a scandal monger, Major, and I would not mention this matter were it not for the good of all concerned, but I am afraid that the motives of Mr. Anthony as regards the Princess Sofia are not exactly what they should be."

Both his auditors drew back in amazement and Nora exclaimed:

"Elder Meredith, I am surprised!"

"Now do not misunderstand me," continued the elder. "I am sure that the princess has, as yet, no idea of this, but I know the kind of a man that is usually found occupying the position held by Anthony, and if the prince is not careful there will be a bigger scandal in his palace than there was in that of King Thebaw some years ago."

Elder Meredith looked carefully to see that the servant had withdrawn, then, lowering his voice, said:

"The other night the princess went to Mr. Anthony's room alone, and stayed there for an hour. If he were an honest man he would not have allowed it. She may see nothing wrong in it yet, but he knows better."

He hastily took a sip of port, and wiped his lips with his napkin.

Nora arose from the table with flushed cheeks and flaming eyes. "I believe your insinuations are uncalled for and unjust, Elder Meredith, and I shall not remain to hear them."

She turned and hastily left the room.

The men looked at each other in surprise. At last Elder Meredith asked: "Has Nora, too, been talking with this man?"

"Yes, I believe so," replied the major in surprise. "But why do you ask?"

"It simply bears out what I said. He is a dangerous hypnotist. For the good of all concerned, we must destroy his influence with Prince Sindhu and rescue these girls from his sinister power."

"Do you really think it can be hypnotism?" asked the major thoughtfully.

"It must be. How else could he gain such an influence?"

"Perhaps he has the prince hypnotized, too."

"Possibly. I know he has gained a wonderful control over Miss Raymond."

Major O'Keefe was silent for some minutes. "I hadn't thought of it before," he said, "but now you speak of it, I remember seeing them together at the door of his room the night after the review."

"Seeing them? Who?"

"Why, Anthony and Miss Raymond."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Elder Meredith.

"No, it's true. I didn't think anything wrong of it at the time, but your words have set me thinking."

"Prince Sindhu must be apprised of this at once!"

"Sure, he can't be worried yet, but as soon as he is able, in the course of a week, say, we'll tell him. It's a good thing I have destroyed Anthony's influence there, and I'll see that he is kept out of the room. In the meantime we'll keep a close watch so as to know what is going on."

"Your suggestion is a wise one, Major. We will spend the next few days securing evidence of the man's perfidy, and as soon as the prince is able, we will have him exposed and sent out of the kingdom."

The men arose from the table. As the clergyman was leaving the major exclaimed, "Sure, I'm glad we happened to meet ye. I knew all the time there must be something wrong about that man."

CHAPTER XXIII

CHRISTMAS MORNING

Darkness in the Himalayas, — the dense darkness that comes just before the dawn of day. On all sides rugged boulders, covered with a thick growth of brush which almost hides the skies above and makes the darkness more intense. There is not even the whisper of the winds to break the silence of the mountain fastness. Then softly on the early morning air a clear, sweet voice in song:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!"

The voice is Elizabeth's, and it comes from within a small cave which nature has hewn into the side of the huge crag which forms the impregnable back of this wild retreat. It breaks the spell of darkness and evil, which for hours has seemed to hold sway, and on the tip of the highest peak is seen the first ray of the coming light.

As the last note of the song dies away, another voice from out the darkness, that of patient, loving

Mrs. Johnson: "How 'nearer, my God, to Thee' this cross does raise us." Then silence, and then again: "But it is so dark, and I am so tired. Will the day never come!"

"Patience, dear heart!" comes the voice of Elizabeth. "It is coming. It is here. If we can only realize the true meaning of our beautiful hymn, we shall always see the light, — for when we are near God there is no darkness."

"I wish I had your courage, dear, but I'm so tired, so tired, and there is such a pain in my head and throat. Do you think that they will find us to-day?"

"Let us pray that they may. My heart aches for you."

"And why not for yourself?"

"I am big and strong and used to depending on myself; but you are so frail —"

"And so dependent upon some one else. Oh, David! David! Shall I ever see you again?" and the voice was lost in a sob.

"Keep still over there!" commanded a harsh voice in broken English. "Can't you let folks sleep?"

There was silence for several minutes, during which the white tip of the mountain grew longer. Then again the plaintive voice:

"Oh, dearest, I am so sick! And I am so thirsty!"

"I will see if I cannot find the water. I saw where the woman put the gourd last night."

Elizabeth groped about in the dim light, fearful lest she should cause some disturbance which should awaken the sleepers on the other side of the cave and call forth a reproof. At last her hand touched the

gourd and she raised it to her companion's lips. Mrs. Johnson took a couple of swallows and groaned:

"It hurts so to swallow! And it seems so cold here! If I only had David to take me in his arms!" Then after a pause: "He has medicine, too. He would know just what to give me. Would it not be nice if we could all believe as Mr. Anthony does? Then we would not get sick."

"The promises of God are no more for Mr. Anthony than for you or me. We should be able to realize it."

"My faith seems so small. And just now it seems smaller than ever. I am so cold."

Elizabeth took off the light jacket which she wore when they were so suddenly seized and borne away the previous day. Wrapping it around the little woman's shoulders, she gathered her up in her arms.

"There, dear," she said soothingly, "try and sleep a little."

"Do you know what day this is?" suddenly asked Mrs. Johnson.

"Thursday."

"It is Christmas! I had forgotten it! I never spent a Christmas like this before!"

"It may be different before the day is done. Do try and sleep, dear."

For some moments she was silent, while Elizabeth softly sang the second verse of the wonderful hymn.

"Do you feel near enough to God to ask Him to make me well?" suddenly broke in Mrs. Johnson. "You have talked with Mr. Anthony. He says faith comes with understanding. Do you think so?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Have you enough understanding to pray for me to get well? I mean enough to give you the faith that brings an answer."

"I do not know, dear. Let me think."

This time there was a long silence not broken by the singing. Elizabeth was thinking, — thinking whether she had sufficient faith in God, — sufficient understanding of the great truth as she had learned it from Paul, to realize the unreality of the sickness of her companion. Yes, she could see that unless God sent sickness, it must have come from some other creator, and she was certain there was no creator but God. Here, however, was the test of her faith. Was she certain that God did not send the sickness? All her life she had been told that He did. If He did, why did Jesus heal it? If God saw everything that He had made, and it was good, how could He have made sickness, which was certainly evil.

"And of course," ran her thoughts, "Jesus knew that God did not make sickness and that is why he healed it. How? Why, by simply knowing the truth about it. That is why he said that if we believed, we should do the works which he did. Believe what? Why, that sickness, evil, error, have no real existence, because God, good, is all-in-all; is Spirit, Life, Love, — and man made in His image is spiritual. Of course God, Spirit, can have no sore throat or headache, and man, who is the image and likeness of God, cannot have them either. How plain it all is. —" And then suddenly, "If man cannot have

them, of course Mrs. Johnson, in truth, has not had them at all," and almost without thinking she exclaimed aloud:

"Why, Mrs. Johnson, in Christ, Truth, you have no sore throat; you have no headache! You are well!"

"What?" asked a sleepy voice.

"I say in Christ, Truth, you are well."

Mrs. Johnson sat up and looked around. The white tip on the mountain peak was now a long spire many feet high. The early morning light had dispelled the darkness, and the beauty of a mountain sunrise was filling all the place.

"I must have dropped off to sleep," she said. Then suddenly: "Why, my throat is not sore a bit, and my head does not ache."

She looked up into Elizabeth's face and saw that her eyes were closed as in prayer. Then the realization of what had happened dawned upon her, and she said softly as a great joy filled her heart: "Oh, dearest, God has answered your prayer! It is wonderful!"

Elizabeth again took the little woman in her arms, and for a long time they sat silently communing with their own thoughts. Mrs. Johnson was the first to break the silence:

"It was a beautiful Christmas present!" she murmured softly.

"For me, at least," said Elizabeth, with a look of unutterable happiness on her face, "it has been indeed a Christmas morning, for in my heart to-day the Christ has indeed been born."

Mrs. Johnson looked at her with questioning eyes.

Elizabeth caught the look, and, as she leaned over and kissed her, said:

"Do you not see, dear heart, that as Christ, the divine idea, is born anew in our consciousness, every day is a Christmas?"

But now the camp is astir, and the captives, clasped in each other's arms, draw back into the shadow, as their captors awake and preparations are made for the morning meal. The two native women have lighted the fire, and soon the appetizing aroma of the boiling coffee fills the cave. In spite of their captivity, the missionaries were glad when they were summoned to a breakfast consisting of coffee, fish from the mountain stream, and rice cakes. They came out into the opening in front of the cave, and, with smiling faces, greeted their captors. The native women eyed them with wonder, and the leader — the same villainous cutthroat who was with Moung Than the day of the review — remarked in an undertone to one of his companions, as he jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards Elizabeth:

"She's a beauty! She'll bring a big price!"

"The foreign mah must have slept well," said one of the women, as she handed around the food.

"Yes," replied Elizabeth, "we rested happy in the thought of God."

The native women exchanged wondering glances. To them her words meant nothing. Elizabeth caught the glance and exclaimed: "You do not know what I mean, do you?"

The woman shook her head. The men drew nearer in a curious manner to catch the conversation.

"God is He whom we worship — as you worship Buddha — only differently."

The women looked mystified. "There is no pagoda," said one.

"We need no pagoda," replied Elizabeth. "Our God is everywhere. He is Spirit, and He protects all His children."

A look of intelligence came into the woman's eyes as she exclaimed: "Your god is a nat. He is the spirit of the mountains. He makes the water and the fishes."

Elizabeth thought of the words of the Apostle Paul before the Athenians, and for several minutes she did her best to explain that the Spirit whom they ignorantly worshipped was the God whom she would have them know in truth. They were dull of comprehension; but, with the new light that had come to her, Elizabeth was able to explain the one Mind sufficiently to sow into their thoughts the seed of truth which should enable them to understand God as infinite, all-power, all-presence, all-wisdom.

"I do not know where you learned all these wonderful things," said Mrs. Johnson. "I never have heard you talk like this before. You seem to speak a new language."

"I just seem to know it," was Elizabeth's reply. "It must be the spirit of Truth, which Jesus said should teach us all things. I seem to know God as I never did before, and I feel that nevermore can I be sad or alone. I seem to realize this omnipresence of Spirit — infinite Love."

Mrs. Johnson looked at her in amazement as she

said slowly: "'Perfect love casteth out fear.' Have you no fear? No fear of these men and what may happen to us?"

"No. I am sure that because we have made the Lord, which is our refuge, even the Most High, our habitation, there shall no evil befall us. Surely He shall deliver us from the snare of the fowler. We have never injured these men, and they must recognize it. As for us, let us realize that God's man, the idea of Spirit, reflects only good, — only the one Mind, and that none of God's ideas can be made a channel for error. Yes, dear, I am sure that it will come out all right if we trust in God."

The meal was finished, and they arose to retire to the cave.

"You can stay out in the sun if you want to," said the leader gruffly.

"Oh, thank you," replied Elizabeth, with a smile. "It is so good of you. Have you heard from the city yet?"

The man shook his head.

"Have you sent word how much ransom you wish?"

The man looked at her curiously, and then burst into a laugh. "There is to be no ransom," he said.

"No ransom! What do you mean?"

Her heart seemed gripped with a great fear, and she leaned eagerly forward. Mrs. Johnson's lips moved, as though to ask a question, but it would not come, and she grasped Elizabeth's hand fiercely.

The man turned to leave without replying, then changed his mind.

"You were not taken for ransom," he told her. "You were taken to prevent you from becoming the Princess of Bajipur. It is for the good of the state. You are to be removed from the borders."

At his words Elizabeth's heart sank within her, but she put on a brave face, and said with a smile: "How foolish! There is no danger of my becoming the Princess of Bajipur. If that is the reason, why should my companion suffer? She might at least be ransomed."

"No one must know where you are, and we must be paid for our work. The Khan of Thibet will pay well. You will be the pearls of his harem."

He turned away as Mrs. Johnson fell to the ground in a swoon. Elizabeth raised her tenderly, and the native women came to her assistance. They bore her within the cave and laid her gently on a mat.

"It would be a blessing," was Elizabeth's first thought, "if she never revived." Then in a moment it came to her: "What right have I to think such a thing? God is her refuge. He is protecting her. A moment ago it seemed as though my faith could withstand any test; now I seem to have lost it completely."

Mrs. Johnson moved slightly. The color came back to her face and she opened her eyes. For a moment she looked about as though trying to collect her thoughts, and then turned her face to the wall. Elizabeth seemed to read her thoughts, and buried her own face in her hands. She tried to pray, but it seemed as though she could not. For some mo-

ments she sat thus, and then her thoughts began to take shape.

"It is just error trying to destroy the truth," they ran. "It is impossible. Why should I feel any worse than I did an hour ago? There is no change in my condition. It only seems different. I was expecting to be free and was hopeful. Now I seem doomed to perpetual slavery, and I am despondent. The spiritual truth is that I live and move and have my being in God, and that no evil can come nigh me. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'"

She arose to her feet. "I will just know the truth! God made no evil, therefore it does not exist, and I need not fear it." She burst into song: "To us a child of Hope is born." It aroused Mrs. Johnson, who turned and looked at her with open-eyed wonder. It was not a song of despair. It was a song of praise and joy. It aroused her to action, and she asked as she arose:

"Have you really then no fear?"

"None! For 'He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.' In some manner, in some way, we shall be freed from these bonds and restored to freedom. I know it!"

Even the natives were moved to wonder by her actions. Could it really be that the spirit, which she had told them about, was protecting her? Otherwise how could she be happy and sing? They were a rough and wicked lot. They had taken captives before, but they were accustomed to tears, not songs. Had she suddenly formed some plan to escape? What

was it that had come over her? They redoubled their vigilance, and when, along about noon, there was a signal from the lookout on a distant crag, they hurried the women into the cave, and put up the barricade. Even then Elizabeth had no feeling of excitement. Nor was she really surprised when, half an hour later, she heard voices outside, and among them recognized that of Paul.

But Mrs. Johnson, who also recognized the voice, was filled with ecstasy. She threw her arms about Elizabeth, and was so overcome that, when the barrier was removed and they were led forth into the light, she again fainted in Paul's arms.

As Paul greeted Elizabeth, he realized at once that a change had come over her. He looked at her in a questioning manner, which was answered by a smile, as she exclaimed: "I had no fear. I knew we were protected and that the eternal God is our refuge, that 'underneath are the everlasting arms.'"

That evening Paul sat alone with Colonel Holliday at his headquarters. He had gone over the events of the day, and had detailed the rescue of the ladies and the utter collapse of the conspiracy.

"It was good work! Good work!" exclaimed the colonel; "and you are entitled to much credit. I did not think that it was possible."

"And what is your opinion of a practical religion now?" asked Paul, with a quizzical smile. "Does the Golden Rule and the Principle involved strike you as sufficiently scientific to solve the ordinary problems of life?"

"It seems to work; but wherein is it scientific?"

"Because there is no deviation either in the Principle or rule involved. Love will cast out hate with just as scientific a certainty as light dispels darkness, or as four taken from eight will leave four."

"Well, I am sure I do not know much about this sort of science, and I am not prepared to discuss the practicability of your religion; but as for you, Mr. Anthony," and Colonel Holliday leaned forward in his chair and fixed his eyes intently upon him, "you are a wonder!"

CHAPTER XXIV

REAPING THE HARVEST

The return of Elizabeth and Mrs. Johnson was the occasion of great rejoicing at the palace. In fact it was the cause of rejoicing throughout official circles, as it proved the total collapse of the conspiracy. When the news of their return was carried to Prince Sindhu by Sofia, he at once demanded to see Paul; but Major O'Keefe had given orders that under no consideration was Paul to be admitted to the sick-chamber. Sindhu demanded to know the reason for such an order, but the only information vouchsafed by the well trained army nurse was that it was "the doctor's orders."

"Why cannot I see Mr. Anthony as well as my sister?" he demanded.

"I can't say, sir," replied the nurse. "I only know Mr. Anthony's to be kept out, sir."

As a result Prince Sindhu had to be satisfied with expressing his appreciation of Paul's work by a message through Sofia, which she was only too glad to carry.

"I do not know why the surgeon has forbidden you admission to Sindhu," she said, "unless it is that he is afraid you may cure him as quickly as you did Mr.

Lombard; but Sindhu does not wish to disobey orders, and asks that you will excuse him."

"No excuses are necessary, Princess. I suppose that the surgeon thinks that I may excite his patient, although he denies that I might soothe him. I trust he will not forbid Miss Raymond admission, for I am certain her presence will do your brother good."

Sofia smiled knowingly. "I am sure, too." Unwittingly she allowed a little sigh to escape her, as she said: "What a great healer of wounds is love!"

Paul purposely professed to misunderstand her as he replied: "Yes, divine love is the universal remedy for all the needs of mankind."

"I was thinking of human love."

"Human love, Princess, is but a faint reflection of the divine; but, faint as it is, it is only as we come to realize this fact that we get the greatest enjoyment and comfort out of human affection. To love one's neighbor absolutely as oneself is to reflect perfectly divine Love — the one Mind. Love for each other, as well as love for God, enlarges, enriches and purifies mankind. In this way Love does heal our wounds; our pains are eased and our fears assuaged even by what we are pleased to term human love."

Sofia's eyes became brighter as he spoke, and she drank in every word. "It is a beautiful thought, Mr. Anthony, and if human love is such a reflection as you say, it, too, must be eternal."

"It certainly must, Princess. Love, true love, born of the admiration of goodness and purity reflected by another, is certainly spiritual, and spirit

never dies. Marriages that result from such love as this are happy. Where both husband and wife are pure, tender and strong, there will be perfect harmony; and what is love but the daily reflection of God, good, of harmony of thought and action; as the poet has so aptly put it: 'Two souls with but a single thought; two hearts that beat as one.'"

They were seated on a wide divan in Sofia's drawing-room. She leaned forward, with one hand resting on the back of the divan, and, as he ceased speaking, she said: "Once before, Mr. Anthony, I asked you if you thought Miss Raymond, being a Christian, would wed my brother, who is a Buddhist. In the light of what you have just said, you do not think that such a marriage would be happy, — is not that what you mean?"

He did not reply immediately, and she leaned toward him still farther, and awaited breathlessly his reply. It seemed as though he must hear the wild beating of her heart, which sent the blood surging through her arteries with the intensity of her emotion. At last he said:

"I cannot answer for Miss Raymond; but to me it seems that unless there were perfect unity of thought and purpose between man and wife, they would not reach that harmony so essential to a happy marriage. True love expresses the absolute reflection of the one Mind, — a reflection unclouded by a single false belief. So-called human love, born of passion or sentiment, also depends upon harmony, even for its temporal existence. How, then, can a marriage be happy — harmonious — when there

would be natural discord on the subject which is of the highest import to mankind, — the Science of being? How could two individuals live harmoniously where one believed in God and the other in no God?"

"But, Mr. Anthony," exclaimed Sofia, with a vehemence entirely unusual to her, "after what he has learned, — after what he has seen done by you, — how can he help believing in God?"

"Ask yourself, Princess."

And now it was Paul who awaited anxiously a reply. Was it possible that so pronounced a heathen as Mrs. Johnson had once called Sofia could have laid aside her beliefs, and come to recognize God, — and not only to recognize Him, but to wonder how any one could doubt Him?

"Ask yourself, Princess," repeated Paul. "Can you help believing in God?"

"Indeed I cannot. And I would know more of Him. I would have the understanding. I have one of your Bibles. I have read it as I have the sacred books of other religions; but now I would be able to read it with the understanding which comes from this new light. I have read: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' Do you think that I could ever be that?"

"Jesus told us to 'be perfect, even as our Father in heaven is perfect.' If he had not thought it possible, he would not have laid such a command upon us. In the same Sermon on the Mount, he said: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven,' which he taught is within us, — within every human consciousness. They are poor in

spirit who are earnestly striving to know more of Truth; the receptive thought. Princess, you have the desire, and you certainly may see God. Fear not. Only believe!"

"And will you help me? Will you teach me?"

"All that I am able; and I will read to you from the Bible and my text-book till such time as you have one of your own."

He arose to go, and, as he did so, extended his hand: "You have made me very happy, Princess. I trust your brother, too, may see the great light."

"Oh, I feel that he must; and that reminds me of the message which caused me to send for you. He asked what you thought he should do with those young men who tried to carry me away. What punishment should be meted out to them?"

"Tell your brother that if I were he, I should 'heap coals of fire upon their heads.'"

Sofia could scarcely believe her ears. She looked up into his face, over which had spread a kindly smile.

"That would be horrible!" she exclaimed. "Surely I do not understand you."

"The Bible teaches that if we return good for evil, we shall heap coals of fire upon the heads of our enemies. It is this kind of fire I would use. This is my message to your brother: 'Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' Free the young men, and thus destroy your enemies by making friends of them."

"Do you think that he will do it?"

"Perhaps if he will not on my advice, he will on that of Miss Raymond; for I am sure she will give him the same advice. It is not only Christian but scientific, for Love destroys hate just as surely as light destroys darkness."

He turned to the door.

"And when will you begin to teach me from your wonderful book?" asked Sofia.

"Whenever you are ready."

When Paul reached his own apartments, he found several visitors. Captain Shway was there to ask what was to be done with the conspirators. Paul sent him to the princess. Oo Toung-lay and Mr. Lombard were there to congratulate him on the success of his mission to the mountains, and to ask when they might come in and study their lessons.

"Make it to-night," said Paul. "Say along about eight o'clock, and, if it suits you, we will study every evening at the same hour as long as we remain here. I am expecting a call from Captain Ormonde to-night, but if he comes over, we will invite him to stay. Some of these army men certainly need to hear the word."

These visitors had only just left when Dhuleep Mingh announced a lady. What was Paul's surprise upon rising to greet his visitor to discover Nora.

"You will pardon my intrusion," she said by way of greeting, "but something has happened which I feel you must know. As it was partially my fault that it occurred, I felt it my duty to tell you. There is another conspiracy on foot."

"You surprise me," exclaimed Paul. "I thought we had given the conspirators such a lesson that they would behave themselves from now on. But sit down. Let us talk it over."

"This is not that kind of a conspiracy, Mr. Anthony. This is a conspiracy against you, and the conspirators are persons whom you never would suspect."

"Well! Well! This is serious, — that is, if they are persons whom I would never suspect. Now supposing that I should name the persons. That would make it less serious, would it not, Miss Nora?"

"I do not see how."

"If I could name the conspirators, it would indicate that I could guess at the cause of the conspiracy and thwart it."

"True. I had not thought of that. But you would never guess these."

"I will have just one try at it. Now tell me, is not one a doctor and the other a clergyman?"

"Sure, Mr. Anthony, how could you ever guess?"

"Because, in spite of the fact that one of them is doing his best to cure the world of sickness, and the other is doing his best to heal the world of sin, they unite on a common ground to prevent any other person from doing what each of them is trying to do, unless that person goes about it in exactly the same way that they have been doing for the last fifteen hundred years, — during all of which time, in spite of the doctor and the preacher, the world has been getting worse, both as regards sickness and sin.

"The conspiracy against me in Annakan is only

a part of the same conspiracy that is being planned and put into execution against men and women in my position all over the world. If you were likely to have relations with more than one doctor or more than one preacher, I might have had trouble in guessing who they were. As it is, I know they must be your father and Elder Meredith."

Nora listened to him in the greatest surprise.

"But why should they wish to injure you?" she asked.

"They do not. Personally they have not the slightest thing against me. It is the thing which I represent that they are fighting; and each of them is honestly doing what he thinks is right. That is the funny part of it."

"I believe you're right!"

"I know I am right," continued Paul. "And the strange thing about it is that your father does not care how much sickness I overcome if I will only admit that I did not do it through prayer; and Elder Meredith does not care how much sin I help destroy if I will only admit that sin is truth instead of error; and neither of them cares how much I invade the other's territory."

Nora laughed heartily. "Faith, it looks that way," she said; "but now that you know who the conspirators are, what do you think they propose to do?"

"I know that it has something to do with Prince Sindhu, for I am forbidden his room."

"Sure, it's a shame!" exclaimed Nora angrily; "and they want to drive you out of Bajipur by tell-

ing Prince Sindhu that you are — well, that you are not a proper person for young ladies to know. It's a shame!"

"Have no fear for me, Miss Nora. The shafts of malice will strike harmlessly, or worse still, like a boomerang, will rebound against those who hurl them."

"I wish I could see things as you do, Mr. Anthony. You remind me of Elizabeth, — the darling, — who hasn't even an angry thought against me after the way I treated her. She just said it was error using me, and it wasn't really me at all who thought I hated her. Faith, I told her again, as I've told her before, if any one in this benighted land ever gets to heaven, she'll be that one; and I think you'll go over the same route."

Paul smiled at Nora's quaint expression as he remarked:

"You seem to have a rather vague idea of where heaven is located."

Her face grew serious: "I'm afraid I have, Mr. Anthony; but still I hope to find my way there some time."

Her serious manner had a similar effect upon Paul, who looked at her earnestly as he thought to himself:

"Here is another hungry heart who knows not where to turn for the bread of life." Aloud he said:

"The only person who ever told us exactly where the kingdom of heaven is located was Jesus. He said: 'The kingdom of heaven is within you.' That does not seem so very far away, does it?"

"No, but how am I to find it?"

"Jesus said to search the Scriptures; and also, that to know God and the truth was eternal life. In the Bible you will find it all. Sometimes it is hard to understand, but there is a little book, which I shall be glad to show you, that will unlock the Scriptures and make them plain."

"Do you think that men like father and Elder Meredith have the kingdom of heaven in them? Sure, they don't show it."

"Very few of us do until we begin to reflect divine Love. However, we must not judge them. Each, I am sure, is acting according to his highest light."

"Faith, it's kind of you to say that. I'll see you again in a day or two. I'm going home now to see if I can't find some of that same kingdom."

"The thought that prompted you to ask Miss Raymond's forgiveness, and to warn me of the seeming evil, are proofs to me that you will find a good deal of it."

"If I do, it'll all be because of the kind words you spoke to me the other morning."

As she departed, Paul thought to himself: "'The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal.' How long before the whole world will be leavened by the leaven of love?"

CHAPTER XXV

ELIZABETH AND SINDHU

When Sofia returned to Sindhu's room to carry Paul's message, she found Elizabeth waiting for her.

"I felt that I must come and see your brother," she explained, as the two young women greeted each other affectionately. "Nora told me that they would not let Mr. Anthony visit him, but that there were no orders against me."

"No," replied Sofia, "Mr. Anthony seems a persona non grata to Major O'Keefe."

"Likewise to Elder Meredith. Why is it that people take such strange prejudices?"

"And especially against so good a man as Mr. Anthony! I cannot understand, Bess, how any one could hear him talk about God and His goodness, and not be convinced of his honesty of purpose as well as the truth about God and man."

So unexpected were Sofia's words that they filled Elizabeth with astonishment, at the same time bringing to her a great joy.

"Oh, Princess," she exclaimed, "do you really believe? Do you believe in our God and His Christ?"

"How could I doubt?"

"And yet you did when I talked with you!"

"True, my Bess, but you did not do the things you taught. You did no works."

Elizabeth bowed her head. "'By their fruits ye shall know them,'" she quoted. "Truly, Princess, I begin to see that words without works are valueless in this land, where nothing is taken for granted, and where those who seek must be shown. If this land is to be Christianized it must be by demonstration, not by argument. It is practice, not preaching that is needed. Now as never before do I appreciate the words of James when he said: 'But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead? For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.'"

"Why do you send missionaries out here who cannot do these works?" asked Sofia.

"Because we seem to have none who can. Mr. Anthony is the only person I ever knew who could, even in a measure, do the works Jesus admonished his followers to do."

"There must be others. I hear him tell of great churches full of them."

"Yes, Princess, there are; but I for one have always scoffed at these people. I thought they were unbalanced or worse. I even thought them blasphemous."

"But you believe now, Bess. Can you do the works?"

Elizabeth's heart bounded as she thought of that early Christmas morning on the mountain. "I can do more than I did, Princess, and I am striving daily for more understanding, but I am so glad that you,

too, have found the truth." She hesitated a moment, and then asked: "And your brother, — does he believe?"

"I fear not; he chose the doctor instead of Mr. Anthony and his God. I am sure however, that he will believe. I am praying that he may."

"And I, too, Princess. If we pray, believing, our prayers will surely be answered."

"Why are you praying for Sindhu?" asked Sofia.

"Why not? He is a noble young man, and I would that he might also come into this great light, — this great love!"

Sofia had not yet come to fully understand, and she looked at Elizabeth with a questioning glance. Finally she asked:

"Do you love him, that you pray for him?"

It was now Elizabeth's turn to be surprised. She did not know just how to answer. She could not easily explain to Sofia her feelings, but she finally answered: "I am trying to love all mankind. Our great Master said to love one another; and in this way I love all God's children."

"What do you mean by love?"

Elizabeth started to reply and then stopped. Surely this was a hard question. Sofia noted her hesitation and said:

"Mr. Anthony says that to love is to reflect God, — the one Mind, Spirit; that when those who are dear to each other do this they will be in perfect harmony; their souls will have but one thought, and they will be as one. This, he says, is true love."

"Did he tell you that?"

"Yes. And he said that true love was born of goodness and purity and must be spiritual. Is that the way you love my brother?"

"I cannot tell, Princess, but, oh, I wish that he might come to know the true God."

"And I, too," murmured Sofia as she placed her arm about Elizabeth. "In this we are of one mind; and I know that I love you."

Elizabeth's reply was a kiss.

"Now let us go to my brother. He will be so glad to see you."

Together they entered the sick man's room. Sindhu lay perfectly still with his eyes fixed on the ceiling. So pale and changed did he look and so quiet did he lie, that for a moment Elizabeth's heart was filled with fear. He had heard them enter, and, as they approached his bedside, he turned his eyes in greeting, while the first smile of days rested on his face.

With more strength than he had manifested since he was wounded, he extended his hand, while the nurse drew back to the other side of the room. "It is so good of you to come and see a wounded man," he said. "If you knew how I had hungered for a sight of your bright face, I know that you would have come sooner."

"Indeed I would have come sooner, anyway, had I known that they would have let me see you."

"They are a little strict. Why, they will not even let me see Mr. Anthony to thank him for his part in rescuing you."

"I am sure that he understands," said Sofia, "and he sent you a message, too."

"Oh, yes, I know! The punishment for the conspirators, — for doubt not, Eliz — I mean Miss Raymond, — that they shall be severely punished for their part in this affair, and for the pain and anguish they have caused you. What is Mr. Anthony's message, Sofia?"

"He said he would 'heap coals of fire upon their heads.'"

Sofia glanced at Elizabeth, and saw at once by the amused smile on her face that she had grasped the real intent of Paul's words.

"Excellent! Excellent!" exclaimed Sindhu. "I could have thought of nothing better. Just wait till I am able to be up!"

"If you will carry out Mr. Anthony's suggestion in the manner he proposes, you will not have to wait till you are up. Here is the rest of his message: 'Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you —'"

"What?" interrupted Sindhu in the greatest amazement, and attempting to rise. "What; do good to them that have tried to overthrow my rule and steal away the woman I love? He is mocking me!"

His exertions proved too much for him and he sank back on the bed.

Elizabeth had stepped quickly to his bedside. She had heard his words, but recognized that this was no time for foolish sentiment. As he sank back she placed her hand gently on his forehead, saying:

"Do not excite yourself, Prince. You misunderstand. Will you let me explain?"

The touch of her hand thrilled, but quieted him. For a moment he allowed his eyes to seek her face, and then, taking her hand in his, he carried it to his lips. Sofia quickly perceived that they were better alone, and withdrew, cautioning the nurse not to disturb them as long as it was not necessary.

"Forgive my outburst," the wounded man said after a pause of some minutes, during which he still retained her hand, "but these men must be punished."

"Yes," replied Elizabeth, "they must be punished. And that is what Mr. Anthony meant when he said he would 'heap coals of fire upon their heads.'"

"But how can I 'heap coals of fire upon their heads' if I forgive them?"

"A very wise king once said that by the very forgiving of our enemies we should heap coals of fire upon their heads. That is what Mr. Anthony meant."

"But they might do the same thing over again."

"I am sure that they will not. See how kind Moung Kai Yang was when Mr. Anthony talked to him, and how anxious he was to bring us back. Can not you see that if Mr. Anthony had not destroyed this enemy by making a friend of him, I might even now be locked up in some mountain cave or on my way to Thibet, for force would have been of small avail."

At the mention of her imprisonment he clasped her hand more firmly, and as she ceased speaking asked: "Do you wish me to forgive them, Mee Mee? Do you not wish them punished for the evil they have done?"

"It is not of them I am thinking at all. It is of

you. Can you not see what a noble act it will be to free these men? Their offense was really not against the state, but against you, — and me," she added after a pause. "If you punish them, you will create discord in your realm, as many will side with them against me, who am a foreigner. If you liberate them, it will destroy the very weapons which their friends would seek to use against you. Be magnanimous, Prince Sindhu, and forgive them. This very deed will, I am sure, aid in your recovery."

He looked at her long and earnestly, still holding her hand. She could see that he was thinking deeply. At last he spoke:

"Do you think that Mr. Anthony is a greater man than I?"

The question was so unexpected that it startled her, and for a moment the blood rushed to her cheeks and her hand trembled in his. Quickly recovering herself, she replied:

"It depends upon how you handle this question. This same wise king, Solomon, declared that he who 'ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city.' If you are able to govern your spirit, to put away your anger, you will have done better than Mr. Anthony, because your training has been the other way."

"Still, Mr. Anthony is a great man."

"He would tell you, Prince Sindhu, that he alone is great who reflects the greatness, the wisdom, the love of God."

"I will free these men, Miss Raymond, if you ask it?"

"You should free them because it is right, Prince Sindhu."

He closed his eyes for several minutes. Then opening them he asked: "Do you know why these men tried to kill Mr. Anthony and why they abducted you?"

"Yes, I think I do; but they had a wrong idea."

"As regards Mr. Anthony, possibly so, but not as regards yourself. They abducted you to prevent me from asking you to be my wife."

"No," corrected Elizabeth, "to prevent me from marrying you."

"But, Miss Raymond, — Mee Mee, you will marry me when I ask it, and I am asking you now, although I had not intended to do so until I was well. You will marry me, heathen though you think me?"

Again he seized her hand and attempted to rise.

"You must not excite yourself, Prince, or you will be a long time getting well; but you must not ask me to answer your question now. You have known me less than a month. You know nothing about me, and yet you seek to bind yourself to me for life. Your ways are not my ways. Your thoughts are not my thoughts. You know —"

"I know but one thing," he exclaimed, impatiently interrupting her, "and that is that I love you. In the Orient we love soon, or love not at all; but I can wait for your answer, if you will only say that you love me. You do love me, Elizabeth?"

She was sure the question would come. She had thought it over for days. Yet now it was asked, she found herself no more prepared to answer it than the

first time she had considered it. She admired the man and she trusted him, but she knew that in him there was something lacking. He failed to inspire within her that holier feeling of love which she felt every man had the right to expect from the woman he made his wife. Even with the newer and clearer sense of life and love that had come to her in the past few days, she was unable to describe to her own satisfaction what this something was which she missed in him. All this flashed through her mind while he lay there waiting for her answer, and the best reply she could make was:

"I do not know."

There was an expression of wonderment in his eyes as he interrogatively repeated her words: "You do not know?"

"No, Prince Sindhu, I do not know. I admire you as a man. I respect you as a wise ruler. I esteem you as a friend, and I love you as a brother, whom I would so gladly see turn to the one God. I am praying for you, and I am trying to know that you will be led into the light. I would make many sacrifices for you, but something is lacking to make me love you as I feel a wife should love a husband."

"Perhaps it is my religion!" he exclaimed. "I will even give up my religion and become a Christian, if it will help you to love me."

"Men do not become Christians from such motives, Prince Sindhu. If you were to give up, or try to give up your beliefs just to win me, I should despise you."

Sindhu again closed his eyes and uttered a faint

groan, while his face became drawn with pain. In an instant Elizabeth forgot everything but his suffering, and leaning over him asked: "Where is the pain?"

"In my heart as well as in my wound," he replied bitterly. "I should have known better."

"Would you not like me to help you?" she asked, ignoring the bitterness in his speech. "Would you not like me to pray for you?"

"Will you?" he asked, and the bitterness had left his voice.

"I shall be glad to."

"Are your prayers also healing prayers?"

"I hope so," was her earnest reply.

"If your God can heal me of my wounds, the one in my breast and the greater one in my heart, I think that I might believe in Him."

Again he closed his eyes while a spasm of pain passed over his face. Elizabeth seated herself by his bedside and bowed her head in prayer — realizing, as best she could, the perfect man in God's image and likeness, against whom the seeming power of evil could in no wise prevail. For a long time she sat thus. Several times Sindhu opened his eyes and looked at her, and as he looked a kindlier feeling took possession of him, and he forgot his pain in the contemplation of the act of leniency which Paul and Elizabeth had urged him to perform. He did not know that he had lost himself in sleep, even for a moment, but when he again opened his eyes Elizabeth was leaning over him.

As their eyes met, he smiled at her with a different

expression from any which she had ever seen upon his face. Reaching over and taking her hand, he said: "Tell my sister to give orders to liberate the conspirators."

CHAPTER XXVI

THE LAST ENEMY OVERCOME

A WEEK had elapsed — the week allowed by Major O'Keefe for Prince Sindhu to recover sufficiently to be apprised of the doings of Paul Anthony. Thanks to the good work of Elizabeth and the nursing of Sofia, he had experienced no more sinking spells, and was now able to be up and about his apartments.

Contrary to the prediction of the surgeon, Mr. Lombard had suffered no relapse; neither had an abscess formed, and each night he and the others met in Paul's room to study. These goings and comings had been noted by Elder Meredith, and it had been observed that on several occasions Paul had been visited by Sofia and Elizabeth. One evening, Elder Meredith had also reported to the major that he had seen Nora coming out of Paul's room. The major would hardly believe it; but when, on the succeeding night, he saw her leaving with Captain Ormonde, he was completely at a loss to understand. When he asked her the occasion of her visit, she had refused to tell him, unless he promised to break his pact with Elder Meredith. After a somewhat stormy interview, he left her in anger, declaring that she, too, was hypnotized. Then he decided that it was time to act, and

started for Elder Meredith, having determined that they would go at once and apprise Prince Sindhu of their discoveries. Upon arriving at the apartments of the missionaries, he found everything in commotion over the serious and somewhat sudden illness of Reverend Johnson.

Ever since the abduction of his wife, Mr. Johnson had been ailing. The twenty-four hours of suspense had so affected his nervous system, that, even after his wife's return, he had not seemed to recover. For a couple of days he paid little attention to his ailment, thinking it would pass away, but when he continued to grow worse instead of better, he decided to place himself under the doctor's care.

"Why do you not have a talk with Mr. Anthony?" his wife had asked.

Instead of replying, he had looked at her with such an expression of surprise that for a moment she was nonplussed. But, although timid in most instances, Mrs. Johnson was not easily abashed once she had made up her mind.

"You need not look at me like that," she said. "You know what he did for the lame boy and what he did for old Mr. Toung-lay, and it is much more consistent for Christians to be healed by prayers than by drugs."

"Not such prayers as Mr. Anthony's!" he exclaimed. "I feel satisfied that his work is nothing but hypnotism."

"Is that any worse than morphine, David? Jesus did not use either."

He looked at her indignantly.

"If you do not like Mr. Anthony's prayers," continued Mrs. Johnson, "let Elizabeth pray for you. Her faith, or understanding, or whatever you are a mind to call it, was sufficient to cure my sore throat on the mountain." Then after a moment's pause: "Or perhaps you have faith enough to cure yourself."

"I am sure I have not!" was his emphatic reply. "Nor do I think any one else has. I am going to see Major O'Keefe."

And he did. In spite of the fact that he was in Burma for the sole purpose of converting the Burmese to a belief in God and Jesus Christ, and to induce them to entrust their immortal souls to the promises of the Bible, he had not himself sufficient faith in the truths of what he was teaching and preaching to trust even so insignificant a thing as a case of nerves to the healing power of the Word.

Major O'Keefe gave him a prescription because he demanded it, but told him that all he needed was to quit worrying about himself.

"There is nothing the matter with you, man dear, but your nerves," the surgeon had told him. "If I could only cut them out that would be the end of it, but I can't, so you just keep quiet and you'll be all right."

But when Major O'Keefe reached the missionaries' quarters this afternoon he found that Mr. Johnson, instead of being all right, had become suddenly worse and had sent for Elder Meredith. The surgeon hastened to the sick man's bedside and found him in

terrible agony. A hasty diagnosis disclosed an acute attack of appendicitis.

"It's developed into a bad case," said Major O'Keefe. "Sure, the only cure is an operation, but I suppose you'll not submit to that until everything else has failed."

Elizabeth, too, had heard of Mr. Johnson's sudden illness and had hurried to his bedside. At the word appendicitis she was seized with a nameless fear. In a moment her thoughts went back to the time when another surgeon had pronounced a similar sentence upon George Andrews and proceeded to execute it.

"Oh, do not let him perform an operation!" she exclaimed to Mrs. Johnson; "there must be some other way."

"Doctor O'Keefe says not."

"But doctors often disagree. It was only a few months ago that I heard an old and learned physician say that he would never perform an operation for appendicitis. He declared that if a person could get well with an operation, he could get well without it. His simple prescription was turpentine, with which he declared that he had cured many cases."

Surgeon O'Keefe laughed when he heard what she had said.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "If the operation is performed soon enough, there is comparatively little danger, but if blood poison once sets in there is no hope."

"Why do you not ask Mr. Anthony to help him?" suggested Elizabeth.

"Because," replied Mrs. Johnson, "neither he nor Elder Meredith will hear of it."

"What has Elder Meredith to say about it?"

"Nothing. But David is largely influenced by what he says. And, besides, he has faith in Major O'Keefe and none in Mr. Anthony."

"Nor in God!" said Elizabeth as she turned sadly away.

An hour later Mr. Johnson was so much worse, that it was very evident that, unless heroic treatment of some sort were resorted to, he would pass away. Again his wife besought him with tears in her eyes to let her call in Paul, but he would not.

"I am certain that my only hope lies in an operation!" he declared between the spasms of pain.

"And the sooner it is performed the better!" argued Elder Meredith. "It will take something more than hypnotism to cure this."

"But not more than the power of God!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"Yes, more than the power of God!" ejaculated Major O'Keefe, "unless He uses His power through the knowledge of the surgeon."

And so the advice of the surgeon — given with an honest and conscientious desire to save the life which God gave and which He alone could create and sustain; advice given with the best understanding the surgeon had — prevailed, and an operation was determined upon. It was the middle of the afternoon when it was performed, and after it was over Surgeon O'Keefe declared it to be one of the most successful he had ever conducted.

"Will he live, Doctor?" asked Mrs. Johnson through her tears, as she followed the doctor outside the door.

"I cannot tell before morning, but his chances are much better. It is one of the most successful operations I ever conducted."

"But it will not be successful if he dies?"

Major O'Keefe looked up in surprise at her ignorance. "The operation has been successfully performed, madam," he declared with dignity, "even though blood poison should now set in and he should not recover."

"Then what was the use of the operation?"

Major O'Keefe cleared his throat pompously. "Mind, I don't say he will not recover. I simply say that the operation, as an operation, has been successful whether he now lives or dies. I found what I expected. The appendix has been removed and the pus cleaned out. If some other complication sets in, that will be another question."

"Not to me!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, and her eyes snapped through her tears. "Unless he gets well, the operation was not a success."

The major was about to reply, but was forestalled by Elder Meredith.

"My dear Mrs. Johnson," he said, "the doctor means he has taken away the diseased parts and nature must now do the rest. Your husband is now in God's hands."

"And so he was before, Elder Meredith. And if you and I had the faith we should have, we would not have needed the surgeon at all."

Elder Meredith held up his hands deprecatingly, but Mrs. Johnson did not stop longer, and passed quickly inside, where a nurse was in attendance upon her husband."

"That's the effect of this man Anthony's teachings," said Major O'Keefe.

"Yes," replied the elder, "and we must put a stop to it. I think the time is quite ripe."

When the morning came Mr. Johnson was worse. The thing greatly feared had come upon him, and blood poisoning had set in. Elizabeth and Mrs. Johnson met the surgeon as he came out of the room.

"How is he this morning, Doctor?" Elizabeth asked.

"Worse!"

"Much worse?" asked Mrs. Johnson.

Major O'Keefe's face became softer than it usually was, as he replied: "I hate to tell you, Mrs. Johnson, but he cannot possibly recover. Had we operated sooner, we might have cured him, but blood poison has now set in and it is only a question of hours."

Mrs. Johnson sank down upon the divan and buried her face in her hands, as Elder Meredith came in. He crossed quickly to her side, saying: "'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

"That's poor comfort, Elder! Poor comfort!" she moaned.

"It may be! It may be! But it is God's will, and it is not for us to question."

"How long do you think that he can live, Major?" asked Elizabeth.

"Possibly two hours. Possibly six; not longer."

It was the same reply that had been given her two years before, when she had been told that it was God's will to take George Andrews to Himself. Then she had believed it and was without hope. Now she was full of hope. Kneeling beside the heart-broken wife, she said:

"Do not weep, dear. While there is life there is hope. Remember the lame boy. Remember the morning on the mountain. Go to your husband. I will join you presently."

Mrs. Johnson did as she was bid. Then Elizabeth arose, and stood facing Elder Meredith and Surgeon O'Keefe, with a look of calm determination.

"Gentlemen," she said, "you have both of you done all that you can for Mr. Johnson. You, Major, have gone to the limit of medical and surgical skill, and have said he must die. You, Elder, have pronounced his doom as coming from God, who, as you think, gives life only to take it. I know better. God is the author of life, not of death. The only man in Annakan, who has a clear enough understanding of the great truth of being to demonstrate this truth, is Mr. Anthony. I am going to give him the case, and Mrs. Johnson and her husband will so wish it."

"Sure, you might as well," burst out the major; "he'll die anyway, and if your prayers will help him to die happy, they'll do some good at least. Come, Elder, let's go and have our little talk with Prince Sindhu."

He led the way from the room. Elder Meredith followed, but in the door he stopped and turned:

"Elizabeth," he said, "I feel that you are making a grave mistake. This man Anthony has deluded you with his false philosophy until you are turning away from God. I have no ill feeling in the matter, but I am sure that you are being unduly influenced. In this particular case it will make little difference, as Mr. Johnson cannot live; nevertheless, why not let him die at peace with God?"

"Because," replied Elizabeth with emphasis, "I think it more Christ-like to help him *live* at peace with God."

Elder Meredith raised his hands and shook his head sorrowfully as he passed out of the room, exclaiming: "Poor girl! Poor deluded girl!"

Outside, Major O'Keefe was waiting impatiently. "Come!" exclaimed the Elder; "come, let us hasten to Prince Sindhu and lay the facts before him ere this man can do any further mischief. The hypnotic control he has gained over these poor, weak women is terrible! Terrible!"

Left alone, Elizabeth passed quickly into the chamber where Mr. Johnson lay. As she entered, the wife was bending over the sick man gently smoothing his forehead. How the scene of two years ago flashed upon her. She could see herself in Mrs. Johnson's place, and she knew the despair that filled the little woman's soul. As she approached the bed, Mr. Johnson murmured faintly: "Not my will, but thine be done."

"And it is God's will that His children should live

and be happy! Not suffer and die!" exclaimed Elizabeth softly. "It is God's will that the spirit, not the flesh, should be sovereign in us. God is Spirit, Life, Truth, Love, and man, made in God's image and likeness, reflects this Spirit, — this Life. In the infinite, eternal and omnipotent Mind there is no death. I bid you hope!"

The sick man looked at her with eager, questioning eyes: "I know that God is able to heal me," he murmured; "but do you think that He will? Oh, Miss Raymond, have you the faith? Has Mr. Anthony the faith?"

"Fear not!" said Elizabeth. "Only believe! God's promises are eternal and He hath said: 'I will heal thee of thy wounds.' With God all things are possible. Mrs. Johnson, please go and tell Mr. Anthony that your husband wants his prayers; his help."

"Do you think that he will come after the way we have treated him?" asked the little wife.

"I know he will!"

While Mrs. Johnson was out, Elizabeth bowed her head in prayer, and, as best she was able, tried to realize the truth, — the truth of man's eternal relation to the one God — the one Mind — divine Principle, Love.

Presently Mrs. Johnson returned, accompanied by Paul. As he leaned over the sick man, his face beamed with a smile of such loving sympathy, and at the same time with an expression of such perfect confidence, that the smile and look were reflected upon Mr. Johnson's face.

"It is very good of you to come, Mr. Anthony,"

he said, and the women noted that his voice seemed stronger. "I feel that I have been unjust to you; but I am sure you understand."

"It was not you who misjudged me, Mr. Johnson; it was error, that old serpent called devil or evil. It is the same error that is holding you here in bed, but we will know the truth, which shall free us from its false belief."

"And do you think that God will forgive me and heal me?"

His eyes had changed their expression from hopelessness to hope, from fearful resignation to doubtful expectancy, which gave place to one of growing confidence and faith, as Paul replied:

"Fear not! Believe only in God and His saving Christ, and you shall be made whole. Remember all the promises of Jesus and fear not."

Elizabeth took Mrs. Johnson by the arm and gently drew her from the room, closing the door behind them.

Seating himself at the table, Paul opened his Bible to the ninety-first psalm and read: "'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'

"Let us realize for a few minutes," he said, "that 'he that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High' is he who dwelleth in Spirit, not matter; and because you have made Spirit your habitation, no evil — no error or sickness — can befall you."

As Mr. Johnson listened to this loving explanation, his faith grew stronger through the first faint understanding of the real meaning of this wonderful prom-

ise, made through the words of the Psalmist. It became plain to him that God not only could, but would, restore him to health and happiness through the power of His Word. A peaceful smile spread itself over his face as Paul bowed his head in silent prayer, — the prayer of loving trust and understanding, that all things are possible to God, — bowed his head and prayed with a spiritual consciousness of that Father, Mother, God, who heareth in secret and rewardeth openly.

While Paul thus prayed, Elder Meredith and Major O'Keefe were busy with their self-imposed mission of having his "wickedness" exposed. They hastened to Prince Sindhu's room, where they found him alone and restless because he had not yet received his daily visit from Elizabeth. In his loneliness, he was glad to see them, and, because of his impatience, he was in just such a frame of mind as they could have wished. As soon as they had been admitted to his presence, they entered at once upon a detailed account of the charges against Paul, — charges which, from their point of view, seemed grave and of sufficient importance to warrant immediate and strenuous action.

Sindhu listened with unfeigned astonishment and surprise until they had finished.

"What you tell me, gentlemen," he said, "is almost beyond belief. There are some portions of your story, however, which coincide so closely with the facts as I know them that I can see that they must be true; but I can also well understand that

either of us may have been mistaken as to their actual bearing upon the case."

"Mistaken!" exclaimed Elder Meredith. "Mistaken! You surely do not intend to imply that we have been mistaken as regards the visits of the young ladies to this man's apartments night after night?"

"No, I do not doubt that, for I myself have been surprised, I might even say shocked, by a personal knowledge of such visits; but when I came to understand their object, I found they were as far from all evil intent as my own visits."

"If the young ladies had only called once or twice for a few minutes," suggested Elder Meredith, "we might be able to explain them, but they have visited his room night after night and remained for hours."

"True!" ejaculated Major O'Keefe. "And what possible excuse could my daughter have for visiting him at all?"

"Why didn't you ask her?" inquired Prince Sindhu.

"I did, and she told me it was none of my business. She must be hypnotized!"

Sindhu smiled grimly. "It was not a very filial reply, I must admit, but perhaps you were not diplomatic?"

"Diplomatic with my own daughter? I should say not! But never before has she defied my authority. If she were not under some evil influence, she would not do so now. I demand that this man be sent away where he can do no more harm."

"Quite right, Major! Quite right!" exclaimed Elder Meredith.

Sindhu drew himself up rigidly, and an angry light gleamed in his eyes. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am not in the habit of recognizing demands from any one, much less in a matter of this kind. I will admit that Mr. Anthony may be wrong — "

"Wrong!" almost shouted Elder Meredith. "He is the personification of evil. He is the devil himself."

Sindhu's eyes flashed. "I beg of you, Elder Meredith, that you will control yourself. As I said, Mr. Anthony may be doing some wrong, — none of us are perfect, and men are none too pure, — but the works that I have seen him do are not the works of the devil, as you call it. The works he has done for my family have been good. He may now be using the influence he has gained for an evil purpose, but that we must prove. Where is he now?"

"Where is he now?" snarled the Major. "He is trying to hypnotize a dying man to life."

Prince Sindhu looked at him in wonder. "What do you mean?"

"Mr. Johnson is dying," explained Elder Meredith, choosing his words with great care. "The operation performed yesterday did not succeed in preventing blood poisoning, and Mr. Johnson is dying, — he may be dead!"

"I regret to hear it," said Prince Sindhu. "I feared the operation would not prove successful."

Major O'Keefe started to his feet. "Sir, I would have you know the operation was successful!" he burst out. "Perfectly successful! Blood poisoning set in later."

"I am afraid, Major," said Sindhu, sarcastically,

"that you would have a hard time convincing any one of this. That is," he added parenthetically, "any one outside of the medical profession; but that is not the question before us."

"No, it is not!" declared Elder Meredith, with emphasis. "The question before us is, whether this man is to be allowed to parade his hypnotic acts as in accordance with the teachings of Christ, thereby blaspheming the Almighty, destroying faith in God, and debauching our daughters, sisters and sweethearts."

Sindhu arose excitedly from his chair and walked the floor for several minutes in silence, while his visitors exchanged knowing looks. At length he crossed to a small table, lighted a cheroot, and, turning to Elder Meredith, said:

"Of all the charges that you make against this man, Elder Meredith, I am interested in only one. I care not to whom he attributes his power. If his works to you seem blasphemous or destroy faith in your God, I care not. But if he is using this power to lead our women out of the path of virtue, he shall be punished. He shall be summoned immediately, and we will have this matter settled once and for all!"

He turned to touch a bell, but Elder Meredith interposed: "Wait, Prince Sindhu! Wait! Such an investigation as you propose will come to naught. Let us wait until to-night. Let us wait until one or more of the young women are missing from their rooms, and then let us go to his apartments, and there accuse him of his perfidy, and confront him with the witness at hand."

"A good suggestion, Elder! A good suggestion!" exclaimed the major.

Sindhu waited several minutes before replying, revolving the matter in his mind. "Very well," he finally said. "It shall be as you say. Meet me here at eight o'clock. In the meantime I shall have a talk with my father."

His visitors arose to depart. "Kindly carry my deepest sympathy to Mrs. Johnson," said the prince, "and if her husband dies —"

"He will die! No power on earth can prevent it!" said the Major emphatically.

"Assure her, then," continued Sindhu, "that she shall be accorded every privilege in giving her husband a Christian burial, although she does look upon this as a heathen land. Do not hesitate to call upon me for anything necessary."

The visitors withdrew, and Sindhu threw himself upon a couch, where he lay for a long time thinking. Could it be possible that Paul Anthony was the hypocrite these men would have him believe? Was it possible that the things which he had done were for an evil purpose? Did he heal his father and risk his life for Sofia without any demand for a reward, solely for the purposes these men indicated? He could not believe it. And even if he could believe Paul guilty, could he believe that all these persons were so weak as to come under his hypnotic influence? Could Paul have hypnotized not only Sofia, Elizabeth and Nora, but Oo Toung-lay, Mr. Lombard, Moung Gouk and even Moung Kai Yang and his followers? Impossible! The idea was prepos-

terous. Nothing but some power greater than the mind of man could have accomplished these miracles.

The intensity of his thoughts brought Sindhu to his feet. In his excitement he paced up and down the room, puffing at his cheroot. Then his thoughts began to take new form.

"If some power greater than the mind of man has accomplished these results," so his thoughts ran, "what is this power? I have heard Mr. Anthony declare that it is the power of God, but what is this God?"

Then Sindhu began to think of the definitions Paul had given him: God was Life, Truth, Love, Mind, Principle, — here he stopped. "That is it!" he exclaimed aloud. "Principle — divine Principle! Is there then really a Principle involved in this healing of sickness and sin?" For heathen though Sindhu might be, he recognized the actions of the conspirators as sin.

He sat for a long time pondering over his own questions, and his reasoning ran something like this:

"If there is a Principle involved, what is this Principle? Anthony declares it is Love. It does not seem to be the kind of love I know. He says that sickness and sin are errors, and that Truth destroys error. Is that a fact? Yes, I can see it is, — a scientific fact. If God is Truth, then God destroys error, — sin and sickness. But how? God is Love; and I have heard Anthony say that true love is a reflection of God. Is it possible that this is also a scientific fact? It must be, and this seems to explain why every one has confidence in this man.

However, it is too deep for me!" and Sindhu threw away his cheroot and picked up his favorite Sakoontala.

But he could not interest himself. He threw the book aside and rang his bell. He would summon his father. A courtier appeared.

"Tell my father I would talk with him."

The courtier turned to depart.

"Stay!" said Sindhu. "Summon the Princess Sofia instead."

While awaiting his sister, he paced up and down the floor. All thought of evil respecting her had left his mind. A more important question was now uppermost in his thoughts.

Sofia appeared hastily in answer to his summons. She saw at once that Sindhu was much excited.

"What is it, brother?" she asked, with manifest solicitude.

He ceased his restless walking and eyed her intently for a minute; then suddenly asked: "Do you believe there is a God?"

Her heart gave a great bound. She felt the answer to her prayer, and for a brief instant she closed her eyes in thanksgiving. He mistook her action for one of disapproval.

"Do not mistake my reason for asking," he said. "Do not think that I have turned from the religion of my fathers. I am interested, nothing more; but I wish to know what you think of the teachings of this man, Anthony. Therefore I ask you again: Do you believe there is a God?"

Sofia drew close to him and, placing her hand on

his arm, looked earnestly up into his face: "Brother, I know there is a God!"

It was Sindhu's turn to be surprised. He had not expected such an answer.

"You know there is? How do you know?"

"For the same reason that I know I have personal identity. For the same reason that I am conscious of being. I know that I am, because God is. He is the Supreme Being. I reflect that Being, — that Life, that Love which is God!"

Sindhu could scarcely credit his ears. He took her by the shoulders and held her off at arm's length. "You are in the full possession of your senses, are you not? You are not hypnotized?" he asked.

Sofia laughed merrily. "Look into my eyes; who is it that you see? Is it your sister or another?"

She laughed for very joy, and her happiness was contagious. He smiled broadly as he replied: "It is my sister; but still I do not seem to know her."

"Because I have found a great happiness!" she exclaimed.

A sudden light dawned upon Sindhu. "He has asked you to be his wife?" he exclaimed.

"No, he has not! But I have found the real meaning of love. I have found what it means to reflect the one Mind. I have found God!"

There was a look of rapture upon the girl's face such as he had never seen before. Her countenance was illumined, and, without replying to her words, Sindhu sank into his seat, exclaiming under his breath:

"If this is hypnotism, would that I were hypno-

tized!" Aloud he said: "What does it mean to know God?"

"It means to learn the truth about oneself; to recognize our dominion over all flesh; to know that we are spiritual and not material beings. Oh, brother, I would that you, too, might know Him, — might know God and His Christ!"

"Is it this knowledge that enables Mr. Anthony to do these wonderful works?"

"Yes, Sindhu, and why do you not let Paul explain it all to you? Why do you not go to see him? Let us go to see him to-night."

"Is this what you go to see Paul about?" and Sindhu emphasized the name, but she failed to notice the emphasis.

"Indeed, yes. Will you go?"

"Not to-night, sister. I have an engagement. Some other night, perhaps, for I do wish to learn more about this great truth. But tell me, when may I expect to call Paul brother?"

"I cannot tell!"

"But sometime, sister?"

Her cheeks tinged with red. "Yes, brother, sometime. Surely sometime."

"You have made my heart lighter than for days, Sofia; but now leave me, for I have a disagreeable task to perform, and I must prepare myself for it."

As soon as he was again alone, Sindhu lighted another cheroot and sat down to pass the time until eight o'clock. He was now satisfied in his own mind that Sofia's calls, as well as Elizabeth's, were solely for the purpose she stated. Yet, if he should find

either of them with Paul to-night, how would he be able to prove his position to Elder Meredith and Major O'Keefe? However, he had made the appointment and he proposed to keep it, trusting that the same power that had enabled Paul to do so many works would enable him to prove his integrity in this case.

Eight o'clock finally came, and with it the clergyman and physician. They were all excitement with the news which they had to impart. On the way down the hall they had caught a glimpse of Elizabeth at Paul's door. Now was the time to go and confront him with his villainy.

Sindhu's cheek blanched at the information and his heart sank in his breast. He could feel a cold perspiration breaking out all over his body, and for a moment he had a mind to refuse to carry out his agreement. He felt, however, that this would not do. But under one pretext and another he caused several moments' delay, in the hope that Elizabeth would have ended her mission and departed. He could see how unjust was the whole proceeding, and yet, for the life of him, he could not refuse to make his word good.

If Sindhu were racked with a feeling of injustice, there was no such thought in the minds of his companions. They were impatient to bring about Paul's undoing; impatient for their hour of triumph. Hastily and quietly, therefore, the trio crossed the great rotunda and proceeded down the long hall to Paul's apartments. As they paused at the door, they heard the faint sound of voices.

"You see we were quite right, Prince Sindhu!" whispered Elder Meredith. "We are just in time. Be firm!"

"Do not doubt, Elder Meredith, that I shall do what is right and just," was Sindhu's rejoinder, as he knocked on the door.

The sound of voices ceased, there was the noise of persons moving about within, and then the door was opened by Dhuleep Mingh, who flung it wide as he recognized the visitors. The sight that met their eyes caused them to utter an exclamation of the greatest surprise, and the faces of Elder Meredith and Major O'Keefe blanched.

There, seated at the table, were Elizabeth and Paul, — the former with the Bible before her, and the latter with a copy of Science and Health in his hand, — while about the room were seated Sofia, Oo Tounglay, Nora, Captain Ormonde, Mr. Lombard, Moung Gouk, Captain Shway and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, — the reverend gentleman looking much less like a corpse than either Major O'Keefe or Elder Meredith.

"What does it all mean?" gasped Elder Meredith. "What does it all mean, Prince Sindhu? Have you been hypnotized into betraying our plans, or are you simply making sport of us?"

"Elder Meredith," replied Sindhu with much warmth, "I have listened to your implied insults for the last time. Hereafter our paths lie apart. I know no more of the occasion of this gathering than you. But I can see that its purpose is good. If I needed any other evidence of this than my own good judgment, the presence of Mr. Johnson, whom I supposed

from your statement, and that of Doctor O'Keefe, was certainly dead — "

"And who certainly will be before morning!" interrupted the major.

"I say if I needed any other evidence," continued Prince Sindhu without noticing the interruption, "the presence and condition of Mr. Johnson would furnish it."

Then turning to Paul — "Mr. Anthony, I have to apologize to you for this most unwarranted and ungentlemanly intrusion. With your kind permission we will withdraw."

Paul had risen while Sindhu was speaking. "I assure you, Prince Sindhu, that no apology is needed. In this world good is too frequently the subject of evil report to cause any wonderment, but we shall be pleased if both you and your friends will join us in our study of the Scriptures."

"Study of the Scriptures, indeed!" exclaimed Elder Meredith with a sneer in his voice. "Perversion of the Scriptures, you mean!"

The sneer brought an exclamation of disapproval from nearly every one present, and Sindhu turned as though to voice the general sentiment. Little Mrs. Johnson, however, forestalled him. She sprang to her feet beside her husband, and, confronting Elder Meredith with flashing eyes, exclaimed:

"I have listened in silence, Elder Meredith, to your unjust criticisms of Mr. Anthony, but I can remain silent no longer. The very presence of my husband, whom you and Major O'Keefe had given over to the last enemy, should so fill you with shame, and so con-

vict you of your own unbelief, that, on your bended knees, you should be asking God to lead you into this great light, instead of sneering at those who have found it."

Elder Meredith attempted to reply, but Mrs. Johnson gave him no opportunity.

"'By their fruits ye shall know them,' said the Master. The raising of my husband from what you had decreed was to be his death-bed, and the other wonderful works you have witnessed during the past three weeks, are but a small part of the fruitage of this new, old religion which has come, as in the days of Jesus, with healing in its teachings. As a result of these fruits, this room is filled with seekers after the great truths of the Bible, while, during the weeks we have all been in this city, the four of us have not succeeded in making one convert to Christ. You ought to see, as we all can see, that words without works are valueless and that faith without works is no faith at all."

"Our work in Burma —" began Elder Meredith, but again Mrs. Johnson interrupted.

"Our work in Burma is as naught to this. We have wondered why this new religion — this fad as you call it — has grown with such rapidity. We should wonder no longer, seeing that every true Christian Scientist is a missionary, proving his faith by his works; that, no matter how important his worldly affairs may be, he appears never too busy to explain and demonstrate the truth as he understands it. If you are wise, Elder Meredith, and you, too, Major O'Keefe, you will stay and learn these truths."

Mrs. Johnson resumed her seat beside her husband. For a moment there was an impressive silence, which was finally broken by Paul, saying:

"We shall be pleased, gentlemen, if you will accept Mrs. Johnson's invitation and join us. I am sure that it is not for us, however, to judge of your position regarding the teachings of the Scriptures. Each must be led by the light as he sees it, and I am sure that you, Elder Meredith, are acting solely from the best of motives. I repeat, therefore, that we shall be pleased to have you join us in our study."

"I thank you for your invitation, Mr. Anthony," replied Elder Meredith with severe courtesy, "but I am quite satisfied with my religion, and my understanding of God. Come, Major, let us go. Mr. Johnson, I will see you in the morning."

"Provided he is not dead," said the major.

"And if I should be," said Mr. Johnson, rising to his feet, "I shall have lived twenty-four hours longer than you gave me. But I am getting stronger every minute, and I feel that I shall live long enough to bear testimony to the healing power of God through Christ, who is indeed the way, the truth, and the life, to those who come to Him with faith, even as a grain of mustard seed, — the faith of understanding."

Elder Meredith had already passed out of hearing down the hall as Mr. Johnson resumed his seat. Major O'Keefe stood irresolute, looking toward his daughter.

"Nora, I'll see you later. Prince Sindhu, will you come with us or are you going to stay here?"

Sindhu looked first at one and then at another; at

Paul and then at Sofia, in whose eyes he noted a loving appeal. At length his gaze rested upon Mr. Johnson and the happy face of his little wife, and he said slowly:

"There seems to be health and happiness here. I think I should like to stay."

He turned upon Sofia a knowing smile, whose import she readily understood, and then for the first time his eyes sought Elizabeth with a questioning look. As Elizabeth caught his glance, a great joy suddenly filled her heart, for in that look she found that unexplainable something in the man, which had ever before been lacking. In reply to his questioning gaze she arose and extending her hand, exclaimed:

"Then stay!"

Quickly Sindhu grasped her outstretched hand and turning gave his other to Paul. It was a moment of unbounded joy to all, and Sofia, arising quickly from her seat, threw her arm about her brother, saying softly:

"Sindhu, you have made us all very happy!" Then giving her other hand to Paul, she said, "How can we ever repay you, Mr. Anthony, for all you have done for us and ours?"

Looking earnestly at the happy faces around him Paul replied: "By striving daily to keep the two great commandments and by following in Jesus' footsteps, thus bearing witness to the healing power of Truth and Love whenever and wherever we can."

THE END.

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